THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS JANUARY 1967 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE®

PSYCHIC MYSTERY: Amazing Photographs from Ted Serios' Brain

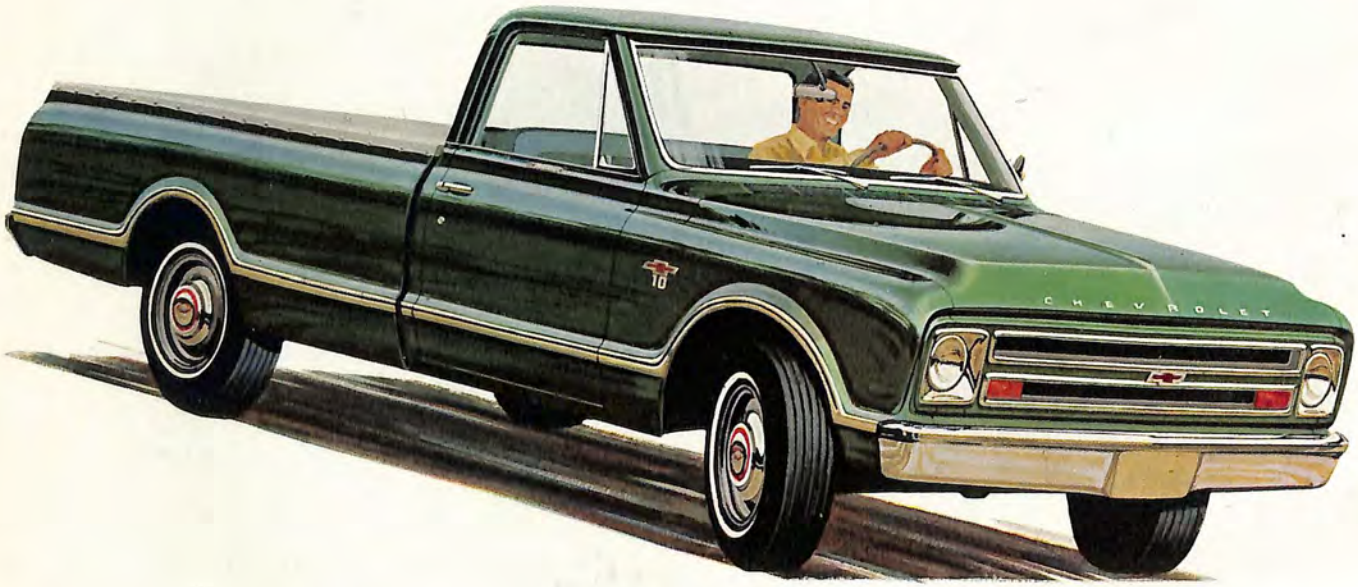
TANTALIZING TREASURE: Oak Island's Death-Filled Search Continues

ASTRONAUT DEATH: Scientists Predict a Fatal Space Disaster Soon

TOPLESS BATTLE: Bosomy Rivals Bare Their Evidence in Court

MOONLIGHT RICHES: Big Opportunities for Men with the Money Itch

It won't get tired. It just got tired of looking like a truck.



The new 1967 Chevy pickup now looks so good and is built so well you can use it for almost anything.

We think it's about time trucks stopped looking so "trucky". After all, people use them for all sorts of things nowadays—camping trips, suburban chores, commuting, as well as for hard work.

The result of our thinking is the new '67 Chevy pickup you see above. It is designed to grace your driveway with its snappy looks. Or, with its strong construction, take on the toughest of light-duty jobs.

It's lower and sleeker with a bigger windshield. The interior is now color-keyed to match exterior paint. New body sheet metal is put together so that it discourages rust. The sides of the pickup box are made of double-walled steel; and the tailgate latch can be operated with one hand. And there are many other good new things.

As you can see, Chevy got tired of looking like a truck; but it won't get tired on your job. You'll learn all the reasons why when you visit your Chevrolet dealer.... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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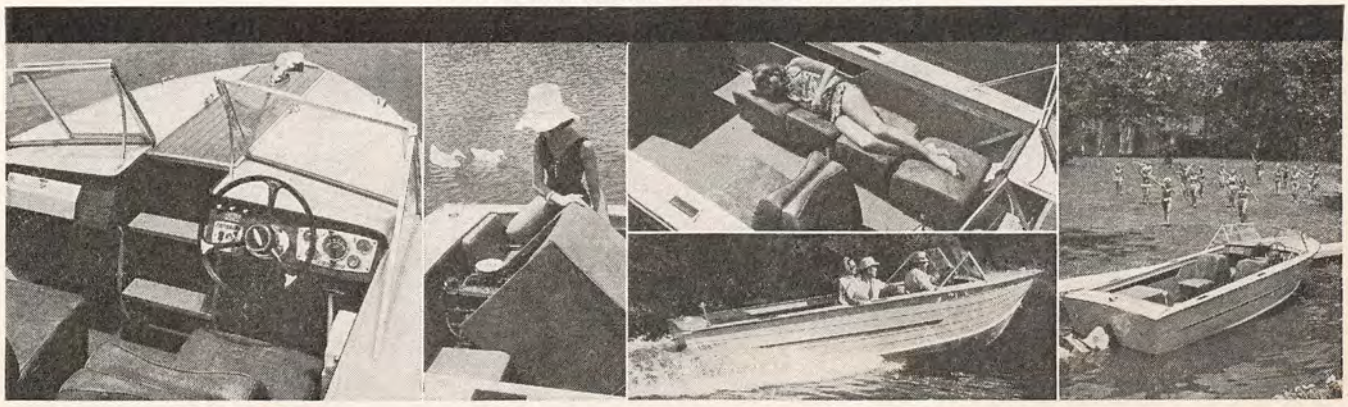

TRUELY YOURS

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Heart Balm

The cigarette tax of the State of New York has at last replaced prohibition.

The big payoffs of that era are no more so—this is the best bet so far.

People squawk about the tax but look at what it is doing for the economy of all the law enforcement people and those boys at Albany. There has been a boom of lawmen, pocket padding for politicians, payoffs all over the place, so everyone should be happy.

So buttlegging is illegal, so what! Booze was illegal and it increased the amount of people who drank. Now that there is some element of illegality to the purchase of cigarettes, it is the thing to do.

So I say more power to them. The manufacturer sells more, the buttleggers make a fast buck, the political machines get a buck, the law gets paid off so everyone is happy including the John Q. Public who puts a fast one over on a very unpopular law. Nothing touches the heart of the citizen like larceny.

—Dr. Albert B. Serfess
San Bernardino, Calif.

The Hole Truth

In the July '66 issue, in *Man to Man Answers,* you described the infamous "Black Hole of Calcutta." You neglected to add one bit of information: the story of horror is fiction. On page 165 of Frank Edwards' *Stranger than Science:*

"Careful research by both the British and Indian governments disclosed the falsity of the Black Hole of Calcutta. It was, in fact, just another rumor spread to infuriate the British people, especially the troops. Further investigation revealed that most of the British prisoners who supposedly died in that hole actually lived to a ripe old age in England. The whole fraudulent story had been concocted by a minor officer of the British Embassy some years after the alleged event. Correspondents quoted him, historians quoted them."

True, a detachment of British soldiers did surrender to the Nawab of Siraj in 1756, but it is doubtful that any of them ever heard of the Hole. A board of inquiry (in 1900) presented British Army records, showing that the "suffocated" victims had actually returned to England.

—Richard Crowder
Lynchburg, Va.

Surprised Samaritan

In your recent story about Howard Hughes, the author John Keats tells about the crash of the XF-11, but failed to include the most newsworthy part of the story.

When Hughes crashed the XF-11, he was unable to help himself. A Marine who was passing by the scene of the crash with his girl friend rushed to the burning plane and pulled Hughes from the wreck. For this deed, Hughes gave him $100,000 and a lifetime job. The former Marine is now in charge of Plant Protection for Hughes Aircraft in Culver City.

—Harold F. Gillaspy
Granada Hills, Calif.

Physical Fitness Program?

The item in *It's A Man's World* (True October) about the idea that exercise may not be necessary for physical fitness was interesting, because it matches what happened to me, years ago. I was active in dancing, tennis, swimming, skating, boating, running, cycling, farming, lawn mowing and just exercising—all in the name of health; with my weight 139-143 pounds, height 70 inches, and 40 years of living. I cut that all out, took to forced breathing and sex, and gained 20 pounds. Twenty years later I gave up sex and gained 10 more pounds. Exercise? I still breathe, stretch when the spirit moves me, walk because the car's too old to run that far, and hum for exercise.

—Nopar King
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Oops Department

Tell my favorite cartoonist VIP his "Guarenteed" reducing plan isn't worth a "dam."

—R. C. Barkes
Omaha, Neb.

How many readers called to your attention that "Guaranteed" was misspelled in VIP's cartoon on page 88-B in October's TRUE?

—J. E. Brumm
Fresno, Calif.

You were the first of a group of many beady-eyed readers.

You made a boo-boo in the caption under the picture of John Sigmund in the *Man to Man* column on page 84 of the fine October edition of True.

The caption indicates the record swim at 288 miles while the article below correctly places the distance at 292 miles.

Are mistakes such as the above mentioned created deliberately so as to generate letters to the editor from pests such as myself?

—David S. Friel
Bridgeport, Conn.

You guessed it. See letters above.

Music Man

We were delighted with the article about Meredith Willson in *It's A Man's World*—True, August 1966.

Mr. Willson is a fine musician and composer and without doubt belongs on the "Council on the Humanities"—providing he can tolerate the intellectual snobs with whom he must associate.

If popular approval of beautiful music is considered to be a handicap to its composer, the time has come to reexamine our cultural values.

—Mr. and Mrs. Don Burch
New York, N. Y.

[*Continued on page* 4]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 101 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; James B. Boynton, 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Printed by Fawcett-Haynes Printing Corp., Louisville, Ky.

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Mod Makes 'Em Mad

Enjoy reading your magazine each month. In your September issue, the article *Mod Moves from Fad to Fashion* forgot to show the pull toys and all-day suckers the stores give to the little boys who buy this junk. Looks like a man's magazine of your stature would encourage the *men* to dress like men and not little seven-year-old boys.

—John L. Bachman
Falls Church, Va.

Sorry I'm late, but I just saw the September issue. On page 65 there is an article *Mod Moves from Fad to Fashion*.

Just look at the expressions of the natives in the background. Some people might get somewhere with those getups, but coming from here, I too know where they would land!

—Holt J. Holt
Pratt, W. Va.

I enjoy True because even the best of girls get tired of girdles and glossers—but when I glanced at the Mod fashions on pages 64 through 67 in September issue, I couldn't believe True would hustle such "gay" attire for men. You'd better stay out of the twilight zone, sweeties, or it's back to *Ladies Home Journal* for me.

—Lois Hall
Aberdeen, Wash.

That's where you belong, anyway.

Correction

I couldn't help but pause on a quote by Evangelist Bob Harrington in Viet Nam in *It's A Man's World* (September): "One sex-pot can undo the work of 100 chaplains." Being interested in military morale, I think the quote would more correctly read, "One sex-pot can *DO* the work of 100 chaplains."

—Ens. Richard Banos
Rota, Spain

Yeah, Parsons!

I read with great interest your article on Parsons College in your October issue.

I must say that, in the light of some previous stories about the college, your title, *The Kookie Campus*, caused me some initial misgivings, but upon reading Mr. Cross' piece, they were dispelled.

All of us here feel that you have captured the real spirit of Parsons, its campus life and what we are trying to do for higher education in the United States, hopefully useful and significant, although admittedly different.

Please accept our gratitude.

—Millard G. Roberts, Pres.
Parsons College, Iowa

Speaking Of Sex

To assert, as did one of your medieval correspondents some months back, that the sex act is strictly for procreation, not for enjoyment or stimulation, is identical to saying that the consumption of food is solely for survival, never for pleasure.

—William Turrell
Maywood, Ill.

So M. J. Fritz of California thinks the sex act is only for procreation and not meant as a nightly stimulant. How mixed up can you get? If God had meant us humans to use the sex act strictly for business then he'd have made us like the animals with us females coming in heat once or twice a year.

Worst thing I can wish on M. J. Fritz is that he has a wife or girl friend who only comes in heat once a year. Of course, he may even consider that overindulgence.

—Mrs. C. Nielsen
New York, N. Y.

M. J. Fritz, Pacific Palisades, California, in regard to the sex act, states in part:

"There are other ways for humans to be happy together."

Name one.

—Ruth Roush
Denver, Colo.

You got us. We give up.

Sea Treasure

When you finally got around to covering the reason for all the treasure fever in our parts, you made the wait worthwhile. (*Golden Jackpot for a Greenhorn Gang*, October).

Around Vero Beach, Mel Fisher is known by everyone. Despite his "professional diver and salvager" label, he is really just an ex-chicken rancher whose good luck and success have not altered his personality one *reale*. I have heard him listen to impossibly wild yarns of ingots being stacked up "high as your head in plain sight" for long periods of time, at the end of which he thanks the informant, pats him on the back, and gives him a couple of cobs for his trouble.

You mentioned that Real Eight's Museum is at Satellite Beach. Mel Fisher's displays are at my Inn, and there is no charge to look at these displays and his offices there. The State of Florida's share of all recovered items will probably be displayed in a new museum to be located at the oceanfront site of the Spanish salvage camp just south of Sebastian Inlet. Mr. Robert McLarty has given this strip of beach 300 feet long to the state with the provision that the museum be built there.

—Gene A. Oathout
La Posada Inn
Vero Beach, Fla.

Personnel Check

I read each issue of True from cover to cover and have done so for many years.

I've often noted that in spite of True being "The Man's Magazine" and having an avowed editorial policy of male dominance, the staff listing shows evidence of some feminine presence.

—Frank C. McManus
Kalamazoo, Mich.

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"My mother-in-law."

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Cartoon Quibble

For the most part the cartoons throughout the magazine are great. I feel the cartoon on page 108 of the November issue used profanity too strongly. That type is not for me.

—*Housewife*
Daphne, Ala.

Leave your husband's magazine alone, lady. Read your own.

Dig These Diamonds

The article about Doctor Khotso in the June issue of True magazine was most interesting. Especially so was the picture of the doctor with the four diamonds on his hand. The resemblance of the stones to four in my collection of replicas of famous diamonds and diamond-cutting styles is remarkable. I have enclosed a photograph of four of them arranged in the same order as those on the doctor's hand. That there should be stones of similar shape and size as the originals of these replicas is unbelievable.

The stone near the tips of the fingers in the photograph of the doctor appears to be the Great Mogul. It was found in India about 1650 A.D. Tavernier reported seeing it during his travels in India, but what happened to the stone in the intervening centuries is not known. The stone next to it looks like the Orloff. This one was presented to Catherine the Great and is in the Russian Imperial Scepter. This scepter is now in the Russian historical treasures. The third one appears to be the Kohinoor in the style of its old cutting. It has a very long history, was believed to be the reason that many of its owners had trouble keeping thrones and, in many cases, keeping life as well. It was not so troublesome when owned by a woman. When it was taken in the capture of the Punjab, it was given to Queen Victoria and is now among the royal jewels of England. It was recut on order of Victoria and at a later date was placed in the crown made for Queen Mary. The large stone near the wrist looks like a model of the cutting of the modern brilliant diamond.

One cannot help wondering if the good doctor really believes he is holding diamonds or if he just hopes that other people will think so. Whatever, he really does seem to "have it made" and who can begrudge him that.

—*Mrs. Maurine P. Harvey*
Highland Park, Ill.

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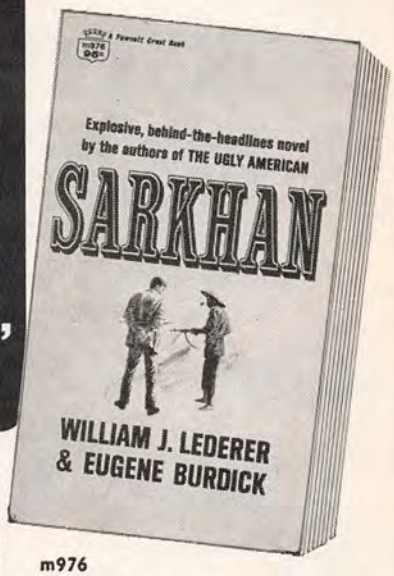

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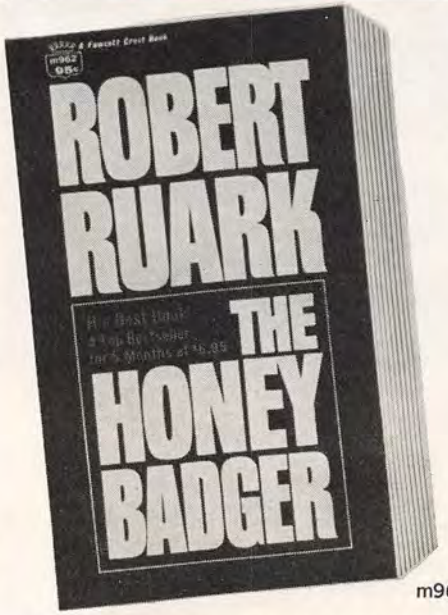

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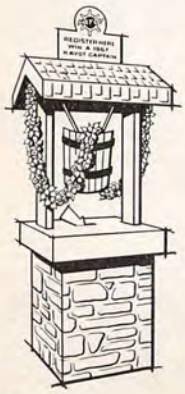

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25—Myles Adler
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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE JANUARY 1967

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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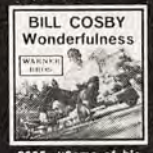

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2688. Wait For The Sunshine, The Cabin On The Hill, etc.

2435. Also: Since I Fell For You, Spartacus, etc.

2468. Plus: Call Me, The Shadow Of Your Smile, 12 in all

2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.

2714. Plus: I'm So Proud, Good Lovin', Say I Am, etc.

2471. "It is a brilliant composition." —St. Louis Globe

2647. "A richly colored performance." —St. L. Post-Disp.

1212. Also: Gettin' Even, I Overlooked An Orchid, etc.

2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolly Song, etc.

2508. This Two-Record Set Counts As One Selection

2615. Also: There She Goes, All I Really Need Is You, etc.

2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News

3476. Also: Muddy Water, Mabellene, La Bamba, 12 in all

2667. Also: I Woke Up From Dreaming, If You Believe, etc.

3525. Entremont plays Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, Albeniz, etc.

2671. Also: Little By Little, La Bamba, 12 great songs in all

3449. Plus: A Taste Of Honey, Unchained Melody, Mame, etc.

2403. Also: Big Man In Town, Toy Soldier, Ronnie, etc.

3464. Plus: Good Good Lovin'; A Satisfied Mind; etc.

2416. Plus: Green, Green; We'll Sing In The Sunshine; etc.

2461. Also: I Walk The Line, Second Hand Rose, etc.

3370. Also: Homeward Bound, Strangers In The Night, etc.

3560. Also: The Way You Look Tonight, All The Way, 12 in all

3202. (Special Two-Record Set Counts As One Selection)

2608. Also: Who Do I Think I Am, Tragic Romance, 11 in all

3366. Also: Set Me Free, Dedicated Follower Of Fashion, etc.

2613. Also: Say You, One Kiss For Old Times Sake, etc.

2332. Honeysuckle Rose, Light Blue, Evidence, 5 more

2683. Plus: Say You, Ain't Too Proud To Beg, 12 in all

3512. Plus: Healing Hands Of Time, Go Away, 6 more

2640. "The Mormon Choir sings like one voice." Eve. Bulletin

3556. Also: Little White Lies, Now High The Moon, etc.

2346. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.

2696. Also: Running Scared, Blue Angel, It's Over, 12 in all

2392. "A bright swinging score." Variety

2697-2698. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections). Also: I Want You, Just Like A Woman, Memphis Blues Again, 10 more

2117. Chim Chim Cher-ee, Feed The Birds, Dear Heart, etc.

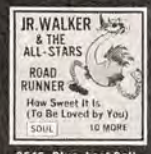
3477. Also: I Talk To The Trees, Pretoria, Cabbage, etc.

2602. Plus: A Well Respected Man, You Baby, Daydream, etc.

3548. I Love You Because, Make The World Go Away, etc.

2131. "First class... top notch interpretation."—Hi-Fi Review

1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.



3546. Plus: Last Call, Money, Twist Lackawanna, 7 more

1903. Also: In The Chapel in the Moonlight, etc.

2691. Plus: Tears, Careless, What Color (Is A Man), etc.

1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.

3510. Also: Summer In The City; The Work Song, Wildcat, etc.

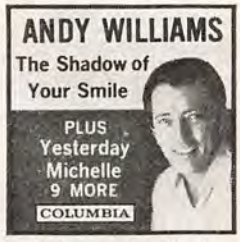
1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

2128. Greensleeves, Brahms Lullaby, Ave Maria (Schubert), etc.

2430. Also: Tangerine, Love Potion No. 9, Peanuts, El Garbanzo, Butterball, etc.

2417. Also: Stranger in Paradise, Yesterday, Unchained Melody, 12 in all

2673. Frank also sings: On A Clear Day, Summer Wind, All Or Nothing At All, etc.



2460. Andy sings: Try To Remember, Somewhere, A Taste Of Honey, etc.

2603. Also: King Of The Road; Young And Foolish; So Long, Farewell; etc.

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2407. Where Am I Going, C'est Se Bon, Yesterdays, etc.

2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

2629. Also: Time Is On My Side, It's All Over Now, 7 more

2405. "Exciting, sensuous romanticism." —N. Y. Times

3244. Plus: That Kind Of Girl, Words Of Love, 9 more

3355. Plus: Ramblin' Rose, Tonight You Belong To Me, etc.

2257. Also: Detour, The First Thing Ev'ry Morning, etc.

2436. Plus: And I Love Her, Billy Boy, Satin Doll, etc.

3465. Also: Sometime Lovin', The King Of Names, 12 in all

2687. Lost Waltz, 40 Days, Lonesome, Cassandra, etc.

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2506. Also: Yesterday, A Taste Of Honey, Melinda, etc.

2715. Also: Cloudy, Cry, Big Little Woman, 12 in all

2881. "Full of flavor, vitality and warmth." —Billboard

3447. Also: Your Love, I Want You, Lost Girl, Evil, etc.

3475. Also: Twelfth Of Never, Cruel War, Pied Piper, etc.

3441. Also: Sleepy Time Gal, Georgia Rose, 6 more

2527. Also: How About Me, Tell Him I Said Hello, etc.

2535. Also: A Taste Of Honey, Yesterday, Dulcinea, 12 in all

2485. Also: Walkin' My Baby Back Home, Unforgettable, etc.

2675. "Most talked about film of the year." —Variety

2695. Also: The Shadow Of Your Smile, 12 in all

2616. Also: Come A Little Bit Closer, Guantanamera, etc.

1530. Greater than ever . . . winner of 6 Academy Awards

3471. Also: I See You, Mr. Spaceman, Hey Joe, 6 more.

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3553. Also: In The Still Of The Night, Then, Brenda, etc.

2402. Also: It Ain't Me Babe, Flowers On The Wall, etc.

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." N.Y. World-Telegram

2340. Also: Angie, Kathy's Song, I Am a Rock, etc.

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made." —Life

1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymn of The Republic etc.

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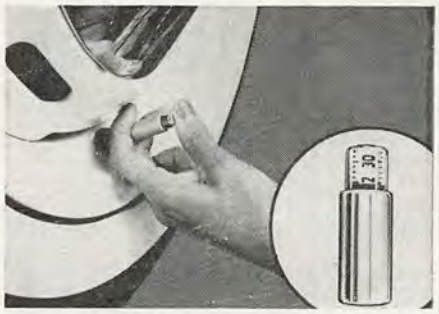

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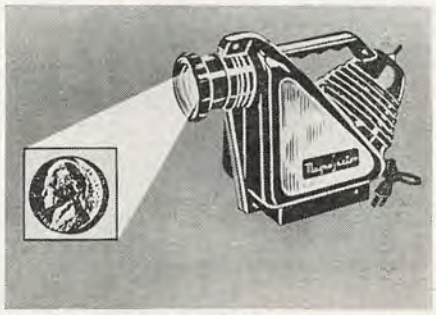

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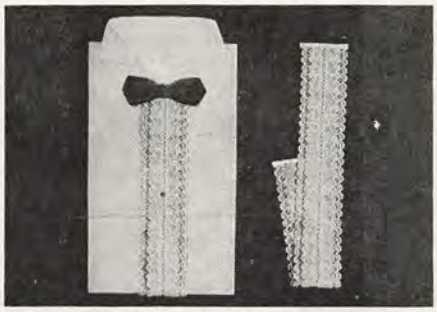

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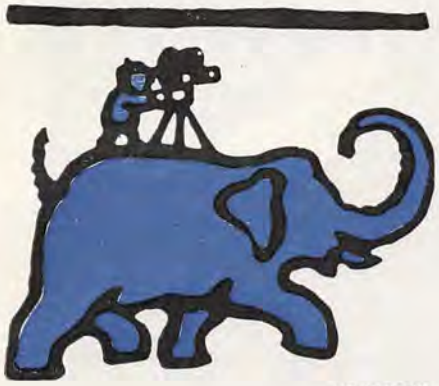
TRUEVIEWS: MOVIES BOOKS RECORDS



MOVIES

THE PROFESSIONALS. One of the most high-powered casts ever assembled—Lee Marvin, Burt Lancaster, Jack Palance, Robert Ryan, Ralph Bellamy, Claudia Cardinale and Woody Strode—has a field day here. In 1916 a tough crew of men goes to Mexico to rescue the luscious Miss Cardinale. They fight bandits all the way, and the way they finally do their job is but one of several surprises. It's a good action-adventure yarn, shot through with humor and uniformly excellent performances.

FOLLOW ME, BOYS! A relentlessly sentimental look at small-town life before WW II, and a tribute to the Boy Scouts are the focuses of this latest Walt Disney film. Fred MacMurray stars as a saxophonist who settles in a town, founds a Boy Scout chapter, wins the heart of Vera Miles and grows old surrounded by his troops. Cliche-crammed as all get-out, but still somehow touching.

MADE IN ITALY. This is a most unusual film —it's composed of two dozen episodes, most of them funny. Nobody pokes fun at the Italians better than themselves, and this crew has outdone itself. Italian virility, cheating husbands, the church, mistresses, vice, virtue and dining out are only a few of the subjects. Some are short, some long; some are serious, too, and sharply probing. Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, Walter Chiari and Alberto Sordi stand out.

10:30 P.M. SUMMER. Though any movie with Melina Mercouri and Romy Schneider can't be all bad, this one comes perilously close. It's a triangle, with Peter Finch as the other corner; he loves both, Romy loves him, and Melina (his wife) loves the bottle. In a little Spanish town, Melina helps a murderer try to get away, then disappears herself. It's a muddle; if Romy didn't have a lovely nude scene, we'd say skip it. Even then . . . .

ANY WEDNESDAY. This thin comedy was a hit on the stage; as a movie, it only serves to demonstrate Broadway's declining standards. Jason Robards plays a tycoon who's keeping Jane Fonda in a tax-deductible apartment. When Dean Jones stumbles into the situation and tries to exploit it for himself, and when Robards' wife shows up unexpectedly, the usual farcical mix-ups begin. In the end, of course, everybody's back on the straight and narrow-minded. The actors are good, the lines are fine, the direction is stilted. Stay home.

90 DEGREES IN THE SHADE. This is a British film, shot in Prague—and that's the only reason to see it; it's an interesting city. The same can't be said of the story. Anne Heywood stars as a shopgirl who covers for her boss when he steals from the store (she's his mistress). She gets blamed, he won't 'fess up, and she commits suicide. The plot dies too.

WHAT'S UP, TIGER LILY? It must have looked good on paper: Take a Japanese secret-agent spoof, reedit it so that it makes even less sense than it did before, and then dub in a new sound track, in English, that has little or no relation to what's going on in the movie. Funny, right? Wrong. The result is as mirthful as a leper colony on a hot day. Woody Allen is the principal, uh . . . brain? . . . behind this bomb.

BOOKS

THE BOSTON STRANGLER by Gerold Frank. This is a meticulously detailed reconstruction of the 18-month reign of terror of the Boston strangler, and of the efforts of police, psychiatrists, clairvoyants and a host of others to catch him. He committed 13 murders before he was through, but when he finally confessed, he was such an unlikely suspect that he had to prove his guilt himself before police believed him. As chilling and suspenseful as a good detective novel. *New American Library; $5.95.*

THE PLAY WITHIN THE PLAY by Hernane Tavares de Sa. The author is a former Undersecretary for Public Information of the United Nations, and this is his inside story of that organization. In a witty and sometimes cynical manner, he shows how it is neither a panacea nor a bugaboo. He minces no words and names names, and his realism is refreshing; for example: "The UN is a meeting ground, a training ground, and a dumping ground." *Knopf; $5.95.*

GORDON OF KHARTOUM by Anthony Nutting. The subtitle of the book is "Martyr and Misfit," and it applies to "Chinese" Gordon better than Charlton Heston's posturings in the current movie based on his life. What was construed by Victorians as heroism on his part was apparently just a massive death wish. This first-rate biography details his career, from the Crimean War to the Taiping Revolt to exploration, fighting and death in the desert of Sudan. A fascinating book. *Clarkson N. Potter; $6.00.*

THE SECRET SURRENDER by Allen Dulles. In late 1944, a tricky and dangerous operation was launched—code name Operation Sunrise. Its purpose was to conduct negotiations for the surrender of Nazi forces in Italy. Allen Dulles was in charge of the American side, and here he tells the whole story. The men on the German side would have been shot by Hitler had he known, and Dulles had to keep gathering intelligence while talking, a neat feat. Suspenseful and absorbing. *Harper & Row; $5.95.*

BOLD MEN, FAR HORIZONS by Herbert Molloy Mason, Jr. A levelheaded, well-written tribute to the pioneering aviators of the twenties and thirties, when planes were made of canvas and fliers were made of iron. Full of excitement and heroism, the book details eight record-breaking flights, across continents and oceans, and around the world. Good reading. *Lippincott; $4.95.*

THE BOYS OF BOISE by John Gerasi. The small, staid city of Boise, Idaho, was rocked by a homosexual scandal involving teen-agers and adults eleven years ago; it still suffers from some of the aftereffects. One of the shocking facts the author has dug up is the fact that it was partially manufactured. An excellent expose of hypocrisy and repressive politics. *Macmillan; $5.95.*

PAPER LION by George Plimpton. This is the story of how a first-rate writer took on a dream assignment—trying out as a pro football quarterback—and turned it into one of the best books ever written on football. It's loaded with lore, chock-full of anecdotes, and shot through with sharp insights about the life of a player on and off the field. The team was the Detroit Lions, and an especially poignant section deals with Alex Karras, who was on suspension that year. *Harper & Row; $5.95.*

[*Continued on page* 17]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY TOM JUNGMAN

One man out of 10 these days has a second job—one that pays off not only in extra dollars but often in extra fun and satisfaction

THE RICH, DOUBLE LIFE OF MR. MOONLIGHT

BY STANLEY FRANK The raucous jangling of bells that has driven other men out of their skulls always has been the routine summons to work for Philip Charles. It ordered him to duty while he was in the Navy and, for the last seven years, it has been his alarm to danger as a fireman in Washington, D.C. Now, though, for Charles the clamor of his home phone in Arlington, Virginia, is the sweetest sound since the invention of the cash register. He is a camera buff and recently has begun to take photographs of family groups and social events in his spare time to pick up extra money. He has found it a sideline almost as lucrative as an exclusive license to operate hock shops in Las Vegas.

"I could kick myself for waiting so long to go after all the work that's floating around," Charles says. "The Navy assigned me to the photographic branch and taught me a lot, but I didn't think of doing anything with it commercially until I heard neighbors complain about the trouble they had getting decent pictures of their kids and affairs such as weddings. At first I depended on personal recommendations, but business is so good now that I'm advertising in the yellow pages of the telephone book and soliciting customers through direct mail.

"My 48-hour-a-week tour of duty is set up, as in most municipal fire departments, so that I have three days and three nights off. That gives me all the leeway I need to fit the photography into my schedule. I'm so busy that appointments have to be made with me a couple of weeks in advance."

Charles is understandably reluctant to reveal how much he earns as a free-lance photographer, but he implies that he has practically doubled his income.

If he has, he's not unusual. Many men are adding substantially to their yearly take-homes by taking second jobs. In addition some of them are carving out new careers for themselves and many are getting a great deal of fun and satisfaction out of their part-time vocational efforts.

The Bureau of the Census, which makes an annual survey of dual wage earners, concedes its latest estimate of 3,700,000 moonlighters is far short of the actual total. Some experts believe that 10 percent of all married men have second jobs, but many cover up their sidelines for a variety of reasons. They're hiding cash income from the Internal Revenue Service or concealing their extra occupations from their employers or their unions, both of which groups often frown on the practice.

Unions have traditionally opposed moonlighting on the grounds that it reduces the number of jobs available to unemployed workers. In recent years, however, labor has begun to change its mind on this question. A recent issue of *American Federationist*, official organ of the AFL-CIO, declared in an editorial: "Moonlighting has not been a serious cause of unemployment or an obstacle in overcoming it."

This statement puts the big labor organization in

substantial agreement with the Department of Labor's latest report on the subject. It characterizes moonlighters as an "energetic component of the labor force." The report goes on to assert that "most of the unemployed cannot meet the skills or physical requirements" of hustlers eager to put in extra hours and upgrade themselves. The typical moonlighter is working 13 hours a week on his second job. Assuming four dollars an hour, he's adding $2,500 a year to his income.

There's no doubt that the desire for extra money is the biggest factor behind moonlighting. Take, for example, Ken Talbot, a shipfitter on nuclear submarines at Groton, Connecticut. Talbot, at 46, has an impressive physique. He is six four and his 230 pounds have been honed as finely as a pro football player's by his grueling schedule.

His shift at the Electric Boat Company starts at 7 in the morning and ends at 3:30 p.m. Eight hours of wrestling with heavy steel plates and navigation equipment is a warm-up for an astonishing variety of work he does on the side. He can build or repair anything in metal, wood, stone, glass or plastic. From the shipyard he drives directly to the job on tap; for the last 10 years he has been booked solidly three weeks in advance. He goes home for dinner at 6 o'clock, returns phone calls from customers taken by his wife, then goes back to work for two hours. On Saturdays and Sundays he puts in a full eight-hour day. It adds up to more than 30 hours of moonlighting a week.

"Whenever folks ask why I work so hard, I tell them it's to make enough money so that my wife and I can go to Nassau for winter vacations and lie in the sun for two weeks," he confides. "That's a lot simpler than going into a long spiel explaining that moonlighting is the only way a fellow like me can provide a better life for his family."

Talbot is a Negro. "Shipfitting is a fine job [$4.25 an hour] for a fellow like me, but it's not enough to send my son to Kentucky State to study sociology. I have a daughter and she's going to have a college education too. It makes me feel good to give my kids the advantages they deserve, but most of all I like to walk down the street knowing that the people I've done work for respect me as a craftsman and a person with integrity."

However, it's not only the need for extra money that drives men to take second jobs. Many men find their regular jobs boring and frustrating. Spare-time employment provides a measure of satisfaction. Teaching, even for little money, has a special appeal for this reason.

Seymour Wolfbein, special assistant on economic affairs to the Secretary of Labor, was discussing this situation recently. "I'm a moonlighter myself," he says. "I teach a course in economics at American University here in Washington and the honorarium—that's a fancy word for a small fee—is ridiculous. But I like teaching because it's stimulating and it gives me the feeling that I'm performing a valuable public service. There are thousands of men like me."

Census bureau figures back up Wolfbein's contention. In fact, these figures show that, up to a point, the more money a man makes, the more likely he is to take a second job. Only 4.7 percent of unskilled laborers are moonlighters, but the ratio is six percent for semiskilled workers, 7.1 percent for craftsmen and more than nine percent for professionals. The largest group is comprised of men earning between $7,500 and $10,000 in their full-time positions.

Beyond the $10,000 mark, multiple job-holding begins to taper off somewhat but moonlighters are found at all income levels. There are even a few millionaires in the group. One of the most notable of these is a Texan with the unlikely name of James Bond who makes $22,500 in his regular job as Southwest regional director of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Bond works hard at his job and at a number of part-time jobs as well. He lives in Dallas where he's chairman of the board of the Bank of Services and Trusts. He's also vice-chairman of the National Bank of Commerce, a director of two other banks, on the board of several electronics firms and a partner in ranching interests.

When Bond is not busy with his government job or his electronics and banking operations, he works at running his oil company, his investment syndicate or his real-estate development companies.

The Bond fortune is estimated at around $5 million so James obviously doesn't need the money. He works for the government because he likes it, he says, and he claims that being a successful businessman adds enormously to his effectiveness as a welfare dispenser. "I think I've saved the government millions of dollars that I couldn't have saved if I was on the outside just heckling and complaining," he says. Such a feeling is clearly a source of great satisfaction to Bond and others like him.

But there's still another reason why men become moonlighters. Many a wage earner has a strong urge to be independent, to be his own boss. This is tough to accomplish in today's economy but opportunists like Dave Kornstein have discovered that moonlighting is the most practical approach to the problem.

Kornstein, a graduate engineer from the Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy, practiced his profession for nine years and was earning $9,000 a year at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft in East Hartford, Connecticut. "I love engineering, but it has one big drawback," he commented. "Once you reach the level I was on, it's tough to advance beyond it unless another firm makes a pitch for you, and there's no guarantee it will ever come. I didn't [*Continued on page* 18]

TRUEVIEWS [*Continued from page* 13]

THE POORHOUSE STATE by Richard M. Elman. A closely reasoned, carefully researched, well-written study that explodes a number of myths about the American welfare system. It shows how inadequate and wasteful most welfare services are and how the poor truly get poorer. A section on the Guaranteed Annual Income (one area where conservative and liberal economists agree) is most illuminating. *Pantheon; $5.95.*

THE GROUND IS OUR TABLE by Steve Allen. Since the Depression, the problems of wandering farm workers have been considerable. Nobody has done much about it, especially the big planters who have continued to exploit the migrants. This book is a polemic aimed at changing that. Like all polemics, it's fiercely partisan, but then it's hard to see how anybody could know the facts and not get angry. *Doubleday; $3.95.*

IN THE COMPANY OF EAGLES by Ernest K. Gann. A novel about two WW I pilots, one French and the other German. Their lives on the ground and the duels in the sky are vigorously presented, though the book's effectiveness is weakened by its fragmented story line. When dealing with flying and fighting, Gann writes vivid and exciting prose, but his characters sometimes have trouble getting off the ground. *Simon & Schuster; $5.95.*

RECORDS

MORE I CANNOT WISH YOU. Ed Ames is one of that vanishing breed of singers who doesn't depend on gimmicks—a good voice and good songs are all he needs. Here, his rich, big baritone burnishes "Without a Song," "The Impossible Dream," "The Trolley Song," "I Still See Elisa" and eight more. A very good album. *RCA Victor.*

FREBERG UNDERGROUND—SHOW NO. 1. Stan Freberg is always willing to try something new—now he's recorded a satirical revue in the style of a radio show. Much of the material has been banned from the airwaves, so this is the only way you can get to hear it. The material is uneven, but when it's good, it's very, very good. "The Shaft Theatre: Flackman and Reagan," which deals with politics, and "Which is the Girl? Which is the Boy?" are hilarious. *Capitol.*

A TIME FOR LOVE. Tony Bennett sings 11 songs that demonstrate what he does best—create a romantic mood by exploiting the emotion in a song. With excellent instrumental backing, he croons "The Very Thought of You," "My Funny Valentine," "In the Wee Small Hours," "Sleepy Time Gal" and seven others. *Columbia.*

THAT FRESH FEELING. George Shearing and his Quintet play softly swinging jazz that's not too far out, backed by unobtrusive strings and woodwinds. It's a nice lush sound, cool but not unemotional. These new arrangements of his early hits include "Don't Blame Me," "I'll Be Around," "The Breeze and I" and "When Your Lover Has Gone." *Capitol.*

YOU WERE ON MY MIND. Marti Shannon is a young singer from Canada and this is her first album. She sings contemporary songs with a rocking beat and a country sound—like a folk singer who has grown up, perhaps. She's got a big voice, which she can also make sweet without losing the effect. Two standouts are "Don't Cry for Me, Babe" and "Hard Lovin' Loser." *RCA Victor.*

FROM NASHVILLE WITH LOVE. Guitar albums can be pretty boring—the guitar is not necessarily a virtuoso instrument. But in the hands of a master like Chet Atkins, there seem to be no limits to what one can do. He strums his way through "I Love Paris," "Stranger on the Shore," "Al-di-la," "La Fiesta" and eight more. *RCA Victor.*

RAIN FOREST. Walter Wanderley is Brazil's best-known organist, specializing in jazzy bossa nova arrangements, and this is his first American album. Let's hope there will be many more. He coaxes a lot of joviality out of the instrument (he can sometimes be heard urging it on). Backed by a small orchestra, he swings out a dozen sambas in high style. *Verve.*

MOZART: PIANO CONCERTOS, VOL. II. Lili Kraus continues the prodigious feat of recording all of Mozart's piano concertos. This three record set contains Nos. 8, 9, 11, 17, 19 and 22. They are joyful and often romantic, and Miss Kraus gives them a robust rendering, ably abetted by Stephen Simon and the Vienna Festival Orchestra. A splendid accomplishment. *Epic.*

AZNAVOUR. Ten songs of love, sometimes sad, sometimes cynical, by the great French troubador Charles Aznavour. His voice is husky and virile and, though the songs are in French, the feelings are universal. Two songs stand out: "La Boheme," about a painter, his model, and love at 20; and "La Route," a soldier's song. *Reprise.*

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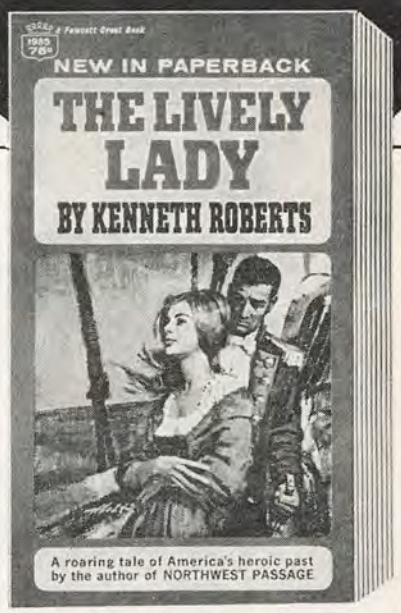

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[*Continued from page* 16]
like the idea of settling down in a rut for the rest of my life, so I began looking for something to do on the side.

"I've always been pretty good with my hands, so I started moonlighting as a carpenter refinishing basements. I did that for a year and enjoyed it, and then my brother suggested I try selling on weekends the boat identification numbers he makes. It's a good item and through my engineering contacts I opened about 500 new accounts throughout New England. Having gotten my foot in the door, I began adding marine equipment and accessories to my line. The upshot was, I did so well that I set up my own full-time sales agency."

He smiled. "It just dawned on me that I'm still moonlighting with a reverse twist. The boating season in this area lasts only seven months. Hanging around the house drove me crazy, so I've gone back to engineering during the winter. I'd be a sucker to throw away all my experience—and the 700 bucks a month I can earn. Besides, engineering helps me keep up with new developments in marine technology."

Moonlighters chosen at random from the Census Bureau's survey turned up many unusual combinations of occupations that followed a pattern of turning hobbies into profitable sidelines. A Miami lawyer is a deep-sea fishing guide on weekends. A land surveyor in Maryland is a flight instructor. A linotype operator is an interior decorator.

Although moonlighters are found in all fields and income brackets, male schoolteachers consistently have the highest rate of multiple job-holding—20 percent. Moonlighting subsidizes our system of public education, for most of these men would have to leave their lowpaying profession if they did not have other sources of income that enable them to maintain a middle-class standard of living.

Federal employees are not covered by Social Security—they have their own pension plans—but they can qualify for it by working 40 three-month quarters for private companies. As a consequence, many government people below the executive level moonlight to acquire more financial security after retirement. One postal worker in every nine (a total of 71,000) has another job. Conversely, 48,000 moonlighters are employed in post offices. There is so much work available at odd hours that 15 percent of policemen, firemen and security guards, who knock off early in the day, hold two jobs.

"I used to wonder whether guys making the same money I did were in the rackets or something," a steam fitter says. "They bought new cars every other year while I was still paying off a beat-up heap. I was in hock up to my ears for time payments but they always had ready cash to buy stuff. Then I noticed those guys didn't join the rest of the gang after work to hoist a couple of beers and shoot the breeze. They took off for their other jobs.

"As soon as I smartened up I realized I was bored as hell with drinking and rehashing the old arguments. You know, could Joe Louis in his prime lick Cassius Clay, who's gonna win the pennants, are the politicians stealing us blind. We were just killing time for want of something better to do. I asked one of the guys with a second job how I could go about it and he advised me to hook on as a plumber's helper and learn the trade until I passed the exam for my license. I'm only making two-fifty an hour now, but in a year or so I'll be ready for the exam, then branch out as a plumber. You know what those guys get? Five bucks an hour, and there's not enough of them to handle half the work that's up for grabs."

The important function moonlighters can serve in the public interest is underscored by their role in a program that has done more to combat poverty than many other government projects showered with more money and publicity. In 1963 Congress passed the Vocational Education Act to rectify the worst deficiency in our high schools. Less than 10 percent gave courses that prepared boys for jobs in trade and industry. All attention was focused on students bound for college; vocational training was brushed off like a poor relation scrounging for handouts. The result was that kids were thrown into the labor market qualified for nothing better than menial jobs.

The response to some 200 technical courses now given in high schools and to adults at night has been so overwhelming that the enrollment has more than doubled to 5,800,000 students in three short years. States and municipalities, originally required to match federal grants, have embraced the program so enthusiastically that their expenditures are three to four times greater than the government's appropriation. The total spent in 1966 was $480,000,000.

"This huge project would collapse without moonlighters as teachers," Walter Arnold, Assistant Commissioner for Vocational and Technical Education, says. "They're indispensable to us. We have 51,302 teachers and 28,684—nearly 60 percent—are moonlighters who are recruited from industry and business. The only qualifications we look for in a part-time instructor are practical knowledge of his subject and the ability to express himself clearly.

"Some of our best men don't have high-school diplomas, but their experience and fresh approach to teaching more than compensate for their lack of formal education. There's no question that the caliber of the moonlighters in the program is responsible for the success of it. We pay craftsmen the prevailing union scale for teaching four to six hours twice a week. Professional men such as engineers and marketing specialists should get $15 or $20 an hour, but if a school's budget is tight they accept $5 an hour to work with kids who need their help.

"Since the courses range from applied sciences to manual skills, teaching staffs include electricians and Ph.D.'s in electronics, plumbers and physicists. Applications for teaching jobs are processed by the local board of education and red tape has been cut to the bone because we can use all the competent people we can get."

Jack Weinberger, a meatcutter for 25 years, is a former moonlighter who has found a new, highly rewarding career in teaching. Now 52 years old, Weinberger was regarded as something of an oddball in supermarkets around New York. Wherever he worked he voluntarily taught the rudiments of his trade to any delivery boy who showed an interest in it.

Like so many men of his generation, Weinberger was a victim of the Depression. He entered Long Island University as a premedical student in 1932, but he had to quit two years later when his father lost his job and he had to help support the family. Weinberger refused to abandon his objective, but after attending Brooklyn College at night for two years, he finally realized medicine was a lost cause. Steady jobs were so scarce that the only spot he could find was in an uncle's butcher shop as an errand boy and then as an apprentice meatcutter. By the time the postwar boom broke the harsh grip of the Depression, his own family responsibilities kept the onetime aspiring doctor chained to the chopping block.

In 1963 the butchers, along with other labor unions, were asked to recommend teachers for the new vocational training program. Weinberger's informal instruction of the delivery boys was known so well throughout the trade that he was the first man in New York selected by a screening committee.

"I jumped at the chance to teach, and nothing I've ever done has given me a greater kick," he says. "I know it sounds corny, but it's a tremendous thrill to help someone in trouble straighten out and do something constructive with his life."

Weinberger found a new career in teaching but there are plenty of other areas where such opportunities are open. There is a high demand today for part-time vocational guidance counselors, technical librarians, social service workers, occupational therapists, photographers, industrial designers, technical writers, draftsmen, traffic managers and bookkeepers. In many cases the need is so great that government agencies and private industry are hiring untrained people or providing free training for promising prospects.

The field of household services is still the best bet for prospective moonlighters. There's plenty of work available here for guys who are willing to look for it. Seymour Wolfbein, the Labor Department economist who teaches on the side, points out that in most cases the moonlighter is "filling a vital need in the community."

"Everyone who lives in a private house or owns an expensive piece of equipment," says Wolfbein, "has had apoplexy trying to locate a technician in an emergency." Men who can do repair work on cars, TV sets or home appliances should have no trouble establishing a profitable sideline. Home repairs and landscape gardening are allied fields where plenty of part-time work is available.

So, whether a man needs extra money, greater job satisfaction or a way to start a new career, the chances are good that a little moonlighting may help him solve his problem. **—Stanley Frank**

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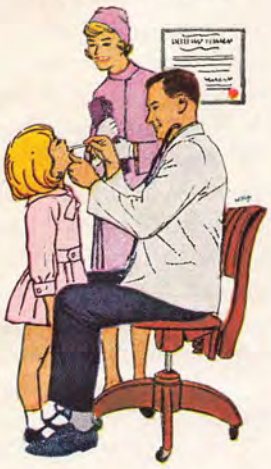

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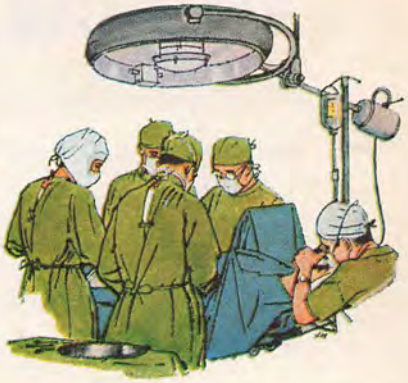

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BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT

The Case of the BOLD PENMAN

With typewriter and pen, Howard Lee White forged his way out of prison and turned the FBI upside down in a wild spree of check-passing

■ Howard Lee White, erstwhile ranking producer of bad checks and phony documents, was a happy prisoner one morning in the fall of 1962. He even smiled at the guard as he began his new job as file clerk in the records room of the Tennessee state penitentiary at Fort Pillow. It was nice of Warden William Hunt to assign him to a spot where he could have access to the mail, as well as to blank prison paychecks. White, 33 years old and halfway through a six-year term for forgery, plunged into his work with the enthusiasm of one who appreciates potential. "Man, man," he said to himself as he surveyed the room, "all this candy is mine." The question was, how was he going to make use of it?

Some of the correspondence that came in for filing was from the state's attorney general; some was from judges about prisoners they had sent up. There were letters on cons who, like White, were wanted elsewhere when they had completed their terms at Fort Pillow. White began to play an old game. What would happen if he filled in his own name on documents of release? He could make the forms, in fact; he had access to genuine originals in the files and to copying machines which would turn out valid-looking duplicate blanks.

To most people in the prison, it seemed obvious that Howard Lee White had reformed. Now a soft-voiced model of industry, he was constantly busy—filing, sorting mail, working contentedly at his desk. He even hummed spirituals.

Not so obvious was the fact that in spare moments White was performing an intricate bit of forgery. The job took weeks before he was satisfied. Then, on November 17, he sneaked a couple of envelopes, complete with phony postmarks, into the incoming mail of Deputy Warden John C. Warpole. One envelope contained a letter dated two days before and bearing the signature of the record clerk of the Bureau of Identification and Records in the capital at Nashville. In it Warden Warpole was advised that according to corrected records approved by the attorney general and a supreme court justice of Tennessee, Howard Lee White was past due for release. The other envelope purported to be from the judge who had sent White up, and it contained copies of the revised records, validated by the judge's signature.

The reaction at Fort Pillow was practically instantaneous. White was released the same day, with the usual state-supplied suit and a few dollars. The money wouldn't have lasted long, but White had anticipated his need for funds. He'd taken with him $20,000 worth of prison payroll checks.

Three days after his release, White, West-Coast bound, checked into a San Antonio, Texas, motel. After a little pen work in the privacy of his room, he hustled into a local [*Continued on page* 30]

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

MAN AMONG WOMEN

Brief respite from backbreaking labor was afforded us by Twentieth Century-Fox moviemakers who beseeched us to fly to Jamaica to monitor the filming of a picture called "In Like Flint." We are pushovers for tropical flora, but the abundance of fauna we encountered, of which the accompanying photo is representative, was both a surprise and an indication that film-making is fraught with drudgery. The Round Hill resort where the shooting was done was swarming with large numbers of well-filled bikinis, and some small numbers too, whose presence was required by the story line of the picture, to wit: a sinister group of women plot to dominate the world by putting a space platform full of nuclear weapons into orbit. They kidnap a U.S. President from a golf course and brainwash important females by installing computers in hair dryers to toy with their brain waves. Into the mess steps Flint, the hero, played by James Coburn, who with rugged masculinity de-brainwashes the ladies, about five dozen or half a gross of them, and routs the villainesses. Shows that a good man can master a gaggle of women any time.

SHAKEDOWN

All of us in TRUE's offices were shook up recently, and that is no figure of speech. It happened early one afternoon when fluids which lubricate editorial gears—black coffee, aspirin dissolved in water, and such—started to slosh in paper cups. The floor undulated gently beneath desks with feet on them. The slush pile of manuscripts skittered with unusual signs of life. Two staffers who were actually on their feet got guilty looks on their faces as they swayed and caught their balance. One man who worries about his heart thought his ticker was shaking him up. A young woman (*not* a member of our staff) who for the first time in her life took two cocktails at lunch attributed her tremors to depravity. In fact, for a few moments everybody blamed his queer quakings on misdoings of his own. It was a great relief to discover that everybody felt the same quivers. The Fawcett Building, a 22-story structure of which TRUE dominates the 20th floor, was indubitably shaking. People on floors above and below were shook up too, and if we do say it, scarcely matched the courage of TRUE men and women who held their turf until orders came from management to evacuate the shuddering structure. Whereupon everybody rushed across 44th Street where the building would be sure to bury them if it collapsed. It didn't; the shaking soon stopped. New York building inspectors went over the structure with a fine-tooth comb and other instruments. The chief inspector, Benjamin Lipowsky, reported in a baffled way that there was no evidence of any unsafe condition. So we're back at work, theorizing that the mysterious shakedown may have been caused by a bumpy air conditioner on the roof, gremlins, vibrations from helicopters taking off from the Pan Am Building, Viet Cong secret agents, heavings of a sea monster under the Hudson, executive reverberations from the penthouse, bumps and grinds from a girlie show down the street, or anybody's guess. All we know for sure is that you hold in your hands an earthshaking issue of the magazine. Treat it, therefore, with uncommon respect.

BIG BORE

You can't hardly buy cannonballs any more. The shortage is so acute that when members of the Green Mountains Muzzle-Loading Association met for their annual bangfest in Vermont, some of the boys had to stuff their cannons with Campbell Soup cans filled with concrete. There are some drawbacks to shooting off cannons. For one thing, you need a permit to transport black powder. And in cities, where some of the best targets exist, cannonadings tend to irk the constabulary. All the same, a man can buy a cannon if he has a mind to. We saw a handsome one staked down on the lawn of the Fife 'n Drum Motel at Bennington, Vermont. It was aimed at the highway. Ted Boulter, the proprietor, told us how he got it. He happened to spy an open truck loaded with a couple of cannon rolling past his place. Boulter jumped into his car, caught up with the truck, and made a deal for the four-foot muzzle-loader. A proper businessman, he bought insurance to cover the hazards that cannons are subject to. Coverage is complete, he told us, with one exception. Insurance companies will not insure a cannon against "wars and insurrections."

GOLFING THREAT

A school of thought with which we concur holds that women should be barred from golf courses. The links are not the place for bitchy one-upmanship, rules-wrangling and uncounted strokes. Unfortunately, the natural contentiousness of women golfers is being intensified in an ominous way—by motivating them to play better than they should. The "Success Open" for lady pros, held in Waco, Texas, was no more than a small dark cloud but it could spread as far as St. Andrews. The affair was innocently sponsored by the Success Motivation Institute, Inc., which put up $10,000 prize money and gave each contestant a free course in Personal Success Planning. The course, based on research into what makes some people winners while others of

(Continued on page 26)

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PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 23)
equal ability are losers, uses phonograph records and text to motivate people to do anything superbly. Mainly, it's aimed at success in business, but the SMI people got the notion that it would help women golfers to play like champs, so they sprang for the tournament. No doubt the ladies, all hopped up by motivation, sharpened their ferocity and cut a few strokes from their scores. This is unfair to sportsmanlike men who practice driving and putting in the old-fashioned way. The success motivating people can still save the game by inserting a special section in their course motivating women to stay away from golf courses.

DIXBIE WRITE-IN

Bet you didn't know that Dixbie Schwartz ran for President of the U.S. two years ago. Or for governor of New York four years ago. Dixbie must be the country's most indefatigable write-in candidate, under auspices of the National Tax Savers Party, which we guess is Dixbie and his wife. Dixbie favors civilian review of all government functions and he has thought up a new use for computers. Before any President or governor could sign a bill into law, every voter would be entitled to send a postcard which a computer would register pro or con. Dixbie would also allow income tax deductions for food, rent and withholding taxes. Since the latter are income taxes, it seems that Dixbie hopes to abolish them entirely, and we don't see how he can lose—but we bet he can.

ONE DAY DIVORCE

Competition in the divorce business is getting so stiff that they may be giving trading stamps next. Nevada and Mexico are bitter rivals in the divorce trade and it looks as if Nevada has been taking it on the chin. The number of divorces granted in Washoe County, wherein Reno is situated, has declined so alarmingly that some lawyers out there are agitating for one-day divorces. The deal would make one day's residence in the state sufficient for divorce, instead of the present six-week requirement, and clients could be cleaved overnight before they had a chance to change their minds. For the same legal fee, of course, but think of the time saved. Nevada lawyers are being polled on the proposition, which may or may not go through. But we think it very significant that the matter was brought up by an economics committee of the Nevada State Bar Association which has great tenderness for fiscal plights of barristers. We've always figured that divorce is a matter of economics, not morals, but it's the first time lawyers have agreed with us on anything.

BLIND STAGGERS

Ever wonder why figure skaters and dancers who spin around like tops don't get dizzy and fall on their fundaments? Our own theory that they possess superior organs of equilibrium has been shown to be ridiculous. A dozen professional ice skaters with electrodes taped to their eyes were put through their spinning routines at the Civil Aeromedical Research Institute in Oklahoma City. They spun and spun and weren't dizzy at all—until they closed their eyes. Then they were as dizzy as anybody. Nobody was more surprised than the skaters, who thought they were different from other people. Dr. William Collins, who ran the tests, discovered that spinning skaters use their eyes, whether they know it or not, to receive visual stimuli which quiet the dizziness machinery of the inner ear. Not many people want to spin like skaters, but quite a few want to be able to walk a chalk line, and the watchword is "keep your eyes open."

WILY WIVES

An outfit called Manpower, Inc., a misnomer if we ever heard one, is out to recruit all the *womanpower* they can get to fill office jobs. They assert that 26,000,000 married women are not working (we do agree) and aim to tap this treasure trove of languished skills. The whole enterprise rests on the shaky conclusion that married women hesitate to go back to work because of fear, instead of distaste. To relieve such postulated fears, Manpower had a booklet written by Dr. Joyce Brothers, the radio oracle who instantaneously answers, or responds to, any conceivable question on human behavior. Secession may erupt in any man's household as Manpower's campaign gets under way, and it is only fair to expose some of the ploys Doctor Brothers recommends for convincing husbands "of the wisdom of assuming a more up-to-date attitude." The woman plotting a job should say "Darling, I've found a way to get that new station wagon," instead of "You dope, you don't make enough dough so I have to do it myself." If you wonder who'll get dinner when she's working, don't be surprised if she says "on the days I'm home I'll make your favorite hush puppies." On the delicate matter of the working wife's being around too many men all day, Doctor Brothers says that can be handled too, and she handles it: "Certainly if you have trusted him all these years with the girls in the office, he can do the same for you. What can he say?" You'd be surprised what he can say, Joyce.

DIRECT LINE

A depressed Londoner, so despairing that he sought Divine aid, turned to the most obvious means of communication. He dialed the letters G-O-D on his telephone. A voice answered immediately: "Can I help you?" Turned out that the letter holes on the dial gave the same combination as I-N-F, which in London gets you Information.

SKILLFUL DRUNKS

The W.C.T.U., headed by Mrs. Tooze who knows what she rhymes with, is probably marshaling the troops to run Dr. Jack H. Mendelson of Harvard Medical School out of respectable society. Doctor Mendelson not only had the effrontery to feed large amounts of alcohol to chronic alcoholics for a couple of weeks, but to report results which stagger the imagination. He measured their reaction times, coordination, physical skills, attention—and found that the drunks performed better when stoned than sober. On 30 ounces of bourbon a day, the men's performance improved steadily over a two-week period, due to practice. There was no impairment of performance until consumption was stepped up to 40 ounces a day. Some scientific studies should be kept secret.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A new shaving cream isn't a cream at all, but a viscous lotion which is said to make shaving a snap when a drop of it is placed on a razor blade.

—THE EDITORS

It's an Old Forester kind of season

The bite of brittle air. The playful blink of lights. The warm companionship of a great bourbon. To give and to enjoy. Cheers! It's an Old Forester kind of season.

At 86 or 100 proof
"There is nothing better in the market"

Old Forester gift decanter and beautifully ornamented gift carton at no extra cost. Also available: the standard fifth of Old Forester in the same handsome carton.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY ©1966.

THE CHRYSLER CREW COMES THROUGH FOR YOU

Beautiful new Chrysler Hydro-Vee runabouts!
Spanking new, fun-engineered Chrysler outboards!
Greatest choice ever of Chrysler inboard and I/O power!

Hydro-Vee interiors feature swiveling-reclining bucket seats; sport-car appointments.

New 35—improved version of the record holder!

New 45—quieter version of a favorite!

New 55—only 2-cylinder motor in this class!

CHRYSLER OUTBOARDS
27 MODELS
FROM 3.5-105 HP.!

MARINE PRODUCTS GROUP **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

When Chrysler know-how hits the water, things happen. Fun things. Look! . . .

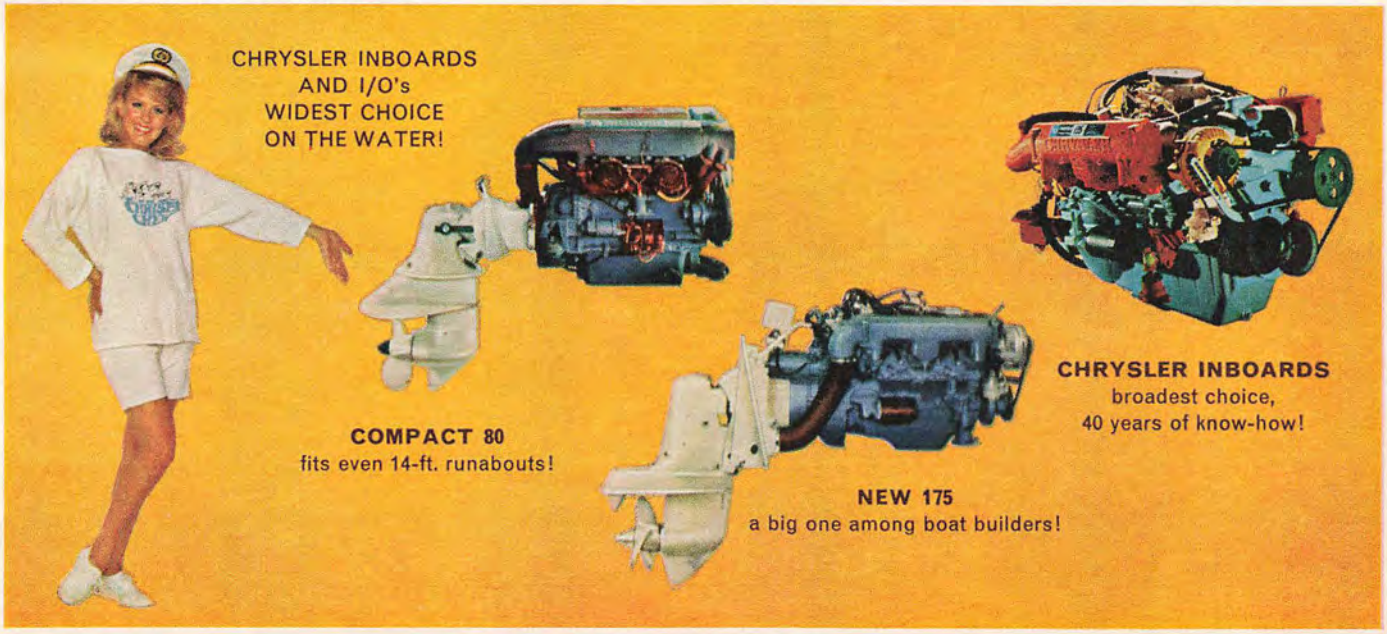
All-new Chrysler Hydro-Vee runabouts, from 14 to 23 feet, bring you a new, patented kind of hull that skims you over the surface like a racing hydroplane, slices through heavy water like a Deep-V. *Safe*—with exclusive Foam-Pac fiberglass construction. *Steady*—with broad beam and stepped sponsons. *Roomy*—with more cubic feet of capacity per foot of length. See them. See all the fiberglass and aluminum Chrysler boats. From our 12-footer to our family size 24-footer, they're just plain more fun per foot!

Fun-engineered Chrysler outboards give you all the "go" you need to make *your* favorite water sport more enjoyable. Brand-new are the 35-, 45-, and 55-horsepower models—with new styling, quietness, economy, and power. You can pick from 27 Chrysler outboard models—from a spunky 3.5 to a snarling 105. And *one* is just right for *your* kind of boating fun!

Chrysler inboard-outdrive and inboard engines also give you top choice in 1967. Nine different I/O's including the popular 80, the brand-new 120 and 175, and up to the 290-hp. model. As for inboards, you can start at 125—go all the way to 335 horsepower. There's a brand-new V-drive, too!

Get in on the fun. Let the Chrysler Crew—the dealers who sell and service Chrysler marine products—put *you* on the water this year!

17-foot Courier 229. The "229" indicates hull capacity—a full 229 cubic feet, according to official B.I.A. formula! More fun per *foot.*



[*Continued from page* 22]
bank. Poker-faced as he approached a teller's window, he flashed stolen credentials establishing himself as a Tennessee state investigator. Then he pulled out an official picture, detached from the Fort Pillow files, of a prisoner still inside.

"Seen this guy around lately?" White asked.

"Can't say I have," said the teller. "What's he wanted for?"

"Bad checks," answered the specialist in bad checks. He told the teller to call the local police if the culprit appeared.

As White was about to leave, a thought seemed to catch him. "Dammit," he said, "I've got to fly to New Orleans in less than an hour and I've only $20 on me." He reached into his wallet and pulled out a Fort Pillow payroll check. With a flourish he endorsed it, using the signature on his credentials, and shoved the check through the wicket.

The teller studied the document, made out for a likely paycheck amount, and smiled agreeably. But he indicated it would have to be okayed, and left his cage. White waited calmly until the teller was back to count out the money. Then with the bills neatly tucked into his wallet, the tall, handsome check artist sauntered out of the bank.

Howard Lee White had just made his first score in a personal crime wave that was to enrage the FBI, confuse the finances of Tennessee and, perhaps, convince prison wardens that even crooks swearing reform were not always to be believed.

White had come a long way from the lean-to where he was born in Tennessee's red-clay country. Orphaned as a baby, he had been brought up by an aunt. When his formal education ended at 11, he became aware of money—and its lack. By the age of 13, he was emptying cash registers and picking pockets, and he had followed that career ever since, in more sophisticated versions, during his time free. As he sometimes thought of regretting, his time free had not been much. Most of the last 20 years he had spent in reformatories and prisons. But those years had not been entirely wasted; with prison classes and correspondence courses he had achieved a scholastic rating equal to three years of college, as well as postgraduate standing in forgery, swindling and operation-planning.

Now he put that education to good use. One after another, in bank after bank, he cashed the Fort Pillow checks until he was down to his last one. And just as rapidly he got rid of the money via horses, hooch and hussies. By the time he hit Los Angeles, little more than a week after he had forged his way to freedom, he was again short at the pockets.

White decided then to top his own play. The Tennessee cops were good, but they lacked national status. His next victim would be no less than the U.S. government, in the department where a phony check would hurt the worst.

Dropping into a small job printing shop in Los Angeles, White showed the proprietor credentials which purported to establish their bearer as Special Agent John Roland Winthrop of the FBI.

"We have a temporary shortage of expense check blanks," White explained. "I've been authorized to have some printed locally." He showed the printer the last of the prison payroll checks he had stolen, still blank. "Those we use are similar, with 'Federal Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice' as maker in place of Tennessee. And add the line, 'Travel and Clothing Voucher.' "

The printer was so impressed with the idea of working for the FBI that it didn't occur to him to wonder why so efficient an organization would be running short of supplies, or why its forms could be so casually copied. Certainly he wasn't going to deny the existence of such a document as this FBI expense voucher, which the Bureau itself was later to do.

The next afternoon the vouchers, as negotiable as checks, were ready, and White picked them up with the word to the printer to bill the Bureau's St. Louis office "after the 15th of the month." Since it was now beginning December, White was allowing himself almost a fortnight to pass the vouchers before the Bureau caught on.

Cashing what looked like FBI paper around Los Angeles was almost too easy. The amount filled in on any "voucher" was never great—not more than $300—but White passed so many that the score skyrocketed. Then one day, keeping tabs at the local post office bulletin board on the crooks most wanted, he found front-and-side views of himself on a poster from Tennessee. The forged payroll checks had finally got back to the prison authorities, and it didn't take them long to add up stolen checks, a skillful pen, cold nerve and phony release papers into the person of Howard Lee White.

With countrywide publicity as a spur, White developed another gambit. He would beat the FBI all over again by laying down bad paper in banks with his own picture as his main prop.

He began his new campaign in the role of FBI Special Agent T. Jackson Spencer. Presenting first his fresh identification card, then a man-wanted photograph of himself to a teller in a Bank of America branch, he asked, "Have you seen this fellow, Howard Lee White? He's been cashing checks under the name of Special Agent Winthrop."

The teller studied White's own picture, then looked at the "agent." All White had done to alter his appearance was to don a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. Nerve did the rest.

"No, sir," said the teller, "I'm sure I haven't. But we have a copy of this photo, and we're keeping him in mind."

As he was about to leave, White reverted to his surefire routine and a few minutes later he was richer by another voucher cashed. Despite his literally handing a teller the evidence against him, his confidence carried him through.

White continued to hit the Los Angeles banks with the same act for a couple of weeks. But the secret in any such operation is to know when to call a halt. White was smart. He realized the odds were against his dodging the FBI indefinitely. So he decided on still another change of identity—and a vacation with a new set of rigged credentials.

Making his way to Central America, he started a whirlwind tour of the casinos in Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua, San Salvador and Guatemala. Unfortunately, his luck at the gambling tables was not up to his skill as a penman, and in 10 days he had shot most of his boodle.

Back he came to Los Angeles, where, in short order, he succeeded in borrowing the identity of a real person: Rev. Gilbert Bartle Wilson, the Catholic chaplain of Alcatraz—then still functioning as a federal prison. It was not so wild a pose as it might seem—White had served a sentence there, and could speak of the prison intimately as a bolster to his newest guise. Complete with black suit, clerical collar, pious look and a small Bible, he resumed his career with the FBI vouchers.

Making the rounds of the city's florists, White dropped into a fashionable shop in Beverly Hills. There he ordered a wreath for an ex-convict he "knew in Alcatraz"—reformed, but now gone.

The florist never flinched when White paid with an FBI voucher and pocketed the change. Then the mark mentioned that his wife, as head of a club meeting at their home that night, was stuck for a speaker.

"Would you consider addressing our little group, Father?" he asked.

"But of course," replied White. "The more people know of prison conditions, the better for us all."

White started the evening at the florist's home by knocking off three or four cocktails. The meeting was very sociable, and no one minded when the father, describing life at Alcatraz, kept his whistle wet with some steady sipping. But White's piety eventually broke down to profanity, and he scandalized the party before he passed out and was carried up to bed.

During the night he sobered sufficiently to slip away. In the morning the florist, discovering his guest had gone, had a twinge of suspicion. A phone call to Alcatraz disclosed that the real Father Wilson hadn't left the Rock.

It's axiomatic that a cop can pull a hundred boners, a criminal but one. White parked his new car one day in San Diego, then asked a traffic cop if he was in a restricted zone. Unfortunately, he had just raised his spirits with a drink, and the officer, inhaling and eyeing the clerical garb, recalled an FBI circular about a voucher-bouncing fake priest. The run of luck was over.

Howard Lee White drew 93 years—a term later reduced to 20—for the offenses he had piled up against the federal statutes in the 59 days he had been free. He had collected, and spent, by unofficial estimate, almost half a million dollars.

It had been fun. But if the FBI was going back to a duller routine with Howard Lee White behind bars, it could be sure he would never give up trying. At last report he was writing Fort Pillow offering to serve out the three years he owed there before taking up his other penal debts. He had, after all, managed to escape from Fort Pillow once.

—Alan Hynd

Get twice the "grip" on slushy streets with a 'Jeep' Wagoneer.

Just flip one simple lever for the safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

Winter driving is no fun, no matter how you look at it. It can mean slipping, sliding, spinning your wheels, skidding round corners—or worse! But a 4-wheel drive 'Jeep' Wagoneer cuts winter driving dangers with twice the traction, twice the grip of ordinary station wagons. 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive helps you keep control when roads turn to ice and the snow piles up. You get where you're going comfortably, confidently, with greater safety, greater peace of mind. When roads turn bad, it's the best automotive insurance you can own. Plus, you have the fun of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. With luxurious interiors, your Wagoneer compares with any quality station wagon, inside as well as out. It has all the options you'd expect: like V-8 power, Turbo Hydra-Matic* automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, air-conditioning. 'Picture window' visibility, complete choice of colors. No other wagon gives the combination of luxury...confidence...and sheer adventure... of the 'Jeep' Wagoneer with 4-wheel drive. Call your Jeep dealer for a test drive today!

UNIQUE SAFETY PACKAGE AT NO EXTRA COST!

- High-impact windshield
- Padded sun visors
- Padded dashboard
- Dual brake system
- Self-adjusting brakes
- Back-up lights
- Windshield washers and 2-speed wipers
- 4-way warning flashers
- Seat belts front and rear
- Outside rear-view mirror
- Rugged 'Jeep' construction
- Gas tank centered inside chassis
- Plus the safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

*TRADEMARK GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

If you're worn out from a day of shopping, sit down, relax. And enjoy The Sure One.

Maybe you'll get a few good gift ideas while you're at it.

First gift idea: Seagram's 7 Crown in a beautiful decanter. Packaged, ready to give. (At no extra cost.)

Second gift idea: This same superior whiskey in its regular bottle. Also festively wrapped and ribboned. (Also, no extra cost.)

Third gift idea: Either or both for yourself.

Give Seagram's 7 Crown—The Sure One.

Seagram Distillers Company, New York City, Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

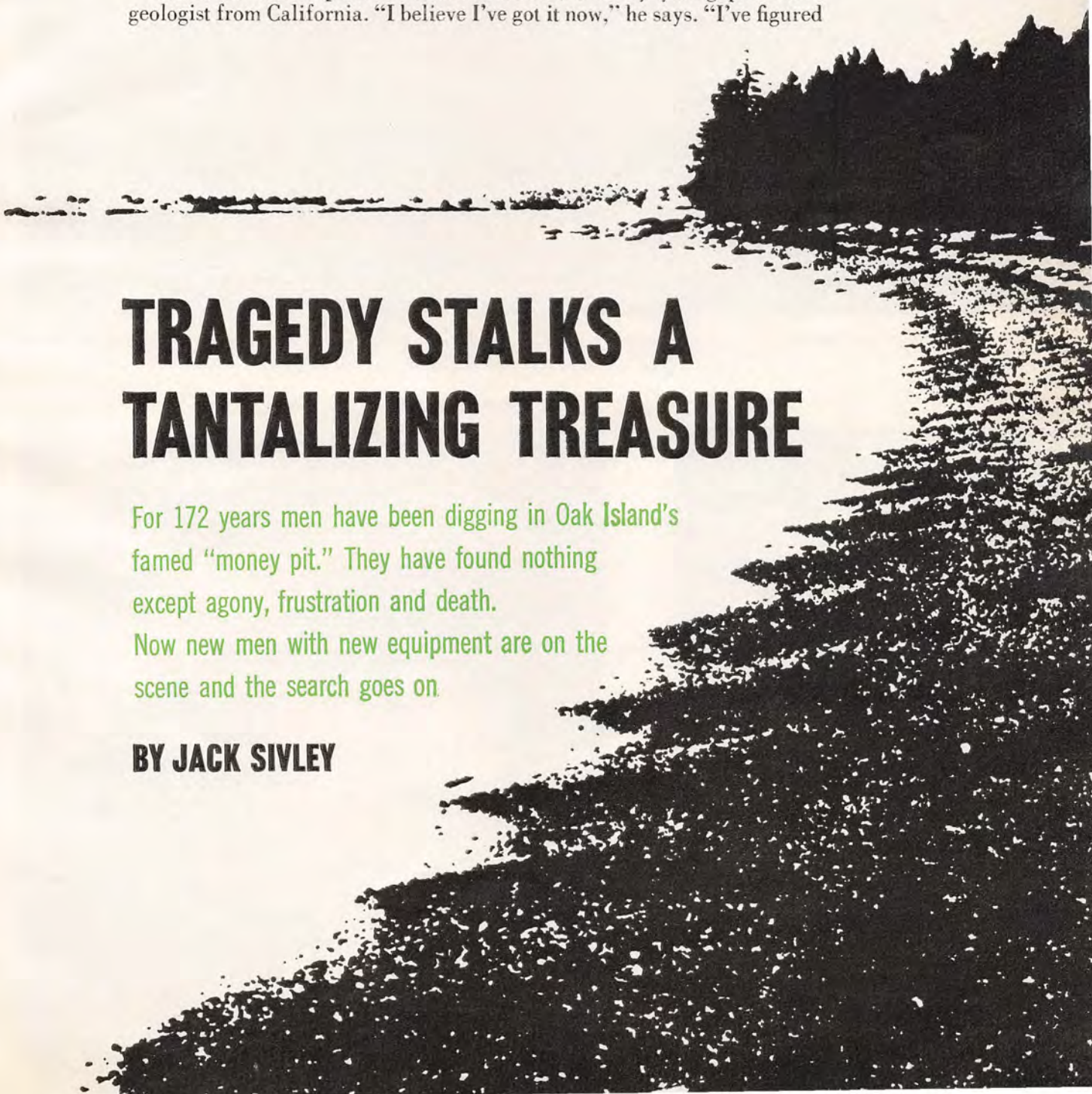
TRUE
JANUARY

OAK ISLAND, NOVA SCOTIA

■ Gold has a heavy scent. It comes from inside a man's head, out of a fired imagination that scorches the mind. The man who smells it is forever hungry and he passes his hunger on to the next man and the next, through the generations. This is the scent that for 172 years has hung over Oak Island, lying in the cold, clear waters of the Atlantic off eastern Nova Scotia. Today the scent is stronger than ever. The island is shaped like a tear, appropriately, considering the anguish and blood that has been poured into its soil. In search for a treasure that no one has ever seen or even knows who put there, men have thrown fortunes into its shafts and their lives into its pits.

And the irony of it all lies in the fact that quite possibly there is no treasure and never was. But men keep coming, men keep trying. They are trying today.

The latest of the pack is Robert Dunfield, a fleshy young petroleum geologist from California. "I believe I've got it now," he says. "I've figured

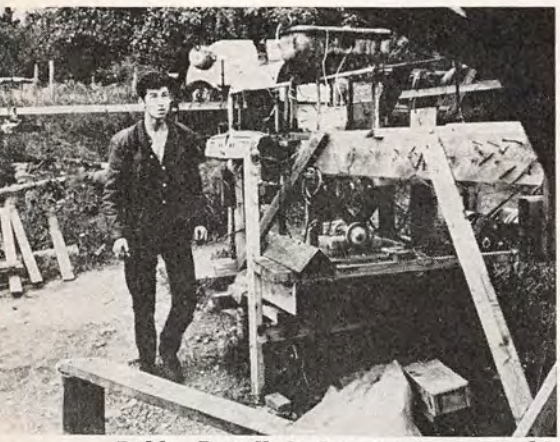


TRAGEDY STALKS A TANTALIZING TREASURE

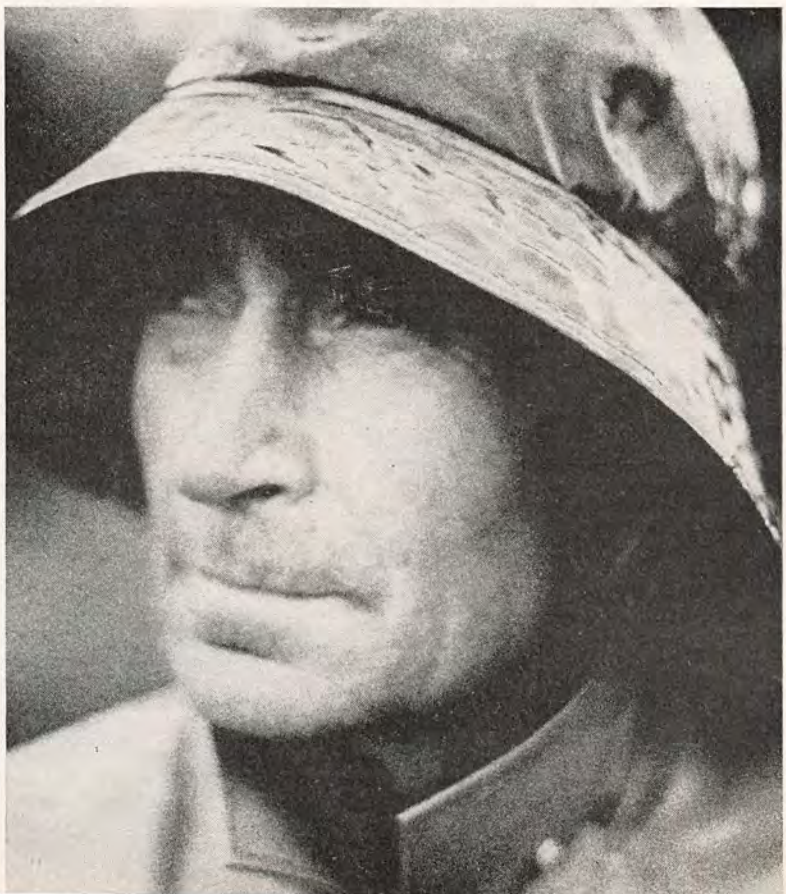
For 172 years men have been digging in Oak Island's famed "money pit." They have found nothing except agony, frustration and death. Now new men with new equipment are on the scene and the search goes on

BY JACK SIVLEY

Loading dock on bleak beach is near spot where Restalls' six-year hunt ended. In spite of tragedy, the search continues.



Bobby Restall died trying to rescue his father from pit near the island's shore.



Robert Restall's strange death has not been satisfactorily explained.

"Seven men must die before the treasure will be found," says the legend. Five have died so far—four recently. Will Oak Island ever be ready to yield up its gold?

a key to the treasure that no one ever saw before. I'm ready to start digging again." Should Dunfield fail, at least two more men are waiting to go ahead—a building contractor in Miami and a professional treasure hunter from Los Angeles.

The magic of treasure hangs over the island and, in their secret hearts, nearly everyone wants to believe in it. Those who cannot believe are the sadder ones. That is the nature of treasure. That is what has made Oak Island famous.

The story goes back to 1795. Or maybe a century earlier. Or maybe five centuries. Who knows?

This is a beautiful place. Great trees, coniferous and broadleaf, soar out of moist, rocky earth carpeted with ferns, mushrooms and strong grass. Wild apple trees are everywhere. A spit of water separates it from Nova Scotia's eastern shore, an area of clean, quiet fishing villages and people who speak English with a burred accent and are warm and jovial to passing strangers and cool and careful to strangers who stay awhile.

The island lies in gentle water in Mahone Bay which draws its name from the word *mahon*, a pirate craft that once plied the Mediterranean. There are more than 350 such islands in this bay alone and they must have been ideal places for careening a ship and stripping off her barnacles out of sight of enemy sail. There is no question that pirates in the 18th century sailed as far north as Nova Scotia, sacking the new settlements, taking prizes and watering and provisioning on the sheltering islands. Perhaps they used Oak Island. Perhaps they had a surplus of loot, of gold and gems taken from the Spanish plate ships and perhaps they buried it. Perhaps.

That certainly is the conclusion to which three young Nova Scotians leaped in 1795. Daniel McGinnis, John Smith and Anthony Vaughan, in their middle teens, went to the island that summer to hunt. Under a towering oak they found a rounded depression in the ground, as if a hole had been dug and refilled, settling slightly. Above was a stump of a branch, marked in such a way as to suggest that a block and tackle might have hung from it.

Pirate gold, they decided. What else? They dug down 10 feet, so the story goes, and found a platform of oak logs. They removed them, went another 10 feet, found another set of logs, went another 10 feet to another layer of logs and sat down to think it over. It took nine years to raise the capital and the manpower to keep going, [*Continued on page* 84]

Robert Dunfield, a geologist, is now in charge of digging. Here he talks to Marshall Hiltz whose son died with Restall.

THE WORLD OF TED SERIOS:

THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA BRAIN

How do you take pictures of a thought? This man can't tell you, but snapshots of his mind at work are upsetting orthodox scientists

These pictures were made by cameras pointed at Ted Serios' head. Double-decker bus (top) appeared at a session before eminent witnesses. The building was taken through one-half inch of lead-shielding glass. Moving automobile showed up as the climax of a series of shots.

BY JULE EISENBUD, M.D.

■ If anyone had told me when that first letter came that there was no use my trying to duck what Providence was plainly set on my getting mixed up with, perhaps I wouldn't have thrown it into the basket. How was I to know that I was slated to spend the next couple of years trying to make sense of an utterly fantastic series of happenings centering around a weird little man who could have stepped right out of Grimms' fairy tales, and that there was no point in my behaving as if there were anything I could do about it to the contrary?

It all came about because of a paper of mine which appeared in a parapsychological journal in the fall of 1963. Ever since its beginnings as psychical research more than 80 years ago, parapsychology has remained a stepchild of science. One of the major reasons for this has been the lack of a repeatable experiment in which so-called "psi" phenomena could be produced on order, like hydrogen gas. I argued that a truly repeatable experiment in this field was inherently impossible.

As was to be expected, parapsychologists were anything but enthusiastic about my point of view. Most people in the field felt that the difficulties in the way of successful experimentation (and public acceptance) and the absence of a repeatable experiment were simply a temporary phase.

Some parapsychologists reacted with anger; others merely sulked. One letter I received, however, signed by a Curtis Fuller, momentarily puzzled me. "I should like to take issue with you," it began, "and am enclosing a paper . . . given before the Illinois Society for Psychic Research that does offer what I believe to be a repeatable experiment. Unbelievable as the facts set forth in the enclosure may seem to be, it is my personal judgment that they are true."

The enclosure was a reprint entitled "The Psychic Photography of Ted Serios," a report by Mrs. Pauline Oehler, then vice-president of the Illinois Society for Psychic Research, on a poorly educated, unemployed Chicago bellhop in his early 40's, who was alleged to be able to project photographic images onto Polaroid film by simply staring into the camera lens with

Condensed from the book *The World of Ted Serios*, copyright © 1966, by Jule Eisenbud, M.D. To be published in January, 1967, by William Morrow & Company.

Some who saw Serios at work

This is the general form of the statement that most witnesses were asked to sign after observing Ted Serios' work, and following are the names and positions of some of those who witnessed pictures being produced.

Dear Doctor Eisenbud:

On... beginning at about... at... in the presence of the witness(es) named below, I, the undersigned, observed the following evidences of extraordinary activity on Polaroid film contained in a Polaroid camera (modified as specified below) handled by Ted Serios in his usual manner (pointing at himself) or as specified below.

The number of prints showing distinguishable structures....

The number of prints in which other evidences of presumptively extraordinary activity (which would ordinarily be expected from photochemical activity) could be seen....

The conditions of trial as to camera status, film loading, randomization, etc. (specify below if necessary) were....

The conditions of observation as to visibility, time allowed for inspection and other relevant factors (specify below if necessary) were....

I am able to formulate the following specific hypotheses as to how these effects might have been produced in a normal manner:

Remarks:

You have my permission for the use of this statement for dissemination or publication in responsible media of communication of scientific information.

DATE.....

A partial list of signatories follows. (The statements of individual signatories are, of course, in no way to be taken as reflecting the attitudes, opinions or involvements of the institutions with which these persons may be affiliated.)

MARTIN M. ALEXANDER, M.D., *associate clinical professor of medicine, University of Colorado Medical School.*

RALPH BAKER, *professor of botany and plant pathology, Colorado State University, Fort Collins; chairman, American Institute of Biological Sciences Committee for Planning Manned Orbital Research Laboratory Experiments in Space Biology.*

JOHN L. CHAPIN, *assistant professor of physiology, University of Colorado Medical School.*

HAROLD ELRICK, M.D., *associate professor of medicine, University of Colorado Medical School.*

JAMES GALVIN, M.D., *associate clinical professor of psychiatry, University of Colorado Medical School.*

JEROME W. GERSTEN, M.D., *professor and chairman of the department of physical medicine, University of Colorado Medical School.*

LAURENCE B. HALL, M.D., *associate clinical professor of psychiatry, University of Colorado Medical School.*

CHARLES J. HLAD, JR., *physicist, chief of research laboratory, U.S. Veteran's Administration Hospital, Denver.*

JAMES A. HURRY, chief engineering physicist and consulting engineer, *research and development division, Gates Rubber Company, Denver.*

J. ALLEN HYNEK, PH.D., *professor and chairman, department of astronomy, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.*

MARIO IONA, *professor of physics, University of Denver.*

JOHN L. LIGHTBURN, M.D., *assistant clinical professor of psychiatry, University of Colorado Medical School.*

JOHANN R. MARX, M.D., *assistant clinical professor of psychiatry, University of Colorado Medical School.*

F. BRUCE MERRILL, M.D., *assistant clinical professor of psychiatry, University of Colorado Medical School.*

DAVID R. METCALF, M.D., *assistant professor of psychiatry, University of Colorado Medical School.*

MARIE COLEMAN NELSON, *New York, editor,* The Psychoanalytic Review.

AARON PALEY, M.D., *assistant clinical professor of psychiatry, University of Colorado Medical School.*

PAUL POLAK, M.D., *director of research, Fort Logan Mental Health Center, Fort Logan, Colorado.*

JOSEPH H. RUSH, PH.D., *physicist, National Center for Atmospheric Research, Boulder, Colorado.*

DAVID STARRETT, M.D., *assistant professor of psychiatry, University of Colorado Medical School.*

RAY W. WAINWRIGHT, *professor of electrical engineering, Colorado State University, Fort Collins.*

BILLIE W. WHEELER, *director of audio-visual education, University of Colorado Medical Center.*

CARL N. ZIMET, PH.D., *professor of psychology, University of Colorado Medical School.*

intense concentration. The report stated that, given the usual precautions of using cameras and film supplied by others than Serios himself, and of close observation of Serios' movements, there was little possibility of fraud on his part.

"By what means could these pictures have been fraudulently produced?" Mrs. Oehler wrote. "The matter is considered in detail by Stanford Calderwood, vice-president of the Polaroid Corporation in a recent letter to Curtis Fuller, president of the Illinois Society for Psychic Research. Mr. Calderwood says: *'Let me stress that while a clever man could tamper in advance with our film, I know of no way he could do it if you were to show up with the film you bought in a store at random and watched him load and shoot. Tampering with the film would be a long and complicated procedure and nothing that could be done by sleight-of-hand, especially if he had to photograph two or three pictures (or thoughts) on the same roll without reloading the camera and without an opportunity to substitute something in front of or behind the lens.'* "

The correspondence that subsequently developed about Ted Serios eventually brought an invitation to come to Chicago and meet the subject himself.

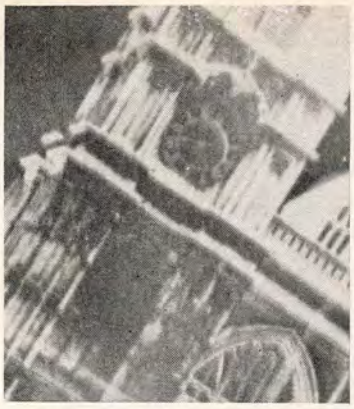
I was to give two days of lectures at a midwestern university in April (this was now January) and figured that I could swing through Chicago on my way back.

It occurred to me that another witness to the proceedings would be helpful and I phoned a young cousin, Jonathan, a sophomore at Amherst. He immediately accepted my invitation, although I warned that the chances were very slight of his seeing anything except evasions, suspicious actions, and excuses.

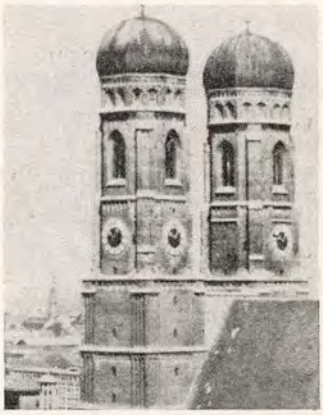
My plane came into O'Hare airport at 5:30. Jon came striding down the ramp to meet me, and we drove to the Palmer House. At the registration desk, I asked the clerk if a Mrs. Freda Morris, a young Ph.D. candidate in psychology who was to meet us, was there. He nodded toward an attractive young woman sitting a few feet away. I walked over and introduced myself. Everything was all set, she stated. Serios would meet us in the lobby at 8. I registered and we went up to the coffee shop for a bite.

Promptly at 8 we headed for the lobby. A slight man in a trench coat, whom I recognized as Serios from his picture, came [*Continued on page* 109]

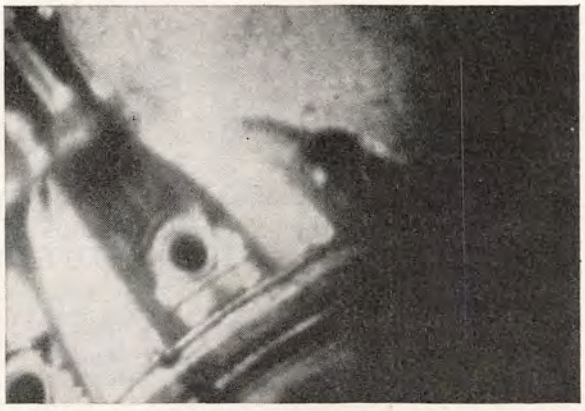
With target images in mind, Serios produced photos which ranged from blurs to startling resemblances



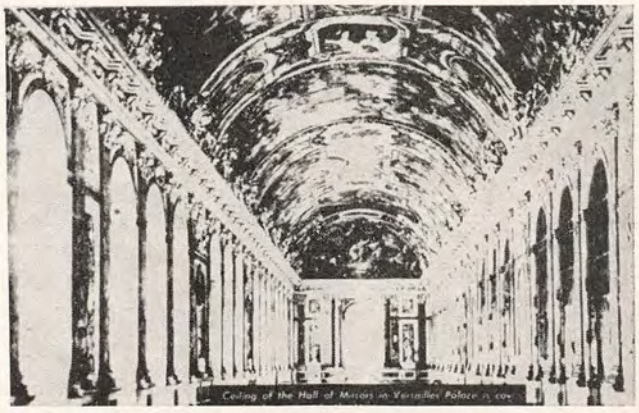
Serios saw a picture of Westminster Abbey, a portion of which is shown at left. A day later he put on film, through his mind, the copy at the right.



No picture had been shown to Serios when the towers at right appeared during a shooting session. Months after, they were identified as belonging to a church in Munich at left.



The picture at left is part of a church in Rome. Serios had glanced at the picture in a book, then, the same evening, he turned out the close reproduction at right.



When Versailles' pillared Hall of Mirrors was chosen as a target, it was not shown to Serios or identified. After a few tries, he came up with the structure at the right.

SOMEDAY, GOD FORBID...

Everyone connected with the U.S. space program knows that the price of conquering the unknown will eventually be paid in astronauts' lives. So far, we've had some chilling near-misses, but no disasters. But when one comes, what will we do? How will we feel? What will we say to each other?

BY COURTNEY SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATED BY TED DE BOSIER

■ Compared with early explorers or pioneer aviators, today's astronauts may appear to be encased in all the safety modern science can provide. But, among themselves, the men involved in the space program realize that orbital flights aren't as safe as they may have come to seem to the man in the street. These men know that too much remains uncertain; too many things can go wrong and, our perfect record so far notwithstanding, major disasters can still occur.

Michael Stoiko, technical director of the Martin Company which has played a key role in America's venture into space, has applied a slide rule to the problem. On the basis of available statistics, he's laying five to three odds on a multiple disaster by 1985, and three to two on trouble striking before the year 1975.

He has also prophesied the psychological aspects of a space catastrophe: "At its worst [an accident] could strand an astronaut or astronauts in space, injured or unharmed, perhaps communicating with Earth, but helpless and beyond assistance. Locked in the inertial field, he or they would remain alive, interminably it would seem to the world, only to die without hope of rescue.

"Such a circumstance," Stoiko warns, "contains every element to stimulate the most intense emotional reaction. The long story of the helpless astronaut's fate—perhaps following a delayed, carefully phrased announcement in the beginning—would be reported, step-by-step, in spectacular detail or conjecture to a shocked nation and the world."

Even with this dark forecast, Stoiko may understate the case. The impact could go beyond shock. The public's initial horror and fascination could well change to anger if no means existed to even attempt a rescue.

During the Gemini 8 mission in March, 1966, Americans almost had a chance to find out what the reaction would be to a fatal space accident.

For nearly seven hours the flight of astronauts Neil Armstrong and David Scott had stuck closely to the ground-prepared plan. So smoothly had things gone, in fact, millions of people across the continent turned off their radios and TV's by midday and went about their business, confident that another step to the moon had been routinely chalked off.

In the cramped confines of the Gemini cabin, command pilot Armstrong, the first civilian astronaut, and pilot Scott, an Air Force major, had set a course that would, hopefully, intercept the path of an Agena target vehicle, which had been launched an hour-and-a-half (one orbit) ahead of them that morning.

Six hours into the flight they sighted the Agena, took pursuit and closed in. For several long minutes, as the two craft hurtled around the globe at 17,500 miles per hour, Armstrong and Scott carefully sur-

On the moon, disaster could occur in many ways. A damaged space suit (lower left) would be quickly fatal, or a wrecked moon-landing craft would mean a lonely death for astronaut as mother ship is forced to return to Earth.

When an astronaut becomes stranded in space...

Frantic "Mayday" from space is heard by control-center officials unable to help.

veyed the Agena, checked their gear, got permission from Gemini Control in Houston and then edged up for the delicate docking operation. When the two spacecraft locked together as one, the astronauts had notched a space milestone never before accomplished.

There was precious little time for celebration, however. A short circuit in a key electrical system locked an orbital attitude maneuvering thruster in the open position, causing it to send the two spacecrafts whirling into a violent series of rolls. The startled pilots quickly scanned their panel boards and desperately checked lights, switches, dials, knobs and buttons to find what was wrong. Their problem was further complicated as they passed between ground-based communications stations. Now they could receive no advice from flight controllers until they passed over the next station, five minutes away.

For Armstrong and Scott, it was five minutes of hell that nearly spelled chaos.

They found the trouble—the stuck thruster—but they couldn't close it, and the roll rate was now screaming well past the red lines of safety. They were in very real danger of blacking out. With the coolness of experienced test pilots who have logged thousands of hours in the air, they analyzed the situation as best they could and disengaged the Gemini from the target vehicle. Still, the rolls increased. It was like being tied down on a merry-go-round gone berserk.

As they entered their next communications channel, they described the problem and said they weren't sure how much longer they could hang on. The decision didn't take long: break out the reentry control system to stabilize the drunken spacecraft. By doing this, Armstrong and Scott knew they would have to come back down, aborting the mission two-and-a-half days short. And, while thousands of rescue specialists waited in the prime Atlantic Ocean recovery area, they would have to splash down in a remote part of the Pacific after having reentered the Earth's upper atmosphere over Red China.

As usual, crowds gather at bars to view the space flight, but this time TV reports unfold a tragic story.

But there was no choice. It was that or black out in space, possibly never to regain consciousness again.

Armstrong and Scott made it, but the public never realized how chillingly close the two men had come to being our first space disaster.

What would have happened if they had used all their reentry fuel to halt the wild rolling of Gemini 8 and had none left to stabilize the spacecraft for descent into the atmosphere? The answer is as horrible as it is obvious. They would have had the choice of waiting for a slowly approaching certain death from lack of oxygen, or hoping for a quick and almost equally certain doom while reentering the atmosphere in an unstabilized craft. A third alternative—sit it out until help arrived—simply did not exist.

The inevitability of an accident is recognized by most experts and also seems to be the official government policy line. In a recent speech, James E. Webb, head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) stated ". . . no one says our program doesn't entail danger, grave human danger. We have always recognized, in developing any new environ-

...the world will follow his slow death with fascinated horror

ment, the potential loss of life. And, indeed, loss of life has always taken place. From balloons to airplanes, men have died learning about the air. The astronauts recognize the risk."

Many in the program feel we have been lucky not to have lost anyone to date. "It is nothing less than remarkable," one spokesman admitted, "that so many pioneering orbital flights have been made without an astronaut getting so much as a hangnail." The success ratio is that much more fantastic if one considers Soviet reports that their space flights have also been accident free.

But even if it is assumed the Communists have lost cosmonauts, the overall man-in-space safety record is still incredible. "The trouble is," as one commentator put it, "the public doesn't realize how easy it would be to lose one of these crews. They are beginning to take these flights for granted."

There are several ways a disaster could occur. Capt. Norval Oexmann, who was the Air Force Range Safety Officer on Gemini missions, says, "the first five minutes of the mission are the most critical."

Indeed his observation was very nearly borne out in sensational fashion last December. On Pad 19 at Cape Kennedy, atop a 109-foot modified Titan II booster, were Gemini 6 astronauts Wally Schirra (the veteran) and Tom Stafford (the rookie). Their flight had already been scrubbed once two months earlier. To effect rendezvous in space with Gemini 7, Schirra and Stafford were rescheduled for a December 12 launching, with orders to speed across space and catch up with astronauts Frank Borman and James Lovell, who had been launched on an epic, two-week mission eight days before.

This time, the count proceeded flawlessly. At T-minus zero, the Titan spewed out a mountainous cloud of yellowish-orange smoke and flame, but the rocket didn't budge. After two seconds, its engines, which should have been gunning up to the awesome 430,000 pounds of thrust, mysteriously shut down.

A fearful silence hung over the Cape. In effect, Schirra and Stafford were sitting atop a live bomb—thousands of gallons of hypergolic fuel—that could explode with earthshaking force at any instant. No one knew quite what to do. This situation had never before occurred with men aboard.

Inside the tension-filled Gemini 6 cabin, the two pilots were strapped tightly to their contour seats. Their gloved hands held choking grips on twin D-rings —"chicken switches" the astronauts call them—the handles which trigger the ejection seats. If they followed impulse and yanked the rings, they would be catapulted 400 feet into the air, where—the manual said—parachutes would open and they would calmly float back to earth. Only two things were wrong. By doing this, they would abort the mission, passing up any chance of a later rendezvous with Borman and Lovell. Secondly, although the ejection system worked fine on paper, it had never been tried during a live mission. In fact in previous tests, some plastic dummies had been badly battered while being thrown out the capsule's small hatches.

At a solemn press conference, the President makes the bleak announcement: no rescue attempt is possible.

The other alternative was for the spacemen to sit tight and sweat out the possibilities of a launch-site explosion. With the icy nerves of a true pro, this is what Schirra, the command pilot, elected to do. He based his decision on instinct, for on the instrument panel the trip clock had started, indicating there had actually been a lift-off. Schirra gambled that the clock was lying, banking his decision on the experience of his previous Mercury flight, three years earlier. If the rocket had lifted off, they would have been pushed downward into their cushioning by acceleration forces. Also, their red abort lights, the signal for emergency ejection, had not flashed.

With cool deliberation, Schirra began reading off the all-important fuel pressure figures. From 186 miles overhead, Frank [*Continued on page* 99]

AN ELITE CREW SAVES RACING'S RICHEST SECONDS

They may come from the backwoods of Virginia, but the Wood Brothers are the slickest, quickest family of pit mechanics in the history of motorsport

BY JOHN TOMERLIN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

■ Word had spread around Gasoline Alley, and a small crowd had gathered. Driver Jim Clark's Lotus-Ford crew was rehearsing a pit stop, and the sight provided a welcome moment of comic relief.

Stopwatch in hand, Lotus boss Colin Chapman was timing the action. At his signal, five men swarmed over Clark's tiny, rear-engined car. The air suddenly seemed full of flying tires, hammers and knock-off

hubs, spilled fuel and cockney curses. When order finally returned, Britisher Chapman glanced at his watch. Face straight, upper lip stiff, he shook his head.

"No, that won't do, chaps. Best try again."

For the last two years the English team's pit work had been a hilarious sidelight to the serious business of the Indianapolis 500-mile race. In 1963 they had lingered 33 seconds over a [*Continued on page* 73]

Hunter Dale Standley follows trail of bobcat that is following trail of rabbit.

Tired of running, angry tom breaks bobcat code, dares pursuers to attack again. Split second later they did.

A TOUGH CAT GIVES UP HIS NINTH LIFE

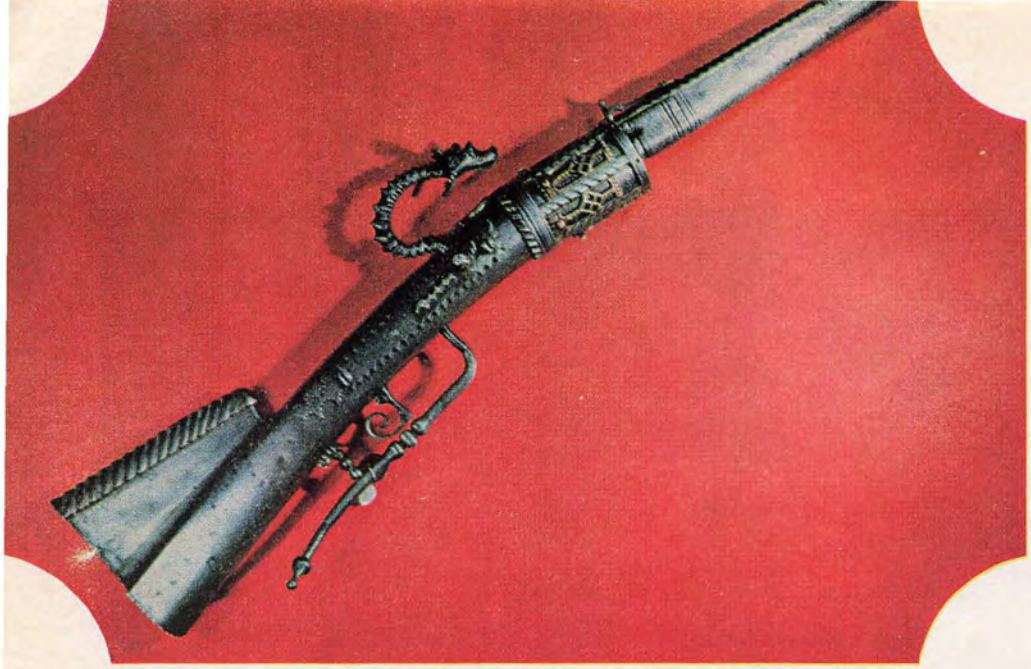
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ED PARK

The big tom bobcat battling defiantly on these pages was a spirited exception to an old rule of survival. Bobcats instinctively tree when hunting dogs get on their heels. Not this one, which used to live and hunt in the canyons of central Oregon. It took on a pack of five hounds in a fast and furious fight that it could not possibly win. Why? Madness, orneriness, or just plain guts? You're welcome to your own guess. The old tom had been out tracking rabbits in the new snow. It had already lunched on a couple when hunters and hounds picked up the trail. The dogs were smart, but this cat was smarter. It trailed off through the snow, doubled back over its trail, jumped up on rocky rims the hounds couldn't reach. But after a half day's eluding, the cat suddenly stopped in the sagebrush and confronted its tormentors. At first, the 33-pound tom more than held its own against the leaping dogs. But the hounds grew wiser: as the cat worked one dog over, the other four worked on tom. Then, for just a second, the spitting, furious cat overcame the odds and held all five dogs off. The hounds, though, had human allies. A quick pistol shot dropped the tom instantly. From first blood to death, the fighting cat's final battle had taken just seven seconds.

Instant before the end, bobcat turns on its back and rips two hounds with teeth and claws.

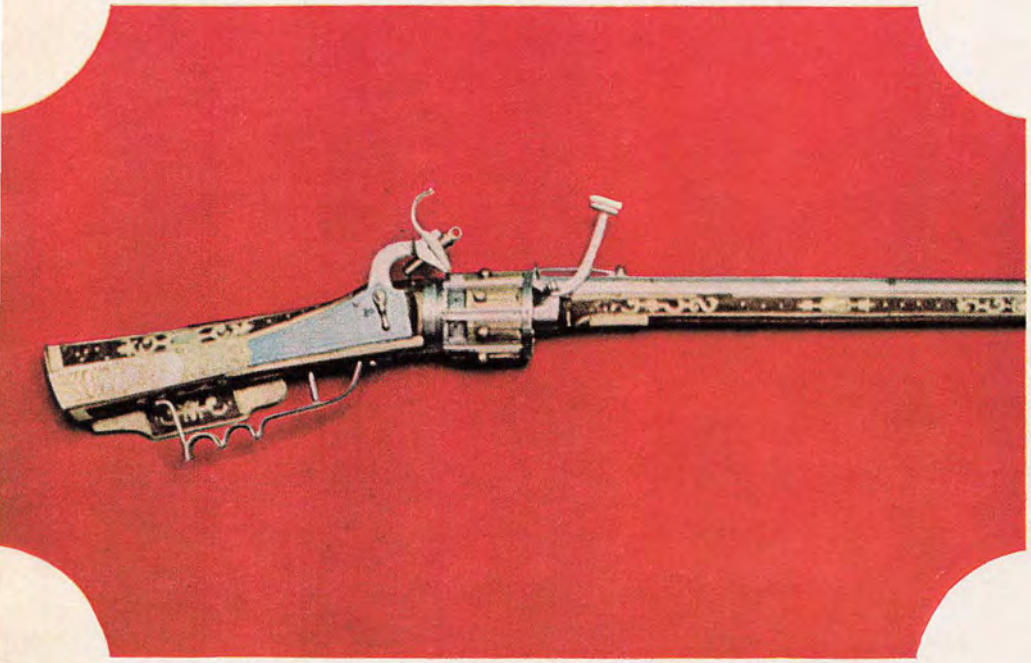
Winning hound dog looks like a loser.

Hunter examines fierce fangs—cat's best weapons in fight.



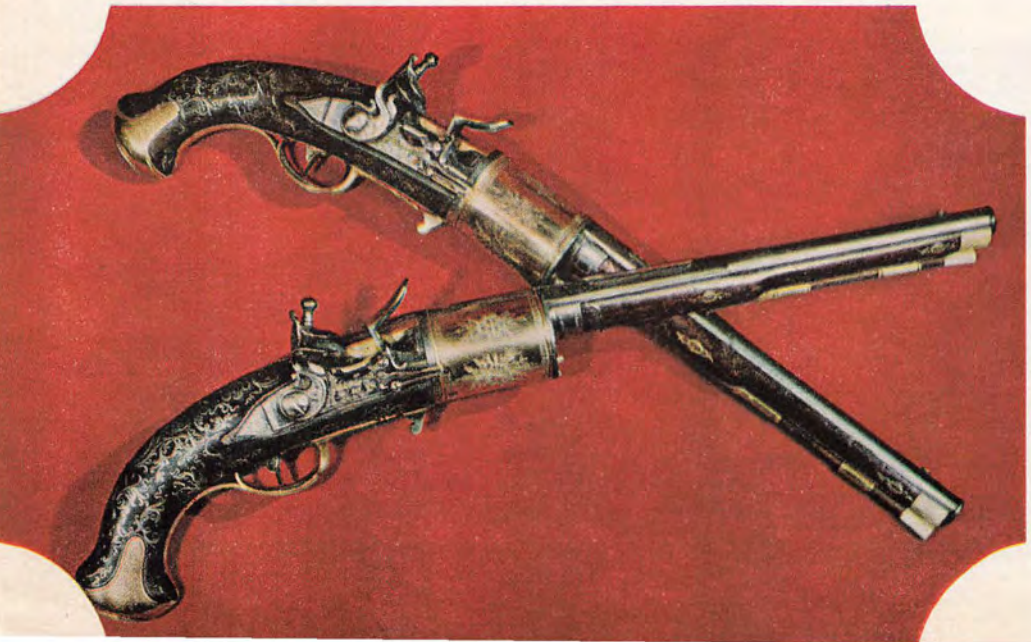
Bivens Collection

Early European matchlock (actually a carbine) made about 1570. Hammerlike "serpentine" held slow fuse called a match, positioned lit end over powder touchhole.



Tojhusmuseet, Copenhagen

Snaphaunce type, from Dutch for "pecking hen," descriptive of action. Cocking caused upright "frizzen" to dip down, provide surface for flint to strike against.



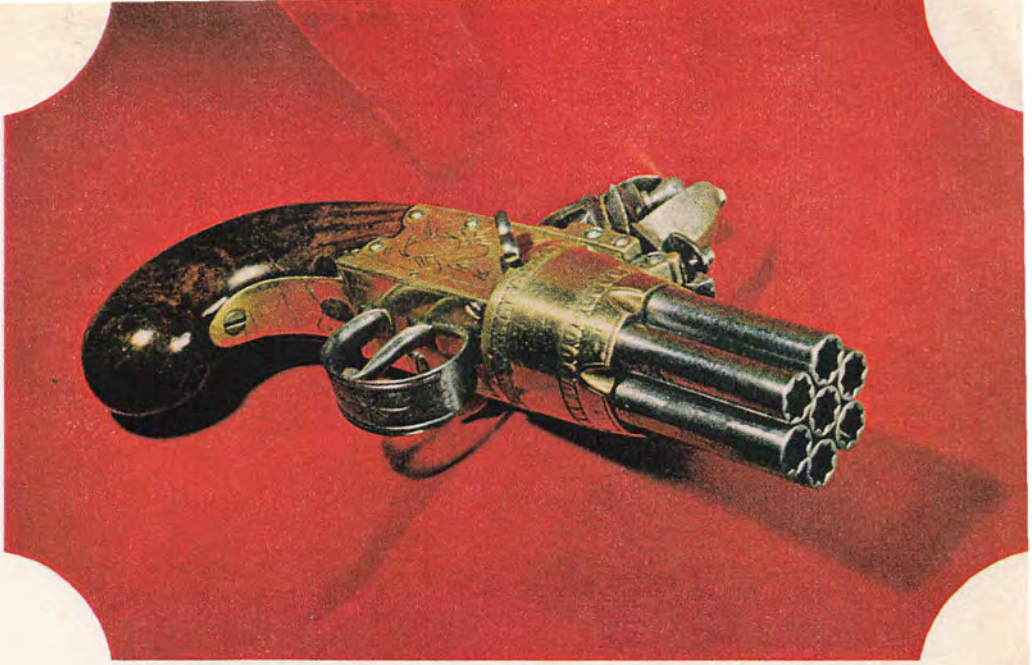
First true flintlocks appeared about 1630. These flintlock revolvers, circa 1780, probably world's finest, were made for the Czar.

SIX-SHOOTERS, B.C. (BEFORE COLT)

Did Sam Colt invent the six-gun? Not by a few hundred years!

BY RUSSELL BARNETT AITKEN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR
(All specimens from his personal collection except where noted)



Multibarreled guns called pepperboxes, like this seven-shot Wood-York flintlock, were effective at short range but not foolproof—sometimes several barrels fired.

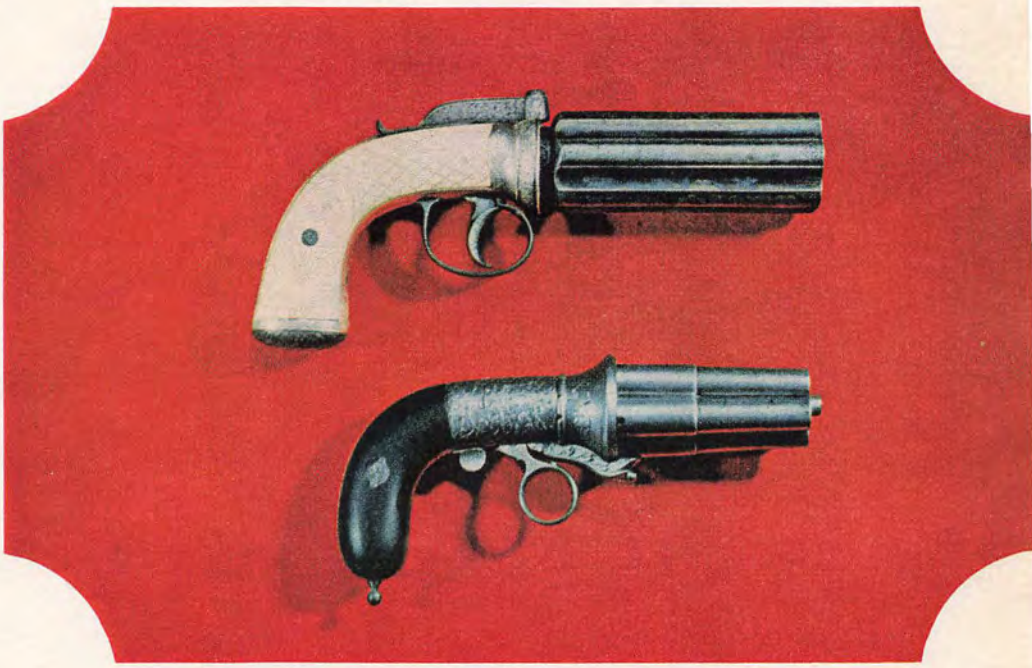
■ A lot of people believed that Sam Colt invented the revolver when his Paterson model appeared in 1836. Actually, Sam was about 336 years late, for Leonardo da Vinci had sketched a weapon with multiple chambers which permitted successive shots without reloading way back in 1500 A.D.

In the intervening centuries many clever gunsmiths, working independently, created some remarkable handguns with revolving cylinders. All shared a vexing problem—a dependable firing mechanism.

First came the matchlock, the "match" being a slow-burning fuse two to three feet long, the lighted end of which fired powder in a pan which in turn ignited the main charges via touchholes.

Wheel-lock revolvers are rare but their firing system was a great improvement because the gun could be kept ready to fire. When the trigger was pulled, a spring-loaded wheel revolved against a bit of iron pyrites held in the jaws of a hammer. Sparks flew, the priming powder flared and the weapon went off.

Since iron pyrites is fragile and crumbly, gunsmiths eventually abandoned it in favor of flint, which in turn was used ingeniously. Thus the snaphaunce—first of the flintlocks, originated in the Low Countries in mid-16th century—protected its priming with a cover from wind and rain. When the trigger was pulled, the priming-pan cover

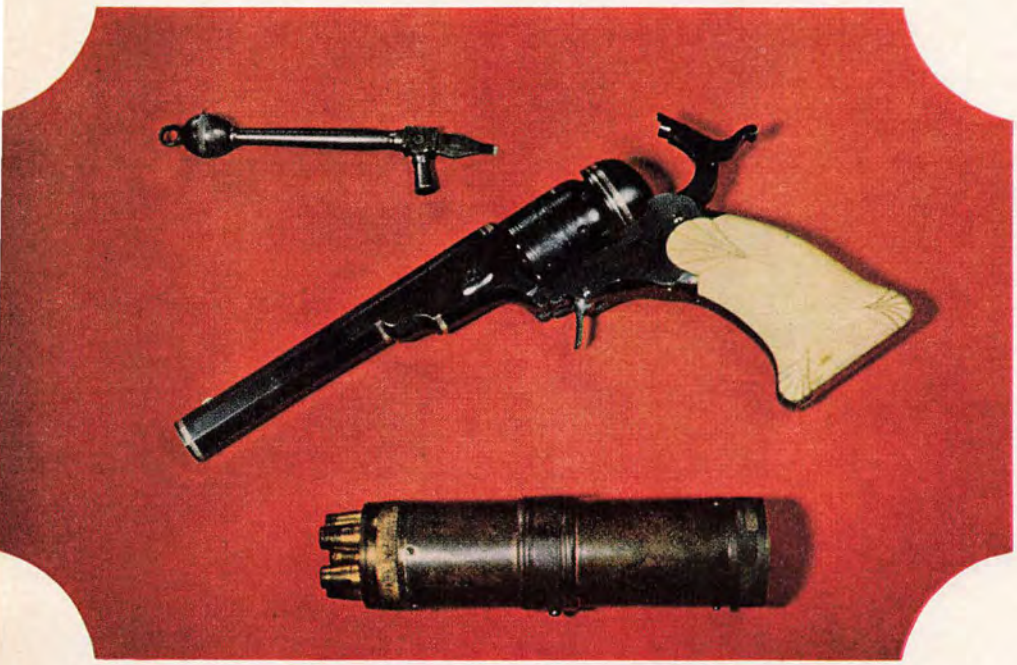


Later pepperbox pistols were primed with small copper percussion caps, a step forward. Top gun is British, bottom one is French with an underhammer to right.

Needing to improve on pepperbox's unreliability, gunsmiths evolved type now called the transition revolver. These are British.

Near end of flintlock era, American Elisha Collier patented a fine flintlock revolver in 1818 with powder box above cylinder capable of priming a dozen times.

Rapid, sure fire was always the problem of early revolvers. Sam Colt brought dependability



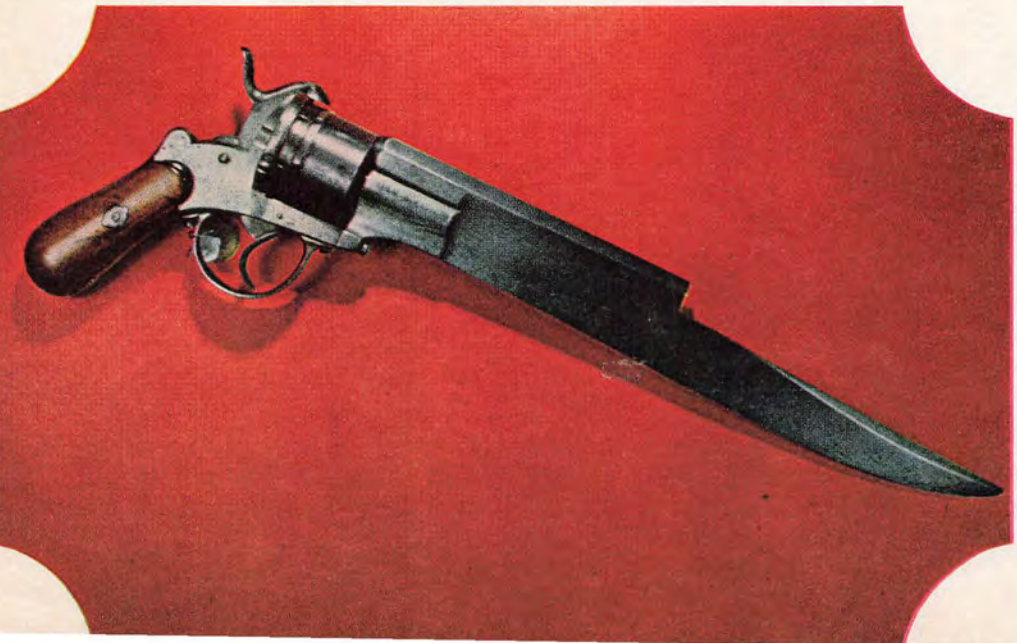
Sam Colt's first revolver, shown with reloading accessories, was this Paterson model of 1836. The cylinder advanced with each hammer cock, an innovation then.

opened automatically, the falling flint struck sparks and the weapon fired. Other flintlock designs followed, none easy to incorporate into revolvers. The most noted pair were made at Tula, Russia's great gun-making center, about 1780.

A number of flintlock revolvers appeared in the early 1800's but the one which had probably the greatest success was introduced by an American, Elisha Haydon Collier, who patented his design in London in 1818. Its pan cover held a supply of priming powder sufficient to prime about a dozen times.

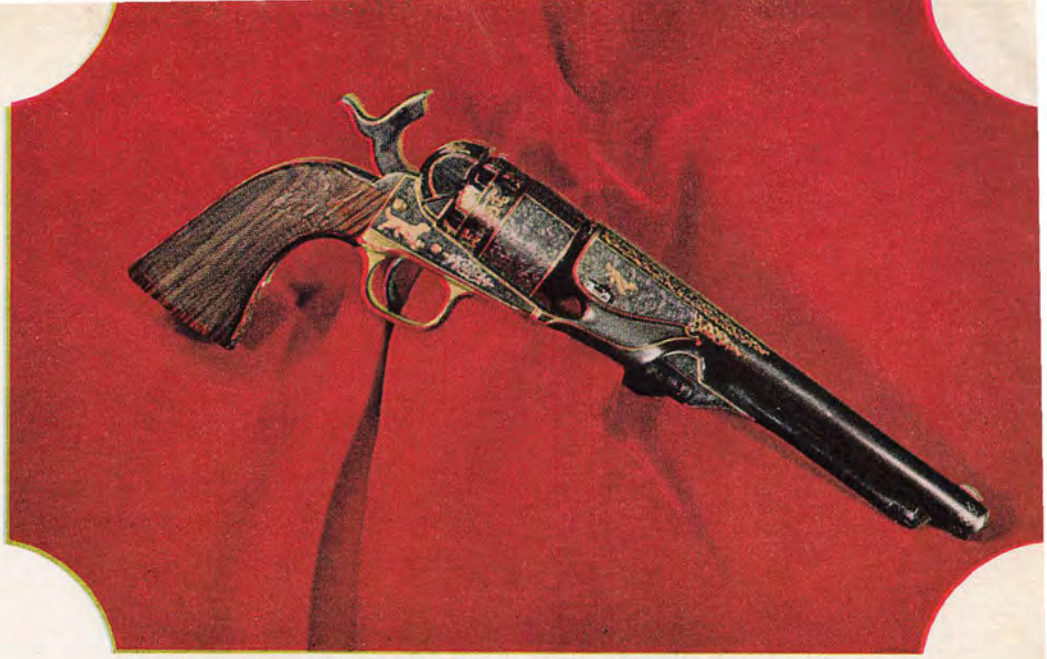
The percussion cap—a tiny version of the .22 cartridge case to come—made flintlocks obsolete. The copper cap fitted on a nipple which vented flame to the powder below at the fall of the hammer. So it was that percussion pepperbox revolvers came into vogue in the late 1820's. The pepperbox had three or more barrels of equal length revolving about a center pin, and a single striker fired them. At first, the barrels had to be rotated by hand after each shot. But when two American brothers, Benjamin and Barton Darling, made an improvement by which each cock of the hammer brought an unfired barrel into line, the pepperbox caught on like wildfire.

A further refinement by another Yankee gunsmith—Ethan Allen of Massachusetts—brought "double action." A single pull on the trigger cocked the hammer, rotated the



Bivens Collection

A dagger revolver by Le Faucheux of Paris, about 1858, used percussion caps like early Colts. Stab or shoot, this weapon was ready.



Presentation model of Colt's great 1860 Army model, of which 200,000 were made. The first Colt to use center-fire cartridges was 1872 model called the Peacemaker.

cluster of barrels and fired the weapon.

The pepperbox was the popular favorite when Sam Colt entered the field with his first revolver—now called the Paterson model after the New Jersey town where it was made from 1836 to 1842. Instead of turning full-length barrels about a center pin, Colt used a revolving cylinder loaded and primed to fire five bullets in succession through a barrel.

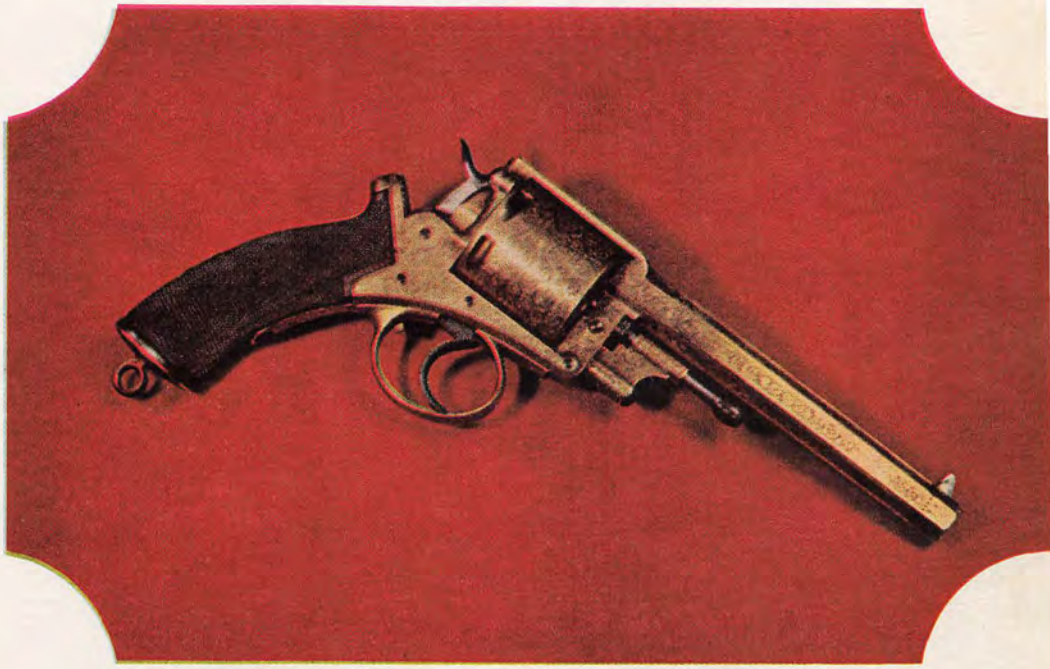
The new Colt was safe to use (a pepperbox sometimes fired all its barrels at the first trigger pull) and more accurate and powerful because of its long 5½-inch barrel.

Bigger, more powerful Colts were to come, including the hulking Whitneyville Walker made for the Army during the Mexican War. Later came a modification, the Dragoon, and finally the superb 1860 Army Colt, of which 200,000 were made.

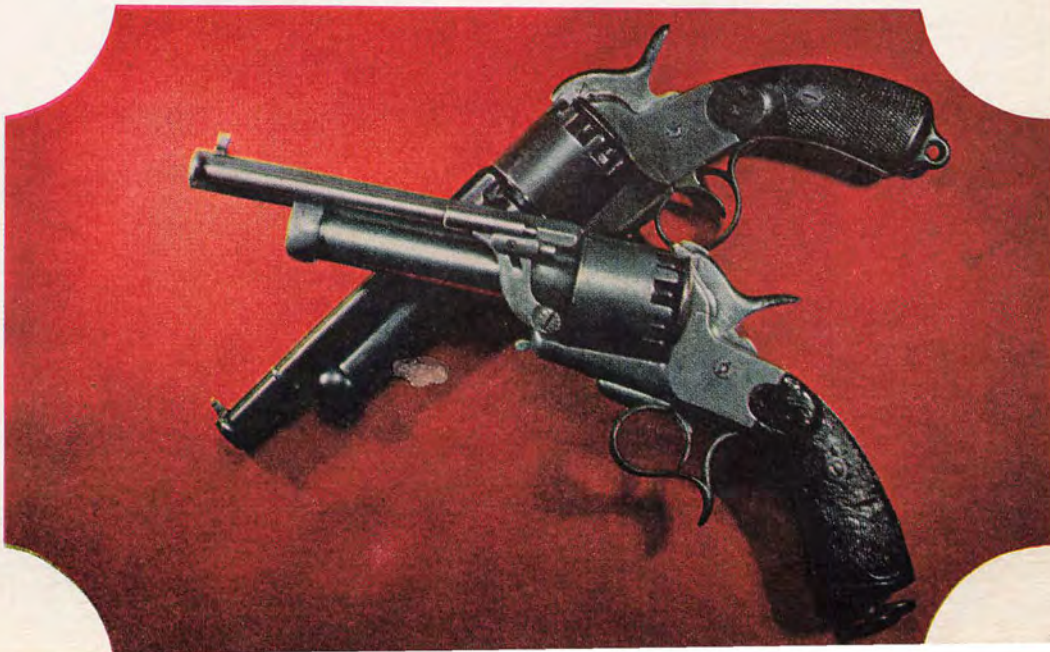
Sam Colt enjoyed a monopoly on revolver manufacture in this country till his patent ran out in 1856. But he did not achieve the ultimate breakthrough that is still with us today—a revolver using a self-contained cartridge. For all Colt's guns were loaded with black powder and primed with percussion caps. It remained for Smith & Wesson to appear with the first metallic-cartridge revolver, a .22 produced in 1859.

Just the same, Sam Colt is widely considered the father of the modern revolver, though he never made this claim himself.

—**Russell Barnett Aitken**



Colt was to have rivals. His most serious was England's Robert Adams who produced this self-cocking revolver in 1851, the year Colt's British patents expired.



Le Mat revolvers, one of several variations of Colt's design. Used by South in the Civil War, lower barrel fired a load of buckshot.

"Why don't you try keeping bees?" That's what the man said. Well, now we've got bees buzzing all over the place. They're pleasant critters, mind you. But playing cowboy to 50,000 of them is one helluva way to sugar your waffles

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ALBERT FENN

The Bees and Me

■ I was sitting in my garden last spring, innocently arguing possession of the cherry in my Manhattan with a bevy of determined yellow jackets, when a car pulled in the drive. An elderly gentleman crawled out and running an appreciative eye over our orchard in full bloom asked, "Would you mind if I left a few hives of bees here on my way out?"

"I sure would," I told him. We all have our little eccentricities and mine happens to be a strong dislike of being stung by bees.

My visitor looked hurt and astonished. "I usually charge people five dollars a hive for letting the bees fertilize their fruit trees and crops," he said. "But I'll let you have them free. I'll even throw in a couple of pounds of honey at the end of the season."

I was unmoved, so the gentleman continued his sales talk. "Why don't you try keeping bees yourself?" he asked. With a setup like mine, he explained, I could make a fortune out of the honey. I could also distill some of it into mead, that potent drink of the Vikings which makes four-star Hennessy taste like pablum. In addition, the bees manufacture royal jelly, which, it is said, grows hair on bald heads, increases life expectancy and restores lost manhood.

Well, he'd hit my Achilles heel—a passionate love of dear old Mother Nature. I pictured myself spending the rest of my days reclining by the edge of our swimming pool while hordes of nubile young starlets pressed flagons of heady mead into my hand. From the background came the drone of contented bees working their little ovipositors off gathering nectar for my benefit. "But don't those things sting?" I asked.

My friend burst out laughing at that idea. "Don't tell me you believe that old superstition about bees stinging," he guffawed. "Why, bees never sting—unless, of course, they happen to get annoyed."

Full of pleasant daydreams, I didn't bother to ask him what annoyed a bee. I rushed in the house to see what we had on bees in the ancestral library.

Beekeeping, I soon discovered, can well lay claim to being the oldest profession—well, the second oldest profession anyhow. There's a prehistoric cave painting in Valencia, Spain, showing a man collecting honey from a rock crevice while swarms of furious bees buzz around him. For centuries, bees were kept in skeps—hives made of coiled straw rope. In the South, hillbillies still use skeps or hollow logs, although to get the honey you have to kill the colony of bees by burning a sulphur candle in the hive.

The first breakthrough in modern beekeeping came with the invention of the square hive with movable frames so the honey-filled cells could be removed without disturbing the bees. Then came the invention of the extractor which removes the honey from the cells by centrifugal force, leaving the cells intact for the bees to refill.

The next great step forward will be developing a strain of bees that aren't two-thirds nuts, prepared to sting the daylights out of anyone who goes near them. [*Continued on page* 101]

The author, ghostly in his beekeeper's outfit, steals up to a windowpane crawling with bees.

THE SPY WHO KNOCKED 'EM COLD

After years of skirting the issue, TV pinned a medal on itself and agreed to costar a Negro on a regular series. Now Bill Cosby—athlete turned comedian and actor—has an Emmy plus some $750,000 a year to show for the wisdom of that decision

The stars of the highly successful I Spy *show, Cosby and Culp are warm friends off camera as well as on.*

BY ARTHUR WHITMAN

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

■ When Sheldon Leonard gets an idea for a TV show, things happen, and what happened in this case is one of the most incredible success stories in the curious history of show business.

Once a leading tough guy in movies, Leonard has become a fabulously successful producer in television, with a string of hits that starts with *The Danny Thomas Show* and includes *The Dick Van Dyke Show, The Andy Griffith Show* and *Gomer Pyle*. About three years ago, Leonard got the idea for a new kind of series. Well, almost a new kind of series. What he actually hoped to produce would be a show that wasn't *exactly* like everything else being shown on the television screens at the time.

"I wanted to do an adventure with comedy," he says. He talks in a low-pitched voice and often hurries the bigger words out of his mouth, a curiously appropriate mannerism for a man whose working time is probably worth $100 a second.

"I wanted the show to be about a coupla fellas whose relationship was deep and friendly. I had a script that would more or less do for the concept I was striving for, but I had no cast in mind other than a list of maybe a dozen solid, professional guys who might play either part. Then I went to a nightclub and saw one guy I knew I wanted—just like that. He happened to be colored."

The guy Leonard saw was an amiable young comic named William Henry Cosby, Jr., who was just beginning to "make" a little bit, as they say in show biz, playing better nightclubs around the country, and with a hot record album then on the charts. The color Leonard didn't notice was the brown pigmentation of the American Negro, a characteristic Cosby has been known to spoof by saying he smokes "flesh-colored cigars."

But though Leonard insists his choice was strictly business and uncomplicated by other factors, he did not forget to discuss his decision with Robert Kintner, then president of NBC. After some speculation about "network disaffiliation" (having the show dropped by southern stations—something that never occurred), Kintner gave the go-ahead. Leonard returned to his Hollywood office and told his associates, "Let's negotiate with the Cosby kid."

The end of the negotiations was that Bill Cosby became the Jackie Robinson of big league TV. Paired with Robert Culp, an accomplished actor and writer, as costar of *I Spy*, which went on the air in 1965, he became the first Negro ever cast in a lead role in a continuing network series. In the show, as nearly 30 million people who wouldn't miss an episode can tell you, Culp plays an ostensible tennis bum named Kelly Robinson. Cosby is his urbane trainer, a former Rhodes scholar named Alexander Scott. Together, they roam the world, getting in and out of trouble on behalf of what is very [*Continued on page* 78]

BY RUSSELL ANNABEL
ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT

My Cockeyed Career As a Human

His packboard loaded with dynamite, author faced angry wasps on steep cliff—and barely survived.

■ "Don't drop that pack. You hear me?" Hardpan Hawkins shouted. He was safe and secure on a sandbar in the creek, 200 feet below my position on the eroded rimrock cliff. "Them bugs won't kill ya—and remember, you're carrying dynamite."

He didn't have to remind me. I hadn't forgotten what I was carrying. But the bugs he referred to weren't just bugs. They were Alaska yellow-jacket wasps, and I knew of people that yellow jackets *had* killed.

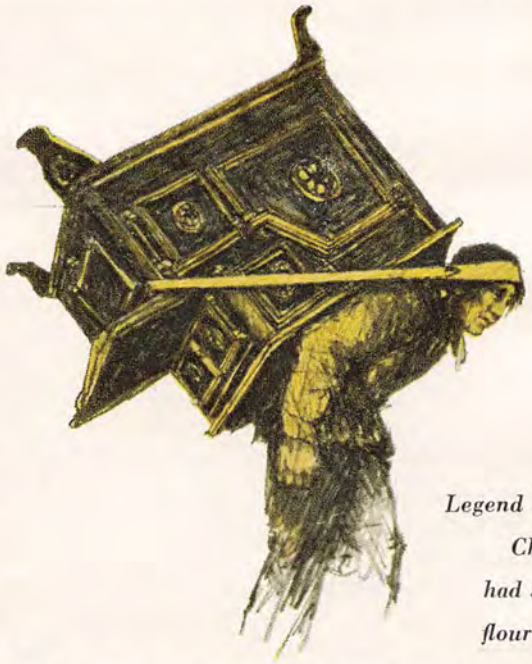
This episode was taking place in the Talkeetna peaks west of Chickaloon. Due to having been not only flat but concave broke, I had signed on to help four other backwoods burden-carriers relay an assortment of freight to a mining prospect for the above mentioned Hardpan. He was an unfeeling and crafty sourdough character who well knew how to get his money's worth out of backpackers. He had been one himself until the lucky day when, lying on his belly at a creek taking a drink, he found himself gazing at half a hatful of gold nuggets caught in a natural bedrock riffle.

I had almost reached the cliff brink. Dog tired. Ninety honest pounds lashed to my packboard. Hanging on with both hands. My feet planted insecurely on a crumbling ledge. Then I spotted the yellow-jacket nest. Basketball size and gray, made of some substance resembling paper pulp, it decorated an alder branch exactly where I would have to crawl if I continued the ascent. Already yellow-jacket militia were double-timing out of a hole in the nest.

As intimated, my pack this trip was sort of unusual regarding contents. Hardpan had assembled it himself. It consisted of two cases of 60-percent dynamite and a crated yard-square, thermo-paned glass window. Hardpan had remarked that he hoped the dynamite would encourage me to proceed cautiously. He wanted the window all in one piece if possible. He was fed up, he said, with having to open his cabin door every time he wanted to glance out and check on the weather.

Dynamite, according to factory propaganda, is reasonably docile stuff to handle. Only a detonating cap or something with equivalent bang and flash, one is assured, will cause it to explode. There were no caps in my pack—I had seen to that. But I recalled the abrupt, noisy and still unexplained departure from this world of a colleague named Blackie Wells.

Blackie and I, with two other contract packers, were moving some freight to a trading-post construction site on the upper Susitna. One morning Blackie left base camp ahead of the rest of us, carrying dynamite in the season's first snowstorm. Shortly afterwards, the countryside was rocked by a terrific explosion.



Legend says Stikine Charlie's stove had 50 pounds of flour in the oven.

Hastening to investigate, we found a sizeable smoking crater at the bottom of an ice-encrusted rockslide, and part of a bloody shoepac. Unable to salvage more of Blackie because of the thickening snowstorm, we buried this torn remnant with sincere reverence and sorrow under a cross-blazed lopstick spruce. It is pertinent to add that there hadn't been any detonating caps in Blackie's pack, either.

Well, in the brief moment I had for decision—brave

Mule

Nowadays backpacking is a popular sport. But in frontier Alaska it was a business—the one sure way to haul freight across the mountains. The author remembers that the pay was pretty good—as long as you didn't fall off a mountain or meet a grizzly on a narrow trail

The unarmed packer's only defense against the grizzly was loud song and a clanging frying pan.

the yellow jackets or jettison the pack—I opted for the yellow jackets. I don't know how much yellow-jacket venom it takes to kill a man, but by the time I had scrooched under the nest, topped the rim and fled to a place where I could protect myself, I must have received close to lethal dosage.

Hardpan's comments, as he helped me plaster creek mud on swollen face, hands and arms, didn't help any.

"The boys were making bets," he said, "whether or not you would drop the pack and bust my window. I told them you wouldn't."

"Why?"

"Too dumb," Hardpan said. "A smart guy would have shed the pack pronto, gambling that the powder wouldn't blow. But who ever heard of a smart packer? Shucks, a man can't have everything."

Plain dumb. That was the popular descriptive phrase for pro backpackers. Broad across the shoulders but narrow between the ears. And I guess it was no libel. Still, although we didn't rate among the frontier intelligentsia, we were a uniquely valuable corps. Without us, a lot of roads couldn't have been surveyed, maps made, mining prospects developed. Without us, the big-game hunting industry would have languished for years while blue-chip sportsmen went to Africa and India for trophies.

Even after the bush airplane and rental horses all but outmoded foot travel in the northern wilds, we still drew the difficult freighting jobs because we would move anything that could be tied onto a packboard in loads of up to, say, 120 pounds. Our contract rate was 15 cents a pound and we made an average of $12 a day, grub included. That was handsome pay during the years when a shovel stiff in the mines, for comparison, took home only $6 and had to feed himself. But I claim we were worth it.

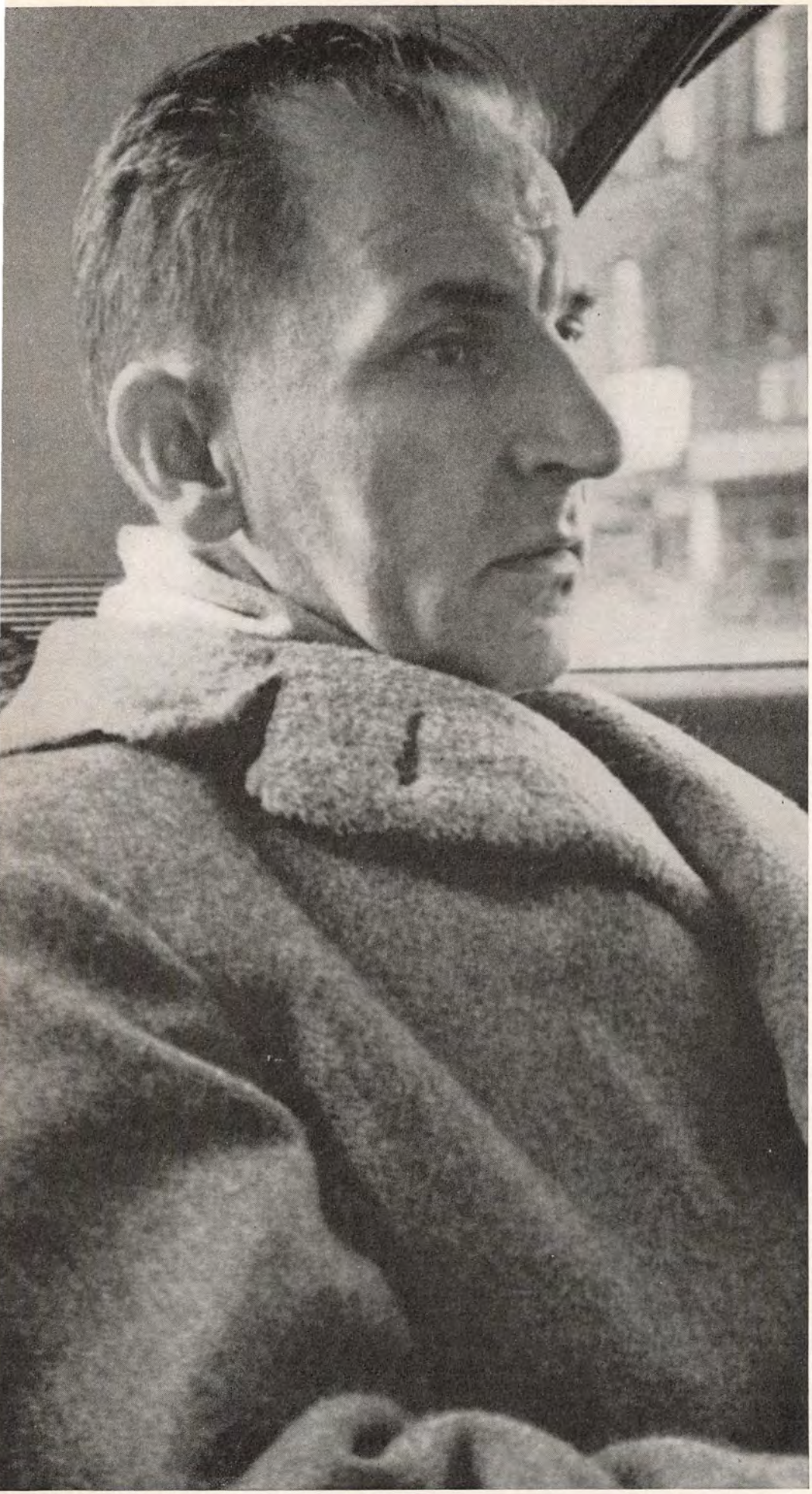
Of course, since unfortunately we couldn't subsist on trailside greenery, we weren't as economical as horses, and if one of us broke a leg, the boss couldn't just shoot him and go on. But we were a heap more efficient than horses. We could in fact outpack any animal on earth except perhaps the desert camel—half a man's weight was considered a good load. And we could work in savagely upended terrain where a horse would be absolutely useless, because it would be unable to move out of its tracks.

Colored somewhat by time and retelling, maybe, feats are attributed to early-day backpackers that rival those of Paul Bunyan and probably will live in campfire legends forever.

Like the classical tale concerning Stikine Charlie. A bull-shouldered Tlingit Indian, Stikine Charlie backpacked for a dollar a pound in the Klondike Stampede. One day he was plodding up the wall of Chilkoot Pass carrying a cast-iron cookstove, when a Cheechako hailed him.

"What a man-killer of a pack," said the Cheechako. "Back home in Kansas I'd [*Continued on page* 70]

When Blackie's load of dynamite blew up, only a boot was left to bury.



"I'VE LOST MY SON"

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH CONSENTINO

BY MAX GUNTHER

The police cannot tell this anguished father why his son disappeared from MIT or what really happened to him. But Israel Grossfeld is a strangely determined man and he will keep a lifetime vigil to find the answers to his sorrow

■ Shortly after 11 o'clock on the night of November 30, 1965, in a dormitory room on the campus of Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 19-year-old Fred Grossfeld finished a bridge game, said a cheery good-night to the other three players, walked out of the room and vanished.

In the months that followed, many men probed the baffling mystery of Fred's disappearance and sought to learn his fate. Local police, state police, even the Federal Bureau of Investigation took part in the search. The case became a *cause célèbre*. Newspapers front-paged it, television news programs used it as a recurring feature. Three Senators in Washington became involved in it, as did the Attorney General, Nicholas Katzenbach, Boston's Cardinal Cushing and other prominent men. But the dominant figure in this intensive investigation, the chief detective and prime mover, was a small, pale, lean, haggard, sad-eyed nonpoliceman, a displaced Jew from Poland who now lived in suburban Connecticut: Fred's father, Israel Grossfeld, clothier.

Fred's disappearance was not noticed right away. As a campus police officer explained later, the 3,500 MIT undergraduates are not locked in at night nor subjected to a nightly bed check or morning roll call. They come and go as they please. "These young men are supposed to be that: men—well, almost men. It isn't unusual for a student to leave the campus for a few days. We don't go chasing him unless something about his absence looks suspicious."

Two days passed before the campus police learned of Fred's absence. One of his classmates, Allan Schneider, came to campus police headquarters shortly after midnight on December 3 and reported that, unaccountably, student Fred Grossfeld had not been answering his door.

Lt. James Olivieri, a big good-humored man who handles MIT's boy-men and their problems with great tact and effectiveness, went back to the dormitory with Schneider. This building that had been Fred's home, Bemis Hall, is a large, weathered brick structure in one of the more appealing corners of MIT's rather unattractive campus. ("It's the only place that doesn't remind you of engineering," Fred Grossfeld himself had once remarked.)

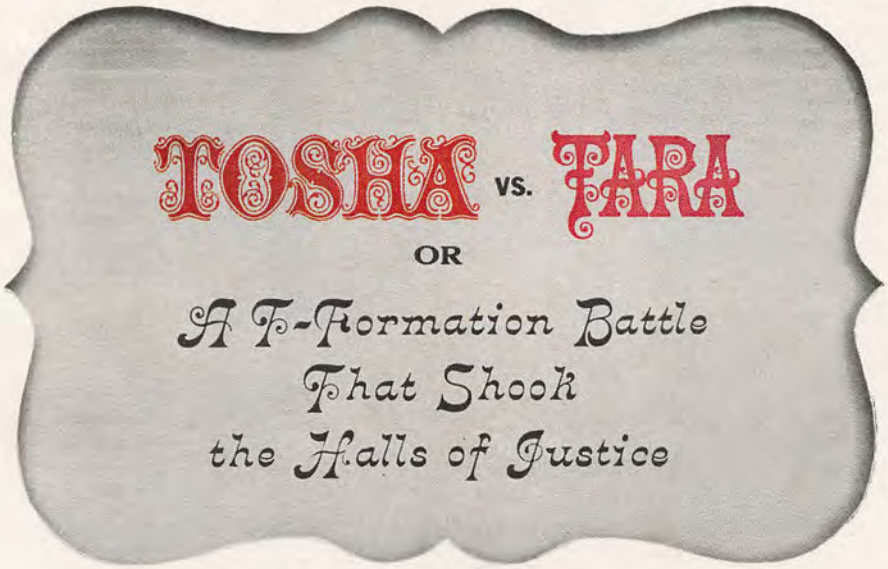
Fred's room was on the ground floor. Lieutenant Olivieri opened it with a skeleton key. No one was inside. The room looked neat, undisturbed. It was a small square room, sparsely furnished, its walls bare of pennants, pinup girls or other collegiate decorations. The bed was made, sloppily, student fashion. A wristwatch lay on the bureau.

Lieutenant Olivieri stood in the gloomy corridor and talked with Fred's dormitory neighbors, including the three with whom Fred had played bridge two nights before: Steve Peltan, Mike Cohen and Hugh Barrie. From the conversation, Olivieri began to build a picture of Fred Grossfeld—a slightly built, unathletic boy of medium height, with a round pleasant face, quiet gray eyes behind thick glasses and a quick friendly smile superimposed on an inner core of reserve or indifference that precluded close friendships. People liked Fred, but no one had ever got close to him. He had always been superior intellectually, breezing through high school, effortlessly graduating at the top of his class and winning national honors. At MIT he was studying pure mathematics ("He liked the orderliness of it," a classmate said), and he stood out even in this gathering place of bright young intellects. He was near the top of his class. He appeared to enjoy the difficult work rather than to find it burdensome. He relaxed occasionally with bridge and Ping-Pong, but he seldom left the campus for a beer or any other such purpose. (He hadn't even gone home for the Thanksgiving vacation, preferring to stay and study.) He dated girls only rarely and, when he did, delivered them home by 11 o'clock.

Olivieri asked questions prompted by his years of campus experience. Approximately one student a year commits suicide at MIT, and three or four a year run away. Yet the kinds of circumstances that often trigger such actions were apparently absent in Fred's case. Academic competition, falling grades, girls, gambling debts, alcohol, drugs—none of these potentially troublesome elements was in the picture. Indeed, as far as any of Fred's bridge-table companions knew, no trouble of any kind had intruded on Fred's serene, orderly life. At bridge that last night, he had been his usual self. Though he could never have been described as jovial, he had an optimistic, quietly contented air, a cool self-confidence that many of his companions envied.

"I wasn't Fred's bosom buddy," said Mike Cohen, a big, dark-haired, handsome boy. "He didn't have one. I can't claim I know what was going on inside him. But when you live [*Continued on page* 87]

BY JOHNNY CUMMINGS



The law, they say, is blind, but when two of San Francisco's topless beauties took their battle of bosoms (and snakes) to court, all eyes were opened wide—including the judge's

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

■ The road out of Brooklyn was a long, tough one for Victor (Big Al) Falgiano. He ran bet slips for bookies, worked in $25 preliminary fights around Chicago, was a bouncer in cheap nightclubs. "But look at what I've got now," says Big Al, a squat, pug-nosed, 48-year-old San Franciscan. "What I've got ought to be the greatest dodge in the world, the best life a guy could hope to lead."

Anyone who didn't know the full facts would agree, for today, Big Al sits in Lucullan luxury in a harem-like gold-carpeted office, wearing a $7,500 gold watch, a gold silk shirt and a $300 gold-and-black suit handcrafted in Italy. When he waves an expensive cigar as a signal, an almost 100-percent nude brunette, with breasts rivaling Anita Ekberg's in size, hurries to serve him a Scotch highball in a gold-embossed glass.

Falgiano owns the most successful of the raucous topless-bottomless clubs on San Francisco's wide-open North Beach. He calls it "Big Al's." There he enforces two rules. When the two-dozen beautiful dancers, waitresses and hatcheck girls on his payroll report for work, they hang up their outer garments and strip to the waist. Below their waists Big Al allows them to wear nothing larger than a one-half-inch-wide G-string.

Vic Falgiano should be living in bliss. His club is packed with patrons. He recently bought a yacht, which once belonged to the late Al Capone, for $50,000. He hires and fires spectacularly-shaped women the way most men buy or reject a necktie.

"Yeah, everything's fine—except for one thing," he barks, his square reddish face becoming redder in anger. "These goddam snakes! All at once I'm up to my ears in snakes—great big monsters from South American jungles. And if there's anybody alive who can't stand snakes, it's me, Falgiano."

The old prelim fighter was living in paradise until March of 1966 when the Great Snake Crisis occurred. It made national headlines, rocked some of San Francisco's best legal minds and left Big Al a shaken, threatened and unhappy man. "On account of snakes," he says hoarsely, "so far this year I've been pulled into court three times. I've been in danger of losing my business license and two of my best dancers want to kill each other in a lawsuit over which one of them invented the idea of performing with boa constrictors. On top of that, a python bit me clean through the hand. I got infected. Hospitalized!"

The events which grew into an unprecedented $550,000 courtroom struggle and shook Big Al's enterprise began late in 1965 when his star swim-jerk-and frug dancer, billed as Tara, arrived for rehearsal carrying a large wicker basket. "What you got there, honey?" asked Falgiano.

"This," said Tara, [*Continued on page* 82]

The British knew an infantry charge at Messines Ridge would cost thousands of lives. So they tried a different attack—and with better planning might have won World War I a year early

BY A. I. SCHUTZER
ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

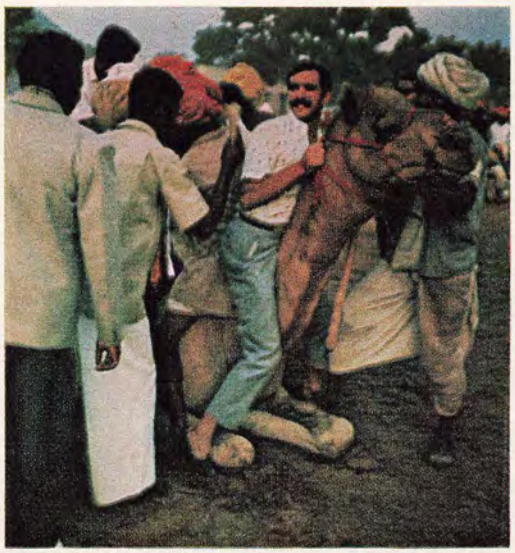
They Blew a 10-mile Hole in the Western Front

■ The operation started the night Lt. J. A. C. Pennycuick, an officer with a field company of Canadian engineers, fell down a hole. The troops were making a combat raid in force and had driven a shallow wedge into the German trenches on Hill 60, at the northern end of the Belgian high ground known as Messines Ridge.

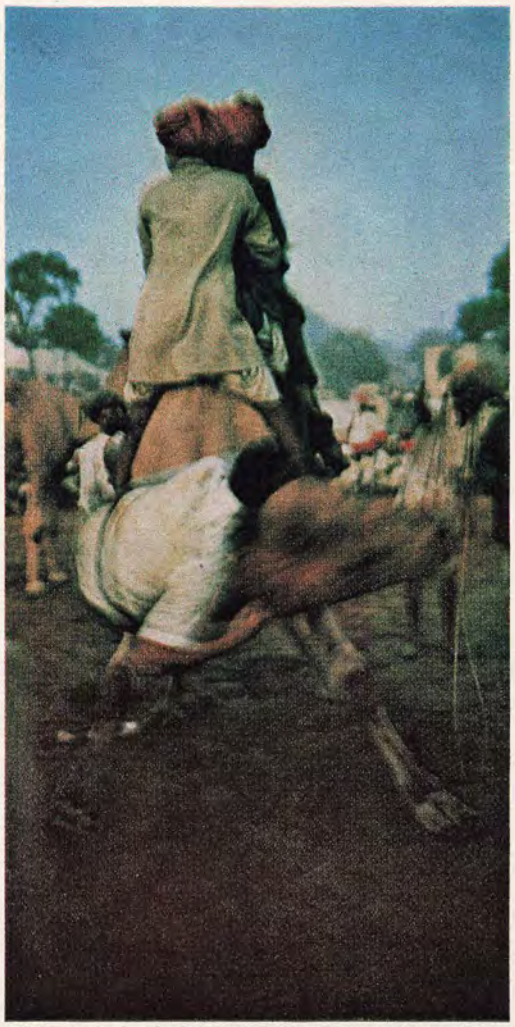
What Pennycuick had fallen into was an open shaft which began in a German trench. When he had wiped the mud off his face, Pennycuick turned on his flashlight and investigated. The shaft went down by stages, leveling out and dropping intermittently to a depth of 30 or 40 feet. At the bottom, where he plunged into several inches of water, the lieutenant found a tunnel that headed for the Canadian lines. At the end of this dank corridor, somewhere under his own trenches, he came on a lamp the [*Continued on page* 91]

WOULD YOU BELIEVE...

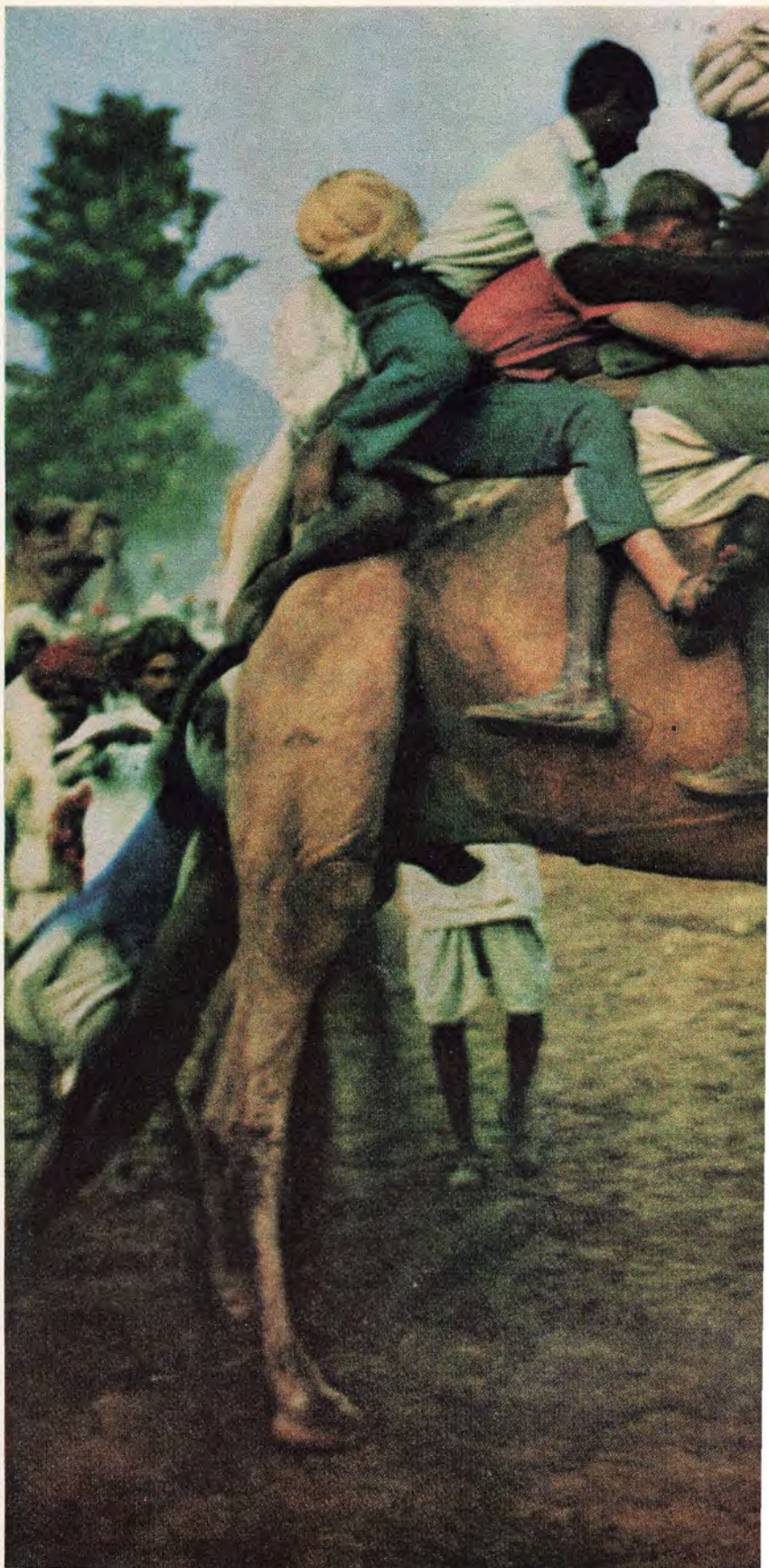
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY RAGHUBIR SINGH



Unamused camel listens glumly as Peace Corpsmen and local citizenry map their boarding strategy.



With swoosh of the neck (above), champion delays inevitable. Title-winning triumph is brief (right).



NINE MEN ON A CAMEL?

Peace Corpsman Woody Jewett congratulates winning teammates.

Pushkar, India

■ Nine men on a camel? Well, the camel wouldn't believe it either—but for an instant they were all there. Then Sir Camel, with a bump of the rump, sent the anchor man down and off (left). The camel's indignation was understandable. Camels are notoriously unamiable about even one rider, and the prospect of winning a first prize at Pushkar's annual Camel Fair failed to soothe this one's outrage. Two Peace Corpsmen—Conrad Peterson, in pink shirt near hindquarters, and Woody Jewett, with moustache—had set out to prove that this camel was the strongest at the fair. The reins of the kneeling camel were firmly held by a handler who also stepped on the animal's folded legs to discourage it from rising. Then, one by one, Peterson, Jewett and local villagers clambered ever-so-briefly aboard. The championship was theirs, but there could be little bragging. Would you believe nine men on a camel? Sure. The year before the champion carried 10.

BY BILL BAKER
PHOTOGRAPH AND PLAN BY THE AUTHOR

BUILD A MAN-SIZED CLOSET

Here's a perfect, private hopper for all your haberdashery

■ When my wife shoved my clothes into the back of our mutual closet, I decided to shove back. It's not often that we both win in our periodic challenges, but this time I gave her a break. She could have the old closet for her own, on condition that she'd keep her frippery and spike heels out of the one I was going to set up for myself.

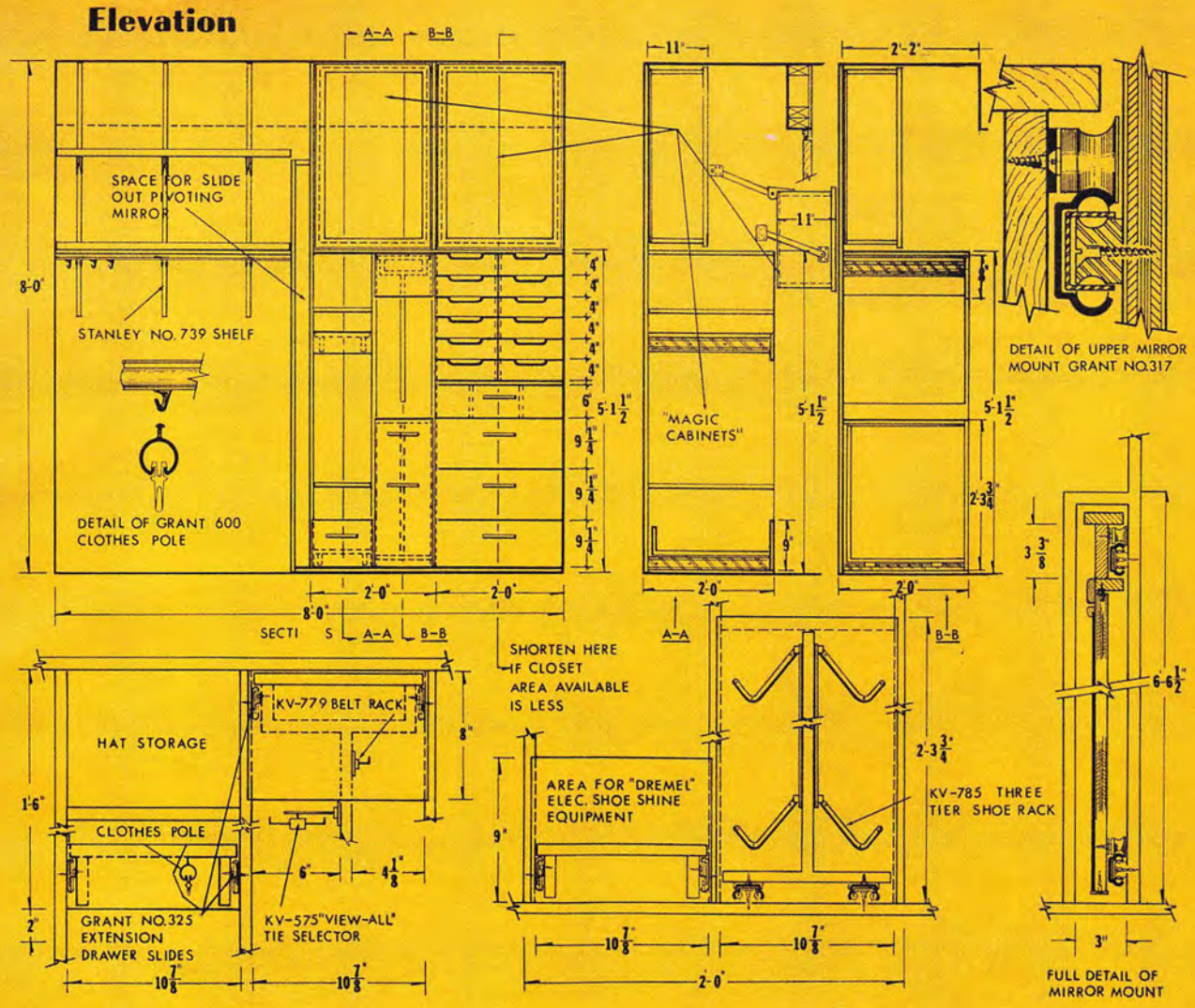
At the end of our bedroom, beside a door, there was just space for a built-in about eight feet long. I designed a closet to fit, but the plan is flexible enough to go into either longer or shorter space. For my wardrobe the storage available in my closet is great, and it ought to be enough to fill the needs of every gent but a professional clotheshorse: hanging room for suits and coats; full-length mirror; electric shoe-shiner; slide-out shirt hanger; slide-out hang rods for use during dressing; hat shelf; slide-out racks for ties and belts; slide-out shoe rack for nine pairs; drawers for shirts, socks, sweaters; a set of cabinets above which can be swung down to your fingertips. And it's all covered up with a folding door.

You can leave out the mirror, of course, if you're cramped for space or cursed with a borrowing wife. The Magic swing-down cabinets are also optional, but mighty handy. They bring current stuff to hand, while leaving stationary storage in the matching compartments behind them for out-of-season clothes. The rear compartments don't move, but are not accessible through the front units because these must be backed with $\frac{1}{4}$-inch plywood for rigidity.

The plans should be clear for a man who knows which end of a hammer to grab. Figure out the space available, and adjust the length of the closet to fit. The closet proper is 24 inches deep, but the door adds another couple of inches. As diagrammed, the large drawer fronts are precisely $22\frac{5}{8}$ inches wide, the shirt-drawer fronts $10\frac{3}{4}$. Make all drawer sides $22\frac{3}{8}$ inches long. If you have to cut down on drawer width, combine pairs of shirt drawers to make six wider ones rather than 12 that are too narrow. Allow $\frac{1}{8}$-inch clearance all around on drawer and slide fronts. The platform under the drawer and slide fronts rises $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches above the floor.

I used Novoply for the [*Continued on page* 104]

Elevation



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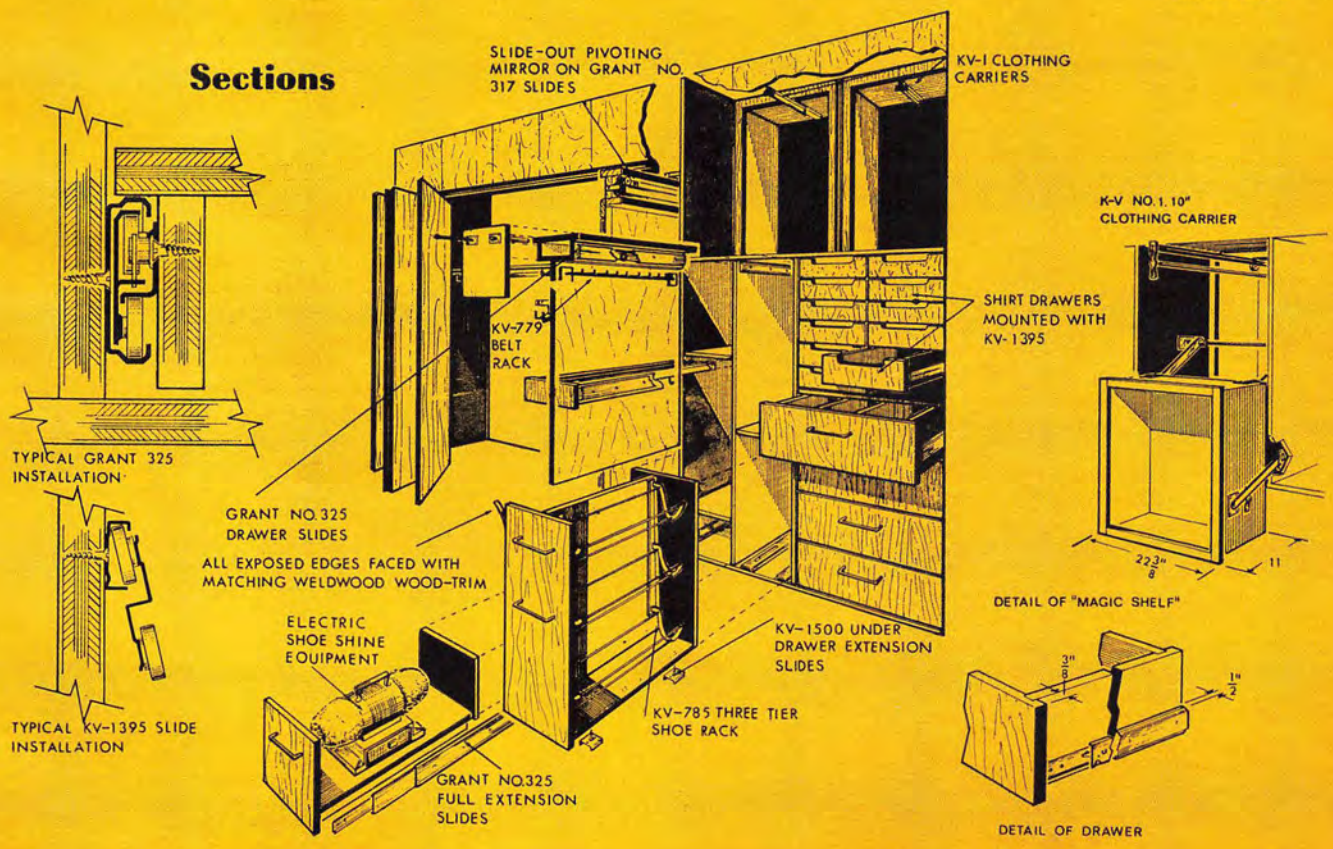

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

Raising a personal loan in Ethiopia was easy a generation ago—there were always lenders at the legal 12 percent interest—but as elsewhere a borrower occasionally found repaying difficult. Unlike debtors in other countries, however, he faced a unique Ethiopian custom that literally stopped him from running out on the debt. The lender could hail him before a magistrate; if he was unable to pay, a four-foot chain with handcuffs was brought out, and his right wrist was manacled to the left wrist of the creditor. Thereafter they went about linked together, day and night, until the debt was paid, usually by a relative or friend. Oddest of all was that never a harsh word passed between the two, politeness at all times being a national tradition in Ethiopia that made the debt-collection system possible.

Hurling humans through the air from stone-throwing catapults was a whim of medieval warfare that surprisingly turned up in America as a circus act. The adaptation involved only a change of motive power and a scaling-down in size to fit under a big-top tent. The 12th-century catapult—the heavy artillery of its day—was a massive affair consisting of a long tapered wooden beam elevated on a pivot near its heavy end, from which hung a weight that might approach 10 tons. The longer, light end of the beam was winched down and a missile slung to it; released, the beam flew up and flung its missile in a high arc. Heavy stone boulders were hurled hundreds of yards to smash besieged cities' walls and houses; sometimes catapulters threw such disagreeable things as a load of manure or a dead horse (for which Leonardo da Vinci devised a sling); the prime joke was to return a live prisoner to the town's defenders by air. For circus use, the ingenious inventor who patented his "gymnastic projector" in 1881 shortened the beam to a 15-foot plank and substituted for the weight a yoke of strong rubber cords. An acrobat lay on the plank and got flipped 50 feet or so into a net—provided the aim was right. It was spectacular, and daring—so much so, that after several men and one woman performer were fatally mangled in bad landings, one circus resorted to offering $50 for volunteers. There were few takers, and the catapults were scrapped. *By Allen Ulrich, St. Petersburg, Fla.*

One of the rarest tattoos today is worn on the arm of an anonymous Briton who made history with his strange request. England's leading tattooist had pricked thousands of young men's arms with hearts, flowers or scrolls labeled "Mother"—possibly the most favored of all tattooed sentiments. So he was understandably startled one day when a customer requested a design of a beer bottle, two crossed smoking pipes and the inscription "To Dad." The customer explained that he was very fond of his father, whose 75th birthday was coming up, and thought the old man would appreciate the sentiment behind the pictured beer and tobacco he liked. The tattooist happily needled the design; the old man was reported to be highly pleased, and the customer preserves the only known tattoo that honors Father instead of Mother. *By James Whitely, Norfolk, Va.*

Four mockingbirds top the list of pet species—not counting the customary dogs—that have shared the households of Presidents of the United States. Martha Washington brought to the President's Palace (there wasn't yet a White House) a mockingbird given to her by a suitor who predated George. Thomas Jefferson, a widower, got much enjoyment from his pet mockingbird; when alone, he let the bird out of its cage to perch on a shoulder and pluck a cherry from his lips. Grover Cleveland was irked by his wife's mockingbird. Its outpouring of song disturbed him, as well it might; a robust mocker has been clocked by an ornithologist at 143 calls in 16 minutes—averaging nine per minute—that included imitations of 24 other kinds of birds. The Calvin Coolidges in 1924 received a gift mockingbird that became musical director of the Coolidges' canaries. Then somebody informed Mrs. Coolidge that, as its owner, she was liable for a fine of $50 or a month in jail—so the bird went. Wild-song-bird protection laws had decreed that the era of mockingbirds in the White House—or any other house—has passed forever. *By Gilbert Sutton, Cambridge, Mass.*

Although lewd sculptures are well-known on certain temples in India, perhaps the most explicitly indecent carvings of female figures in the world today can be found on old churches and other buildings in—of all places—Ireland. Early Christianization of that green land did not completely eradicate pagan thought. It received expression in a crude figure, usually cut in shallow relief on building stones about 1½ feet high, called a "sheela-na-gig." The name, now meaningless, may have derived from Gaelic "old bitch" or "hag." The grotesque figure invariably represents a woman standing with legs bowed and hands placed to display her sex. Sheela-na-gigs are mysteriously of unknown age and origin; antiquarians didn't acknowledge them until 1840 and then prudishly wouldn't describe the "hideous images" in print. Archeologists estimate them to be variously over 1,000 years old and as little as 400. Some 20 have been discovered in old church walls, and about as many in castles built partly with stones from church ruins. A few have been found also in English and Welsh churches. Supposedly they were fertility symbols with Celtic religious significance. But Ireland isn't calling attention to its shocking native heathen idols, and they'll never be starred as tourist attractions.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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MY COCKEYED CAREER AS A HUMAN MULE

[*Continued from page* 57]

think twice before packing a load that heavy onto a mule."

"Well, the stove by itself wouldn't be so bad," replied Stikine Charlie. "But I am beginning to think that the 50-pound sack of flour in the oven wasn't such a damn bright idea, after all."

The pro backpacker's gear was simple, but it had to be right, the best available. The two most important items were his packboard and his footwear. Naturally, as backpacking was the first means of transporting freight, a multitude of contraptions have been devised over the ages to enable a man to hang a burden on his shoulders and move it elsewhere. I think that I have, at one time and another, tried them all, from Tibetan-type pack baskets to Tyrolean rucksacks. My favorite was the Trapper Nelson packboard.

Adapted from the Indian split-cedar and rawhide packboard, the Trapper Nelson model was light, sturdy and uncomplicated, and as easy on one's back as any I ever toiled under. We generally stripped off the sack supplied by the manufacturer, and lashed our loads directly onto the board. In wet weather we covered the freight with a square of oiled silk. Like any other piece of important outdoor working gear, the packboard should be kept in perfect condition. Its canvas should be stretched drum-tight every morning, and the eyelets, hooks, snaps and straps examined and, if necessary, repaired or replaced.

To an amateur the assertion that a backpacker's life could depend on keeping his packboard in top repair may sound odd. But consider a couple of case histories.

An associate of mine, Chris Curtis, drowned one summer day while fording King Salmon River above the old Army garrison. He simply toppled over in the middle of a channel and was swept down amongst jagged rocks and apparently struck his head on one and was knocked out before he could save himself. Since it wasn't a particularly mean ford, only hip deep, with a good gravel bottom, and no faster than others we crossed daily, the tragedy mystified us. That is, it did until we retrieved Chris' body from an eddy and inspected his gear.

The right shoulder strap of his packboard, the upstream one, had broken at the clevis that secured it to the board's frame. Sudden and unexpected, the hard swing of the heavy pack had yanked Chris off balance, and the current and the rocks had done the rest. If Chris had taken time that morning to repair the worn strap, he would no doubt have lived to tote many another load of freight for 15 cents a pound.

I myself came perilously close to being killed by a similar packboard failure. Six of us were moving a sheep-hunting outfit to the headwaters of Carpenter Creek, in the Chugach Mountains. It was a bad trail, if you could call it a trail. At one point, so help me, you had to climb down the trunk of a spruce snag that leaned against a cliff. My trouble occurred on a mud slide. It was a long, sunbaked pitch that went down on a 45° angle several hundred feet to a rock-fanged rapids. There were no footholds or anything you could grab with your hands if you slipped. A deadly place.

When I was part way across the slide, clinging to it by surface tension, centrifugal force or whatever, keeping my eyes resolutely ahead because I was afraid to look down, a screw eye pulled out of the board's hickory frame. Lashed horizontally on the top of the load I had a 40-pound sack of table salt, for curing trophies. I felt the sack's weight slue to the downhill side, and knew I couldn't fight the shift of balance on this treacherous footing. Fortunately I had my thumbs hooked under the packstraps at my collarbones, ready, and I didn't hesitate. I mean, I let the pack go. It was educational to watch it bounce and pinwheel, salt spraying out of the burst sack, down the cement-hard slide and into the rapids. Because I could have been with it, taking the same punishment.

In self-justification, I will state that I had gone over the packboard carefully that morning, and the screw eye that pulled out had seemed sound enough then. Proving only, I guess, that backpacking was a hard, chancy occupation at best—the toughest wilderness dollar.

Whether or not to carry a rifle when moving freight was determined in most cases by the amount of bear sign where one was working. Bears could be a formidable hazard, especially in brushy stream valleys when salmon were running. Surprise a grizzly or brown bear at a pile of salmon it had caught and was guarding while the fish rotted to suit its taste, and it was likely to show resentment. If you were armed, you didn't have much to worry about. But if you had succumbed to temptation and left your rifle at camp to spare yourself the extra seven or eight pounds of hardware, and a bear reared up in front of you, hostile, the alternatives open to you were limited. You abandoned your pack and either jumped into the creek or made for the nearest tree.

Still, those added pounds of gun became burdensome, and when you were packing on contract you didn't get paid for them. The boss was happier if you didn't carry a weapon. His sole interest lay in getting freight transported. A lot of guys went unarmed, although they certainly knew better.

One summer I was packing some rolls of tar-paper roofing into the Wolf Creek section of the Talkeetna peaks for a sporting gent who was going to build himself a hunting cabin. I had halted to rest at midday in the shade of a creekside birch, when I heard extraordinary sounds coming up the trail. Presently into view hove a packer known as the Blueberry Kid. He was singing "Those Little Old Red Drawers That Maggie Wore," off-key and in a weary voice, while beating time on a frying pan with a driftwood club.

I applauded vigorously, and the Blueberry Kid, looking sheepish, came over and dropped his pack and flopped down beside me.

"Well, you know how it is," he said. "I got reckless and left my rifle in camp today. Then I cut the sign of what must be the grandpaw of all grizzlies. For an hour now I have been walking on his tracks—and hell, I thought I had better let the brute know I was coming. Only," the Blueberry Kid sighed, "I wish I knew another song. I am getting tired of that one."

Backpacking went into a decline before World War II and we thought that, as a business, it was finished forever. Prospectors had vanished from the mountains, seduced by the security of work in town. Big-game hunters had bought the bush-airplane-and-packhorse bit. A string of backpackers heading into the peaks had become, in fact, about as rare a spectacle as a bull team would have been. Then of a sudden, only a couple of years ago, things changed and backpacking was right in style again.

Possibly this was because most of the remaining uncluttered primitive hunting, fishing and camping areas couldn't be reached any other way. Airborne and horse-riding sportsmen, for instance, who had paid for trips into virgin country, were finding chocolate bar wrappers on the summits of the sheep peaks and beer cans on the shores of lakes advertised as being so remote that the Indians themselves knew about them only from hearsay. But maybe also, and it is a cheering thought, the new generation of outdoorsmen is hardier than some of us believed, and backpacking was revived because they really enjoy invading the boondocks in pioneer fashion.

Anyhow, for whatever reason, backpacking seems to be in again, permanently. The last time I visited newsstand country, you could hardly pick up a magazine that had an outdoor section without finding a how-to-do-it piece on the subject. To my astonishment, Senators, astronauts, movie stars and whatnot were having themselves photographed toting big packs against appropriately wild and scenic backgrounds. Thus it occurred to me that it might be helpful, or at any rate entertaining, to describe how it was when a special subspecies of us frontier roughnecks moved freight on our backs into wilderness regions for a living.

Proper footgear, as I mentioned, was an all-important item of the backpacker's equipment. We burdened our feet with around 50 percent more weight than they were designed by nature to support, and mostly we worked on ground that was wickedly unkind to them. We followed the stony beds of streams or the crests of broken ridges, knife-edged shale underfoot. We forded countless creeks, and it wasn't unusual to emerge soaking wet from one and then have to wallow through a stringer of summer snow. Our feet, in short, took a grim beating, and since it was a fact of life that a backpacker was only as good as his feet, that if they went bad he automatically became a casualty, we zealously protected them every way we could.

We bound the arches of our feet with adhesive tape, the way a boxer tapes his

"So long, girls. I'll be in touch!"

hands, and made a fetish of clean, dry, high-grade woolen socks. The final chore at night when the cook was through with the fire was to wash our socks with yellow laundry soap and hang them on a sapling rack to dry in the heat of the coals. A mended sock or one with a hole worn in it was dangerous and we threw it away if we had a replacement.

Boots were a problem. The ideal boot didn't exist. None of us was satisfied with the ones we wore. The rubber-bottomed shoepac, standard throughout the North, was too hot in summer for our purposes and too cold after freeze-up. Leather-soled boots were a menace because the leather polished on dead grass or spruce needles until it was slick as glass. Hobnails, if you were packing for a hunter in rocky country, were too noisy. Besides, leather soles would polish between the hobs, and when you tried to negotiate a grassy or needle-strewn hillside, you spent a lot of time taking acrobatic tumbles and picking yourself up.

Felt inner soles, carefully trimmed to size and kept bone dry, were a necessity in any boot. High leather tops, of course, served no purpose whatever, and they were hot.

At last and in despair, I personally forsook all boots and settled for thick-soled tennis shoes. The canvas would wear out at the toes after a week or so in brushy country, which made it advisable to carry an extra pair if you didn't want to risk being caught bare-toed a weary march from anywhere. Bothersome, but they didn't weigh much.

Backpackers had to be not only muscle characters with the stamina of timber wolves but competent woodsmen, mountaineers and rivermen as well. It was a young man's work, with a lot of drop-outs, and it left its mark on you. You could always recognize a backpacker fresh from the trail when you saw him in town. He would be slouching along in a peculiar bent-kneed gait, picking his feet up too high, clearly missing the weight of a pack to hold him safely against the sidewalk. And he would be going into one restaurant after another because of being ashamed to order as much grub as he needed from any one waitress.

We were always hungry. We put out so much energy that we couldn't get enough to eat—our stomachs didn't have room for it. You would hunker by the campfire at day's end and consume a whole bucket of mulligan stew, a stack of frying-pan bannocks sopped in bacon grease and pints of villainously black tea sugared to the thickness of honey, stuffing yourself until you couldn't swallow another mouthful. And 15 minutes later you would be hungry again.

There were other marks of identification. My sympathy went to a gaunt, shaggy kid whom Tex Cobb hired one day in the Sourdough Bar at Anchorage. Tex and I were bellied up to the mahogany planning a fall trip, when the kid came over and said he was a packer just in from a job and was looking for more work. Tex sized him up like a horse trader appraising a strange cayuse. He turned the kid around to see if the rear-suspender buttons had been cut off his pants. That was because an authentic working packer has got to cut those buttons off or they will gouge holes in him.

Next Tex took a careful look at the kid's hands, and pushed his shirt cuffs up to expose his wrists. If that sounds mysterious, let me explain that a man who has been living around a campfire never has any hair on his hands and wrists. It gets burned off. Tex wanted to be sure about the kid. Often when a job was being organized, town bums and drifters would claim to be packers and ask for advances to eat on. If the boss freighter gave them the money there was a strong likelihood he would never see them again. Or he would get stuck with useless help who would break down on the trail and have to be sent back.

But this kid was all right, a professional, and was touchy as most of us were.

"Since you're so suspicious," he said bitterly, "I got some real thick pack-strap callouses on my collarbones, too." He opened his shirt to display them. "And I sure am dumb enough to be a good packer. If I wasn't would I be here asking for a job carrying freight 10 hours a day in those dammed alder-jungled peaks with all the bugs and the lousy grub and cold creeks and solid rock mattresses again, huh?"

The Indians were durable packers when they could be persuaded to work at it, which wasn't often, because to them the white man's passion for moving quantities of freight into forbiddingly inhospitable places was both eccentric and pointless. The concept of trophy hunting escaped them completely, and as for prospecting, they reasoned that since there were rocks everywhere, why leave pleasant lowland country and toil up into the ragged eagle peaks to prospect? A Denna friend of mine, Mishka Bluebeads, perfectly expressed the Indian attitude toward many backpacking endeavors one morning as we stood beside a mound of freight looking up at the 7,000-foot snow-patched Chugach pass we were going to have to top.

"Listen," Mishka said earnestly. "Why don't we just stay here and eat this grub instead of carrying it away over there to eat it?"

Naïve. But I have felt the same way about packing jobs. One especially. It was a trip I didn't want to make in the first place—one that reached its bizarre climax when a bomber load of cordwood fell out of the sky in a blizzard and made a devout Christian of hard-boiled, stove-up old Gene Bartley, Alaska's prospecting wizard. Well, I know, I know. But I can prove that was what happened.

Gene came to me in town and asked me to pack an outfit across Knik Glacier to an unexplored valley called the Blue Hole. He yearned, he said, to take samples from a ledge he had spotted over there with binoculars, and have them assayed. Ordinarily, I would have told him to find another sucker. Because Knik Glacier was a terrible place. If you could believe half the stories you heard, a score of men had perished amongst its myriad, apparently bottomless, green-glimmering crevasses and potholes.

But I was again on a collision course with bankruptcy. So I took the job. Before we left town, however, and without confiding in Gene, I went over to Elmendorf Field and had a talk with Col. "Muktuk" Marston of the USAF. I confessed to Muktuk that I was plum afraid of the glacier, and asked him to make an occasional aerial check on us if he didn't mind burning some taxpayers' gas in a good humane cause. Muktuk promised that he would.

Well, I carried 90-odd pounds across the glacier. Gene had gotten so old and decrepit, what with his years in the mountains and other years celebrating his luck in places like Paris and Monte Carlo, that he couldn't even tote his own sleeping bag. I mean, he was tottering. At the Blue Hole, burning wild parsnip stalks for fuel because the place was above timberline, cooking with glacier water that was half mud, shivering miserably on account of sweaty clothes and no way to dry them, we climbed to Gene's ledge and knocked off 25 pounds of samples, which brought my pack up to maximum by anybody's critical standards.

Then we started back, and were midway across the glacier when a freak local autumn blizzard blasted out of the peaks.

"I crowded my luck too far," Gene said the second day of the storm as we lay in our sleeping bags, crevasses on all sides, snow drifting over us, the wind howling like a thousand wolves. "It looks like I ain't gonna get off this glacier alive. And I did want to have those samples assayed." He didn't sound scared. He was too tough for that. He just sounded resigned.

"Why don't you try praying?" I said.

That was the standard roughneck's reaction to defeatism. But Gene took it seriously.

"I think I will," he said. "I never have before. I have been a fairly sinful man. But now I am gonna pray for a nice, warm fire and a chance to get off this awful glacier alive and have those samples assayed." He covered his head with the flap of his sleeping bag and I heard him mumbling.

Twenty minutes later a twin-engined bomber came in from the south and the pilot sighted us through a hole in the storm. He turned and came back in a low skip-bombing run. It must have been an eyeball drop. They couldn't have been using their famed Norden bombsight. But it was a dandy.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Down through the ghost-dancing snow, in saturation pattern, tumbled half a cord of fat spruce firewood. There was no place to take cover. Gene and I just lay there in our sleeping bags with logs clattering and bouncing all around us. It was a miracle we weren't pounded to pulp. The bomber went away. I made a big fire. The blizzard slacked off and died, and in the morning we continued on across the glacier.

Well, it turned out to be Gene's last prospecting trip. I never told him about my conference with the overgenerous Colonel Muktuk, and naturally the latter kept quiet about his unorthodox use of a bomber. He didn't want any trouble with the Pentagon. I heard that Gene died somewhere in the States, a thoroughly repentant sinner, convinced that Providence had granted his desperate plea. Which, come to think of it, maybe was the case at that. But I never again tempted Providence by backpacking freight across Knik Glacier to the Blue Hole. Like the Indians, I preferred to work at backpacking, when I had to work at it, in less hair-raising surroundings.

The trail was our on-the-job university and we learned a variety of things, some rather esoteric, that may be of value to today's host of enthusiastic amateurs. The fact, for instance, that you shouldn't shed a heavy pack and then shoot at something with a rifle if you expect to hit it. Keep the pack on. Otherwise the abrupt change in balance will cause you to stagger like a drunk and shoot about as accurately. That, despite live-off-the-country baloney, a man traveling alone can carry grub for only 10 days in addition to his rifle, ax and sleeping bag, and therefore should be very weight- and diet-conscious when selecting said grub.

That, oddly enough, a heavy pack is an asset when fording streams, as it helps you keep your feet on the bottom. That if you are carrying maximum weight it is a sterling idea to take your rest breaks under a tree when possible, so you can use the tree as an aid in getting back onto your feet. (Try getting up some time with 90 or 100 pounds on your packboard and nothing to take hold of with your hands for an assist.) That the heaviest part of a pack should be at the top, the lighter stuff under it for a foundation, always.

That, however slow it may be, you should set and maintain your own trail pace, the one that suits you best, and not try to match somebody else's pace. I once, on the last afternoon of a hard trip, slowed down an eager-beaver pilgrim who wasn't carrying much and kept ranging around me like a bird dog, by surreptitiously placing a 20-pound rock in his pack. True, he mailed the rock to me collect from Boston the following Christmas, gift-wrapped, but the $15 postage I had to pay was certainly one cheap price for having been privileged to travel at my own pace on that last afternoon.

Nowadays I don't pack much anymore, and when I do it is only to get to some interesting spot that I personally want to visit and can't reach by any other method. But I keep my old packboard hanging on the living-room wall. It is a fine feeling, to sit here loafing in an easy chair, highball in hand, and gaze at the doggoned thing that I toiled under so long—plain dumb, broad across the shoulders and narrow between the ears. But useful, gentlemen, useful.

—Russell Annabel

AN ELITE CREW SAVES RACING'S RICHEST SECONDS

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tire change and refueling operation—in a race Parnelli Jones won from Clark by only 34 seconds. The '64 crew had looked equally hopeless in practice (though it was spared a public performance by Clark's early retirement from the race with a broken suspension). Now, in 1965, the pattern seemed unchanged. Once again it appeared that Clark was going to be faced with 37 opponents: the 32 other drivers—and the five men struggling in his own pit.

It was only an appearance, however.

At the same time Chapman was holding his public "practice session," another group of men was at work behind the closed doors of the Lotus garage, preparing the jacks, filler hoses and tools they would use on race day. These men were strangers to the speedway. No more than a handful of Indy regulars would have recognized them. But when the race began, it was this group, not the bumbling Lotus crew, that stood in Jim Clark's pit. To hurry Clark on his way to victory, they proceeded to turn in the two fastest servicing stops of the race—21 and 25 seconds, respectively—and to record the shortest total pit time in the history of the event.

Since their rather deceptive debut, no one at Indy has had any trouble recognizing the Wood brothers of Stuart, Virginia: the finest pit crew in motor racing.

From the earliest days of the sport, the time taken to supply a racing car with new tires, fuel, water, oil; to hand the driver a drink of water and a new set of goggles; to clean the windshield and make minor repairs—all this has been known as a pit stop. The term "pit" derives from board-track racing in the '20's, when the service area for cars was located below track level, and though this setup has changed, little else about pit work has.

It is still a tough, demanding, dangerous occupation. Speed in the pits remains as important as speed on the track. Precision remains imperative in a business where a minor mistake can cost a race—a slightly greater one a driver's life. Personal risk remains as high as ever: If a car slips off its jack, a crewman changing a tire may lose his fingers or hands. If fuel ignites, he may be seared. Several times in the course of a race he must leave the minimal protection of the "wall" to stand, his back to traffic, in the center of the pit runway—which is part of the racetrack—and do his work with cars passing inches behind him at speeds up to 80 mph.

In the near-70-year history of automotive competition, the outcome of a high percentage of all races has been decided in the pits. Duke Nalon lost the 1948 Indianapolis 500 as a result of pit work. Nalon, headed for victory, ran out of fuel in the final laps because he had received only half the amount he needed on his last scheduled stop—a crewman had been fooled by an air bubble into thinking the tank was full. The error cost Nalon thousands of dollars. More recently, in the last Rockingham, North Carolina 500 for stock cars, Cale Yarborough was forced to make an extra stop to secure a gas cap that had been left adrift—and finished six seconds behind the winner.

The knowledgeable spectator has always seen the pit area as a focal point for fast action and high drama, where the battle for a fraction of a second has been critical. Yet in spite of the skill required, pit crews traditionally have been organized from team mechanics, unemployed drivers, old friends. If it was necessary to hire a man, the price was low (competent crewmen can still be found for $50 a day and travel expenses). Such groups practiced little, if at all.

Today, the Wood brothers are changing the picture. They are revising the tools and the techniques of their trade, altering racing's view of the contribution pit work can make, demonstrating that the makeup of a pit crew is as important as the choice of a car.

The Wood brothers have posted the fastest pit times ever clocked, but no mere statistical analysis of their achievements can do justice. Their performance must be seen, and the place to see it is at one of the long-distance stock-car races—a 500-miler at Riverside, California, Rockingham, Daytona or Atlanta.

On the average, six stops will be made during a race by the car they are handling, a figure dictated by tire wear. The amount of fuel the brothers add at each pitting will be gauged to last until the next tire change—not a gallon more than needed, because this would be dead weight; not an ounce less, because this would result in dead loss.

In action, the Woods line up along the wall, waiting for their car. Brothers Glenn and Leonard are armed with pneumatic impact wrenches to remove and replace at high speed the lug nuts that hold the wheels. Each wears an odd sort of pendant: a short piece of cord on which are strung five new lug nuts, shiny with oil. One end of the cord is tied to its wearer's collar, the other end held in his teeth. Brother Delano crouches beside the hydraulic jack; Kenneth Martin fingers a 10-gallon can of fuel; Clay Wood and cousin Ralph Edwards grip wheels on which new tires are mounted.

A racing stock car appears out of the last turn, darts to the inside, thunders down the pit apron. The Woods do not move. The only indication that this is their car comes from the crowd, stirring excitedly along the fence behind the pit.

Still traveling at more than 70, the car

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Perfect Holiday gift for Maria Tallchief, Mickey Spillane, Jan Peerce, Sessue Hayakawa, Hope Hampton and anyone else you know.

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starts braking hard, lurching toward the pit, aiming for the painted line-up marks on the asphalt. Before the car is fully stopped, Glenn Wood steps calmly in front of it, trailed by brother Clay. Leonard, Delano and Ralph have started their sprint around the rear, and Ken is banging open the quick-release filler cap on the gas tank. Smoke is still coming off the brake linings as Glenn and Len drop to their knees to spin off the lugs with their impact wrenches. They have timed the nut removal so that the last one comes off just as Delano heaves the car up with the jack.

The combined weight of a wheel with tire is more than 70 pounds, but Glenn and Len flip the old off, the new on as though they were handling poker chips. Each releases the string in his teeth to spill the new lug nuts into his palm and begins to spin them on. Clay Wood swings around to clean the oil-and-dirt-smeared windshield; Ralph Edwards joins Ken Martin to help with the fuel cans; Delano Wood grabs up a drink of water for the driver.

A fan's stopwatch may show that 15 seconds have passed since the car slowed to a halt. Now the clattering impact wrenches are clinching down the lug nuts —16 seconds; Delano has returned to his jack, ready to drop it—17 seconds; Kenny has jerked the filler cap closed over a fresh load of fuel—18 seconds. Glenn and Leonard signal that the wheels are tight, Delano pulls the jack release, Ralph slams his fist down on the car's roof to give the driver the highball. The rear wheels of the car churn, clawing asphalt, spewing smoke; the tail sinks, the hood rises, the racer lunges forward and is gone—*20 seconds!*

The performance of a smart pit crew can be so spectacular that until recently pit-crew competitions were held as a side attraction to many of the major race meets. At Riverside in 1964 the Wood brothers set the crew records in these events for both modified and stock cars, having added fuel, changed two tires and cleaned a windshield in 21.2 seconds. Since then the competitions have been discontinued (perhaps because it wasn't much of a contest with the Woods around), but the brothers often have done better than their official records in the heat of battle.

They pitted Dan Gurney six times during his most recent win at Riverside, averaging 20 seconds per stop. This remarkable performance (coupled with the fact that the second-place finisher, David Pearson, had to return to his pit for the gas cap *his* crew had forgotten) more than accounted for the 80-second margin Gurney held at the end.

"We don't do anything much different from anybody else," says Glenn Wood, the head of the team. "We just work at it, is all."

Glenn is a man of medium height and slender build, whose sun-bronzed face and crew-cut hair make him appear much younger than his 40 years. He is soft-spoken, reserved, almost secretive about the elements of a success that he himself does not fully understand.

"You can't stay much ahead in this business," he says, sounding a little resentful. "If you come up with something for one race, everybody has got it for the next."

Glenn was the first in his family to become involved with racing. He started as a driver in 1950, when he and a group of friends purchased a modified stock car and began running it on southern tracks.

"I'd been working at the local sawmill, up till then, and I wasn't too serious about racing. It was just for fun."

Soon his brothers began to share his interest. Leonard, who worked for the Ford agency in town, became his chief mechanic. Delano and Ray joined in helping with pit chores and maintenance, and cousin Ralph Edwards and friend Kenneth Martin started helping out. The team was on its way. (Within recent months Ray has left it for religious reasons because most racing is done on Sundays. The fifth brother, Clay, is replacing him.) Except for Ken Martin, the group is strictly a hometown organization. Living and working together so closely, it has succeeded in developing almost intuitively coordinated skills.

"I can tell within a second or two how fast Kenny is getting fuel in," Glenn says. "I know by looking back under the car and watching the way his feet move."

During the '50's, Glenn was modestly successful at the wheel, particularly on tight circuits. But by 1960, when stock-car racing had already started its move to larger, faster courses, such as the 170-plus mph. circuit at Daytona Beach, he figured it had come time to hang his goggles up.

"I didn't like the speeds they were going," he says in explanation. It is a way of indicating he had balanced regard for his family—a wife and two boys then, with a baby on the way (it turned out to be a girl) —against the chances he had to take in racing. To Glenn the chances no longer made sense.

With their contender retired, the team could have broken up. Instead, Glenn joined in to hone its talents for preparing cars and handling pit duties for other drivers. Within two years the Woods had drawn the attention of the Ford Motor Company, and they were placed under contract to handle Ford's Grand National stock cars. From 1962 to early 1966 (when Ford retired temporarily from racing), they fully justified the confidence in them. To note only the top races, they backed up Dan Gurney in three consecutive victories in the Riverside 500-miler, Curtis Turner in the Rockingham 500, Marvin Panch and A.J. Foyt in the Atlanta 500, Panch again in the Atlanta 400, Tiny Lund at Daytona, and Speedy Thompson at Charlotte, North Carolina.

While the Woods may not be doing anything "different," they are certainly doing something right.

Today, Glenn and Leonard work full time at the garage they opened in their hometown of Stuart. They restrict themselves to race-car preparation, and have done well. Their Ford contract provided them with a fully equipped car, a generous expense account, 50 percent of all prize money, and probably a monthly retainer fee (neither the Woods nor Ford will deny or confirm the retainer). The other members of the team continue to hold regular jobs—Delano at the sawmill, Clay with the du Pont Company in nearby Martinsville and Ralph Edwards at the Ford agency in Stuart—but none hesitates to take time off to follow the Grand National circuit. All have profited substantially from racing.

In the complicated economics of the sport, a pit crew's value is difficult to assess. Obviously time gained or lost in the pits can determine a car's finishing position and involve thousands of dollars in prize money. (Most modern stock car races are won by seconds, not minutes.) But the real measure of a successful crew is the number of mistakes it does *not* make. Judged on this basis, the Wood brothers have few peers.

"We'd rather take a little longer and be sure we've done it right," Glenn claims. "I've been a driver, and I know what it's like to go back out, wondering if everything is okay."

The decision that a car is ready to return to the track belongs to the crew chief (barring the intervention of an official), and is a weighty responsibility. For instance, during the running of the 1965 Indy 500, Glenn had the say-so on tire changes. Each time Jim Clark came in, Glenn rushed to check both right-side tires (which wear the fastest at Indy) with a tread-depth gauge. In the space of about five seconds he was required to estimate whether the tread on each would last until the next stop—taking into consideration such factors as speed, temperature and changing track conditions—and signal yes or no to the tire men. In this particular instance he decided the rubber would last—which it did.

It doesn't always.

"There was the Darlington Southern 500 in 1963, where tires beat us," Glenn recalls. "The track was hot and rubber wasn't holding up at all. We decided to bring our car in for a change a few laps from the end. That let Fireball Roberts take the lead. Fireball was due for new tires, too, but he didn't stop and won by finishing on the *fabric*. We could have beat him by not changing, but we just won't go racing that way."

Considering that the Woods share in prize money, decisions like this take moral character. More than once, the Wood brothers have proved themselves worthy of such trust.

About two years ago, Marvin Panch

COMING . . .

The hunt for a maverick tiger that ravished central India

BLINDMAN'S BLUFF WITH A MAN-EATER

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

(one of the most consistent money-makers for the Woods) showed up at the track with a car whose gas tank filler cap had been placed in an awkward position. Adding fuel required that the can be upended completely, and this in turn was causing a good deal of spillage—with a serious fire hazard.

"We just told him he'd have to change it," says Leonard. He is the youngest of the brothers, at 31, and the most studious looking (he wears glasses).

Panch changed the location of the filler cap.

The Woods had demonstrated their attitude towards safety well before this occasion. At Daytona Beach in 1962 they were handling Dan Gurney's car for the first time, and during one of the stops Glenn cross-threaded a lug nut by driving it onto the stud bolt at the wrong angle, stripping the threads. It is the most common error in pit work, and many a crew attempts to conceal it from the track stewards, returning their car to the course with a wheel secured by only four lugs. Most of the time no harm results—but the Woods are from a different school.

Glenn put down his wrench, stood up and stepped to the driver's window. He told Gurney what had happened and recommended that the car be retired (it is a 20-minute job to replace a damaged stud bolt). Gurney took the advice, and if he was disappointed, he was also impressed. The incident was the beginning of a long and profitable relationship.

Gurney says today, "There is no one I'd rather go racing with. Period."

Expert pit work can do more than save time and reduce accidents; it can also dictate racing strategy. The key to its strategical use lies in a high-speed phenomenon known as "drafting" or "slipstreaming." This is the tactic in which a slower car keeps up with a faster one by riding closely in its wake, where wind resistance is lessened. Drivers refer to drafting as "getting a tow." Delano Wood explains the implications:

"Suppose you're in a 100-mile race, and you know you're going to have to make one pit stop. You don't try to figure out whether you should make it early, or late or in the middle; you try to guess when the *other* fast cars will make theirs. The reason is, you'll be five miles an hour slower out there all by yourself, than when the hot dogs are on the track."

Delano is the tallest of the brothers, an inch or so above six feet, and the most outgoing. Like the others, he's wiry and crew-cut and youthful-looking (he's 33), but his smile is quicker and he seems to be having more fun.

"To give you an example, a few years back we were at Daytona with Panch. Marvin was running back in fourth, drafting Jack Smith, who was faster than we were. When it came time for our last stop, both Smith and Junior Johnson, who was in second place, came in at the same time. Marvin came in, too.

"Glenn said, 'Let's make this a quick one,' and we did. I don't remember the time exactly, but someone got us unofficially in about 19 seconds, and Marvin beat both the others onto the track. Now, Junior came back out and caught him, but then Marvin was able to get a tow behind Junior. That way, Smith never could catch up, and Marvin finished third instead of fourth."

"Sergeant! As chaplain of this regiment I must admonish you about your unfortunate choice of adjectives!"

Dollars-and-cents results like this have made pit action more important than ever before. When the front-runners come in, a race-within-a-race develops. One second longer than the minimum to change a tire, one second more than necessary to put in fuel—two extra seconds in all—can cost a car its "tow" and drop it back a position or even out of contention.

Almost anything can happen in the pressurized excitement of a pit stop. Crewmen have been known to replace the same tire they've just removed—sending the car back to do battle on fabric. Wheels have been put on backwards—a modification that gives a car distinctly individual handling characteristics. Lug nuts have been left loose—or missing entirely—to bring on the loss of a wheel at speed. Fires can start in a dozen ways, from a spark of static electricity to fuel hitting a fender crumpled against the tire and rubbed red hot.

Some incidents are completely unpredictable. Ned Jarrett, at Riverside in 1965, was brushed by another car early in the race. The only damage to Jarrett's car was the loss of a small rubber tube looping up from the gas tank to end beneath the right-rear taillight. The tube tells the crew when the tank is full by spitting fuel. When Jarrett came in for a stop, one of his men began dumping in gas—and kept on dumping it in. The tank overflowed and the trunk began to fill. As the car was about to pull away, someone realized what was happening, and stopped Jarrett before he could return to the track—driving a 140-octane bomb with a built-in fuse.

For reasons like these, the turn off the track onto the pit apron is one of the toughest a driver has to face. He can face it more confidently, knowing a crew like the Wood brothers is waiting for him.

Success creates its own competition, and today there are a number of excellent pit teams around vying with the Woods. Most of them began the way the brothers did—with the retirement of a successful driver, who then turned to car preparation and pitting. The teams headed by Lee Petty, Cotton Owens, Holman and Moody and Banjo Matthews are doing outstanding jobs.

But as the competition along the pit wall becomes more heated, the hazards of the job increase. Crewmen performing their functions with maximum efficiency have little chance to keep an eye out for danger, yet danger is always present. Cars continually enter the working area at high speeds and under a variety of conditions. Some drivers enter fast to save time—and discover they're fresh out of brakes. Some cut in suddenly because an ultimate sense has warned them there's something wrong with the car—and they may find to their horror, and the sorrow of others, that there is. Some simply lose control and carve their way through pit men and other cars stopped for service.

One of the worst of these accidents occurred at Darlington in 1960. It was witnessed by John Laux, field manager for Goodyear—who nearly was a victim. Laux was in the pits checking tire wear as the cars came in, and until a few seconds before the crash had been standing against the wall where it happened.

As Laux recalls the scene, "The brakes on Bobby Johns' car locked as he was coming out of the last turn. He lost control, and his car slid into the wall and actually jumped up *onto* it. He was still riding the wall as he went by me and hit Joe Lee Johnson's pit.

"Joe Lee had just pulled away. Unfortunately, several people were still standing there: Paul McDuffy, the owner of Joe Lee's car; Dale Evans of Goodyear; a NASCAR official named Taylor, and a couple of members of the pit crew. Bobby's car went right through them."

McDuffy and Taylor were killed, as was one member of the crew.

"The incredible part was that Dale Evans hadn't been touched," Laux adds. "He'd been holding a clipboard, and the clipboard was gone, and so were all the men he'd been talking to. He was left standing there all alone, looking stunned."

Fast reactions and a kind of developed instinct keep the death toll lower than it might be. Banjo Matthews of Asheville, North Carolina, and his chief assistant, Odell Powell, had a close call in last year's Southern 500.

"Normally I circle in front of the car as it's stopping," Banjo recounts the story. "It's risky, but we all do it. This time, just as I reached the outside front fender, something told me to stop. I did, and Dick Hutcherson went by at *anyway* 90 miles an hour! If I'd taken one more step. . . ."

Odell came even closer.

"I was already out there," he says. "I saw Hutch coming, but there just wasn't any place to go. I flattened myself against our car, sucked in my breath—and something flicked both my pants legs going by." He adds wryly, "We lost a couple of seconds on that stop."

If this sounds like humor, it merely represents the reaction of pit men to situations that would chill most of us. Powell tells of another.

"About the funniest thing I ever saw was at Atlanta in 1959. Bill Cheesbourg pulled in, and somehow his tank had got split. Nobody knew it, but gas was leaking all over the ground. Just as his fuel man goes up to the car, something sets it off. So here's this guy with 10 gallons of high octane in his hands—flames jumping up all around him—while he looks every which way and wonders where the hell it's safe to *throw* it. Finally he just comes tiptoeing out holding the can up over his head!"

"The *funny* part," Banjo Matthews puts in, "was with Cheesbourg himself. All the time this is happening, Gene White, who was helping on the crew, is trying to get his attention and tell him he's on fire. Cheese finally gets the message and starts *ripping* off his harness. About then, the Safety Patrol gets an extinguisher going, and *zoop!* the fire's out. Gene can see it's out, but Cheese can't—he's got his belt off and is trying to get out of the car, only now Gene's holding him *in*. Old Cheese didn't know *what* the hell was going on!"

Such episodes are amusing . . . until some one gets hurt.

In spite of the pressures, the hazards, the growing competition, the Wood brothers seem secure at present in their Number One position. So great is the respect they command that any car they work on is rated up in its chances. So valuable are their services that in each of the last two Indianapolis 500's they were paid an estimated $10,000.

They have brought unusual qualities to their task: a team spirit difficult to imitate, a will for perfection. Yet the secret to their success may be as simple as Glenn Wood claims it is: "We just work at it, is all."

During the first week of the qualifying runs for last year's Indianapolis race, Dan Gurney gave the brothers an axle stub, a knock-off hub, and a spare wheel. The Woods aren't accustomed to knock-off wheels (used only on Indy-type cars and sports cars), so they took the parts home with them. They mounted the axle stub on a post and practiced. Two weeks later they returned to the speedway, bringing the parts with them.

Gurney shakes his head, remembering. "The stuff was completely shot," he says. "They'd worn the threads off almost entirely."

"We don't practice much," the brothers insist.

To them, it may not seem like much. They are sober men who take themselves and what they do seriously. What makes them exciting is that they have learned to do a certain thing better than anyone else. They have learned, above all, to make the most admirable of life's commitments.

They have dedicated themselves to excellence. **—John Tomerlin**

THE SPY WHO KNOCKED 'EM COLD

[*Continued from page* 55]

likely the CIA. With witty writing, and all outdoor shots actually made in foreign "exotic locales," *I Spy* quickly established itself as a solid hit and earned Cosby an Emmy—TV's Oscar—for being the best actor in a continuing series in 1965.

Whether he is the best actor in his own or any other TV series, or even an actor yet, for that matter, is something even Cosby questions. But the award surely had special significance. It was the television industry's way of congratulating itself for its courage, after only 18 or 20 years of existence, in putting a Negro on television in a middle class, not-necessarily-Negro role.

As important as the honor, though, is what the show brought Cosby: money. The show pays Bill $4,000 a week for 30 working weeks a year, plus five percent of the profits. These don't exist yet, but in time, with reruns, they can be reasonably expected to run into the millions. But this is just the beginning. Nowhere does everyone love a winner quite so passionately as in show business, and *I Spy* has made Cosby an all-time lovable winner. Before the show went on the air, his nightclub fee was $1,500 a week. Within a month of the September, 1965, premiere, he was getting $10,000 a night for concert appearances, and about as much for guest shots on variety shows. In cabarets, like Harrah's Club, Lake Tahoe, where he has a three-year contract, his minimum is $35,000 a week.

At these wages, he tries, as any sane person would, to crowd in at least one concert or TV shot on most weekends, and as many club dates as the shooting schedule for *I Spy* allows—something on the order of 40 one-nighters last year, and six weeks in night clubs. In addition, he has four record albums currently on sale. One has sold two million copies, the others are all over a million and still selling well. A standard, five percent royalty on these records would have earned a lot of loot by now—and he is reported to have a better than standard royalty deal.

What with one of these things added to another, his gross earnings this year will probably exceed $750,000.

No one who earns so much money is real, of course. Sure, there is a tangible, identifiable being: William H. Cosby, Jr. He's 29 years old, six feet tall and 175 pounds. He's been married for nearly three years to Camille Hanks, a shy and beautiful 22-year-old. He lives in an opulent, be-pooled $75,000 house in the hills above Hollywood. All certifiably true, but not adding up in any way to anything in the world most people know. When a man living that way has any brains, as Cosby has in abundance, he is sometimes impressed himself by the unreality of it.

Sitting in the studio cafeteria last summer, he talked about his own birth, and that of his second daughter, Errin Chelena, who was born July 23rd. "I was born in July, too, the 12th, in 1937. My father (who was and still is a Navy mess steward) was home for a change, and he got my mother to the hospital in a cab. As I remember, it wasn't until about 3 a.m. that the nativity took place, and my father, if he was acting in character, probably went out for a few drinks while he was waiting."

As a performer, Bill sounds somewhat feverish, with a voice that changes from a rasp to a squeak to a resonant bellow. Offstage, he's soft-spoken and sounds like anyone else you have to strain slightly to hear. He gives no impression of being "on" all the time, as many performers do, though he has a habit of checking you out of the corner of his eye as he talks, probing, judging the effect of what he happens to be saying. What he happened to be saying now was that when Errin Chelena was born he acted just the way his father had. "You think fame and money make any difference in these things? Well, they don't, it all happened just the same way. I took Camille to the hospital about dinner time, Saturday. The doctor said it would be a few hours yet and a fella has to make a living, so I went to the airport where a charter jet was standing by, waiting for me. I flew to Denver. A police escort met me at the plane, and I drove behind sirens to a stadium where 9,000 people were waiting for me. I did my act—an hour or so—and the police escorted me back to the jet. Two o'clock Sunday morning, I was back in the hospital, and a half hour later I watched my baby being born.

"That's why my Daddy's so happy I'm in show business," he concluded, with an

innocent face. "He knows it lets me be just plain, ordinary folks, like him."

As he finished this narrative, he noticed Sheldon Leonard walking by.

"There goes my Branch Rickey," said Cosby, as the producer moved on. "Everybody's always comparing me with Jackie Robinson—you will, too. But the thing of it is, you don't want to look at the first Negro doing a thing and say, 'Wow, Boy!' It's the man who had the guts to give him the break that really counts."

A lot of people have helped the Cosby rocket to rise, but his biggest single break is almost certainly that he is what he is: bright, funny, ambitious—and a Negro. His manager and friend, Roy Silver, says, "As a performer, Bill has never met any prejudice that I know anything about. The fact of the matter is that being a Negro has probably helped his career. This is something no one could ever prove, but Bill was the right guy in the right place at the right time. He blossomed just when everybody was getting up the nerve to say, 'The hell with caution. Let's take a chance on some beautiful guy!' "

Whatever his reception as a performer, Cosby seems to have had the all-too-usual childhood of a Negro kid growing up in a big-city ghetto. He lived in an apartment project in Germantown, Philadelphia's Harlem, with his mother Anna and two younger brothers, Russell, now a mechanic, and Robert, a college student.

Although he jokes about his childhood in many of his routines, he hates to talk about it seriously, and is just as happy to have as little known about it as possible. His father and mother were childhood sweethearts in Virginia. They came North before Bill was born, first to New York, then to Philadelphia. In the depths of the Depression, William, Sr., joined the Navy, found he liked the life, and saw his wife thereafter only when he got leave. He did, however, send home a pay allotment, and between that and what Mrs. Cosby could eke out on jobs, the family was never starving-poor.

Painfully shy, Bill learned early that laughter is a safe way to get attention. "Nobody is going to hate a man who makes him laugh," he says.

He also discovered sports fairly early in life. Bright enough so that he was in classes for gifted children all through grade school, he never developed any interest in studying, and spent most of his time ignoring his books. To this day he seldom even looks at a newspaper. Fast and rangy, he found a substitute for any mental activity by going out for track. He devoted such energy to running and jumping that when he found himself finally too old for high-school competition at the age of 19, he was just entering his junior year in high school. Without the gut-busting regimen of the track team to keep him interested, he dropped out of school.

He joined the Navy, half expecting to become a 30-year man like his father. He was made a medical corpsman and attached to the Marine Corps at Guantanamo, Cuba, and, later, the Bethesda Naval Hospital, where he was a physical therapist. He went out for track in the Navy, too, and won a few events, but more important, the Navy jolted him back to an awareness that he ought to get some education.

He took the Navy exams for a high-school equivalence diploma, breezed through them, and decided that maybe he could get through college and perhaps become a teacher. When his hitch was up in 1961, he went back to Philadelphia and applied for an athletic scholarship at Temple University. He got it. "They were impressed by my Navy press clippings," he says, poking you with one of those glances. "I was Mid-Atlantic high-jump champion of the world." Majoring in Phys Ed, he made a B average in his freshman year, got a letter in track (100-yard dash, relay and high jump), and played fullback on the freshman team.

He also got what may just be the biggest laugh he'll ever get from a live audience, while running anchor man on the relay team before 70,000 people in Philadelphia's Franklin Field. "We're all lined up there, with itchy feet," he recalls, "waiting to get the baton and take off. But as my man gets near the passing point, the baton hits his leg and flies up in the air. What does this cat do? He just starts to laugh. All the other anchor men are off and running, and I'm standing there waiting for this nut to stop laughing, pick up the baton and give it to me.

"Finally, he retrieves it and walks over to me with the damn thing. *Walks!* I took it and bopped him right on the head with it, which is when the fans began screaming with laughter.

"But that's not the end of it. Old Cosby's a team player to the end, and I take off after those runners like a madman. I'm running and running, and passing one guy and then another, and then I get what you call rigor mortis if you're a runner. It's from the effort. First my face muscles freeze, then my chest, then my legs. I fall down, a beaten man if ever there was one, and while I'm down, the cat I had hit over the head comes up, takes the baton, and bops me back with it. I couldn't dream up a routine that funny."

Things were not quite this pleasant on the football field, though, despite a publicist's legend that Bill was Temple's star fullback and could easily have gone on to pro ball. If he could have, he would have. In actual fact, he spent most of the sophomore year on the bench. "It got to be an awful long season," he comments, and as much out of disappointment and boredom as for any other reason, he took a job tending bar for $5 and tips a night, at a joint called the Underground.

Doing what came naturally, Bill began trading quips for tips, and got a reputation as a funny man. The place had a resident comedian who sometimes found himself too plastered to go on, and inevitably, the management asked the funny bartender to fill in for him once or twice. "It got to be a thing," says Bill. "That comedian was no drunker than I was most of the time, but I got 25 bucks whenever I went on and he knew I needed the loot, so he'd just kind of not show up now and then."

In those days, Bill, whose reputation

TRUE

"I got the job, Mom!"

rests now on the fact that he doesn't use racial material, was very much a Negro comic. His act was a few takeoffs on personalities and one funny racial joke. The first Negro President of the U.S. is talking on the White House phone, informing a friend, "Everything is okay. Just fine. The only thing is, there are a lot of 'For Sale' signs going up on Pennsylvania Avenue."

After a few weeks of these non-sked appearances, Bill got a write-up in the Temple *Alumni Review*. Other stories referred to him up as the "new Dick Gregory"—a tag Bill came to loathe.

"I love Dick and we're good friends," he says, "but there's no comparison between us. Dick has always been a specifically Negro comedian in the sense that his material comes from the fact that he's Negro. Mine doesn't. I'm just a comedian who happens to be Negro.

"I don't have the guts to do what Dick does, either on the floor or off it," he adds, in a very rare digression into serious matters. "Dick's very involved in the Freedom Movement, leading marches, picketing, going to jail. Not me. There's no way possible you could get me to sit at a lunch counter and have some S.O.B. bust a catsup bottle over my head without one of us getting killed—probably me. I don't go around with my fist balled up, but if you come along and hit me, I am going to hit you back, not go down on my knees and pray for you. Whatever kind of courage that takes, Cosby just doesn't have it."

However he feels about the comparison these days, it did lead to an offer of $60 a week from the Gaslight Cafe, a Greenwich Village cafe, during the winter of 1962, and again in July of that year. "I went up in the summer figuring what could I lose? If it worked out, fine. If not, I could go back to school in the fall." He never returned to school. After a month, his pay was doubled and he was booked for two weeks more. Shortly after, he was booked for $200 a week into Chicago's Gate of Horn—more money than he had ever really been sure existed up till then.

It was in this period that he met up with the most important man in his life —Roy Silver, who was then 29, and had just been fired from the office that managed Bob Dylan and a few other folk singers. "I lived in the Village and knew pretty well everybody who played there, including Bill, of course," says Silver.

"I was thinking that TV was the place for comedians, and yet comedians who depend strictly on material weren't making it there. Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Jackie Gleason—they were all great TV performers because of their personalities. It hardly mattered whether they had jokes, or what the jokes were. People laughed just when they saw them. Yet here is this guy Bill, who can break you up just looking at you, and he's getting up on the floor and trying to make it by telling jokes. It was all wrong.

"We talked about it, and decided I'd manage him, but only if he'd let me be dictator. We love each other to the point where I know damn well I'd die for this guy, and I wouldn't be surprised he feels the same about me, but when it started, it couldn't have been exciting for him. Here I am, broke, a nothing, and I'm gonna run things. He had to go into it figuring, 'What the hell, what can I lose?'

"People are always saying to me today that Bill is where he is because he's lucky. There's some kind of magic, you see. You've got it and that's it, people laugh at you. Oh, boy! Bill would do six shows a night, and I'd sit at each one with a tape recorder, getting down every word and every reaction from the audience. After the last show, we'd go up to my dump or his, and spend all night sweating about every line. 'Thus and such was funny in the first two shows, but not the others. Why not? Didn't you punch it right? Was your timing off? Was it just a dead audience?' Line by line like this for weeks, till we knew we had a 30-minute set that was working.

"So now we're a comedian with an act that works, and we can get on the floor and get laughs and build confidence, but it's still largely a racial act, just like what Gregory and a few other guys do, and it's time to start worrying how we can distinguish Bill from everybody else. Almost without deciding, a decision gets made: cut out the racial material. Great, huh? You see what's happening? We just created 30 minutes, now we have to throw most of it away.

"Bill would get on the floor and do a great eight, 10 minutes and *zap!*, finished. He had no more way to make the audience laugh. He'd listen to the loud absence of laughs for a couple of minutes, panic and *blam!*, right back to the White House joke or something else like it that he knew was surefire. I'd be standing in the wings, tearing my hair, and he'd notice, and when he'd come off, he'd say something real pleasant like, 'Up yours,' and walk right past me.

"Next morning, after we'd both cooled off a little, we'd get together and maybe develop another minute or two of material. It would be painful and hard and, well, fantastic is the only word, because all I can do is be the editor, while this guy Bill is the funniest man alive, and could always come up with something that would break us both up."

Some of this early material was just pointlessly zany—Superman caught while changing his clothes in a phone booth, for example. Some was quite pointedly blue, which the partners settled on as better than black, anyway. But there were some classics, too. One is the famous bit that is titled *Noah*. . . . Noah is in the rec room, see, sawing a piece of wood. *Voopa, voopa, voopa*. Suddenly a deep voice calls to him. "Noah?" There is a long silence, while Noah looks around, sees nothing. Resume the *voopa, voopa, voopa*.

"Noah," again. "It's the Lord, Noah."

Noah takes a long probing look around. At last he gets a balmy smile on his kisser. "Ri-i-ight," he says ingratiatingly, then, as an afterthought. "What do you want? I been good."

"I want you to build an ark."

"Ri-i-ight." Pause. "What's an ark?"

"Get wood," explains the deep voice, "and build it 300 cubits by 80 cubits by 40 cubits."

"Ri-i-ight. What's a cubit?"

The Lord tries to explain, realizes he doesn't know himself, and finesses the issue. "When you get it done, collect all the animals in the world, two by two."

"What's going on?"

"I'm going to destroy all the people on the face of the earth. I am going to make it rain for a thousand days and a thousand nights."

"Ri-i-ight. Just you and me, huh, Lord?" Noah thinks a minute now, and then a grin blossoms as he suddenly gets it. "Hey, am I on *Candid Camera?*"

The Lord doesn't answer, so Noah makes a suggestion for a better way to destroy all the people on earth. "Just let it rain for 40 days and nights and wait for the sewers to back up."

There is a silence while the Lord thinks this through. Then comes His answer—inevitable, convulsing: "Ri-i-ight."

Bill's monologues, all of which he still writes himself, have gained a lot of polish in the four years since Greenwich Village, but for sheer, amiable lunacy, it will be hard to top *Noah*.

While the material was being developed, Roy was working another extremely important angle, trying to get Bill on television. Though both were starving, they agreed that the first time Cosby earned enough so that he was clearing $125 a week, they'd hire a press agent. "He had one job," says Silver, "to plant items in columns that Bill Cosby was the first Negro ever being considered for a TV series. Bill *Who?* He was beginning to make his move a little, working good rooms like Mr. Kelly's in Chicago, but nobody had ever heard of him, really. But slowly, slowly, we got maybe 75 mentions, and it began to seep into people's minds in places like William Morris (one of the country's top talent agencies), and suddenly it wasn't a completely crazy notion anymore. Bill was feasible."

The break finally came late in 1963, through Allan Sherman, the pudgy folk-song parodist. Sherman produced Bill's first album for Warner Brothers' Records, *Bill Cosby Is A Very Funny Fellow, Right?*, and became a staunch fan and supporter. When asked to fill in for Johnny Carson as MC on the *Tonight* show, he overrode objections from the producer and insisted that Bill do a shot on the show. "Not just to do a set," recalls Bill, "but to sit on the couch."

With this seat in Valhalla, and an open-ended ticket to fill it again whenever he was in town, Bill quickly became established as a $1,500-a-week comedian, touring constantly to play nightclubs and concert dates all over the country—almost. Except for Miami, he pretty much avoids the South. "I played the University of Georgia once, just to see what it was like. I didn't much want to go, but we had the date, and it fit the routing, and I figured what the hell, I'll try it. As it turned out, I don't know what went wrong. My audience wasn't the worst in the world, but I still felt like I was a freak show. From then on, let the southerners play the South. Miami, okay. Texas, depends where—and that's it for Cosby."

His best year in at least two respects

was 1964. In January, he made a side trip to Olney, a suburb of Baltimore, to marry Camille, who was then a co-ed at the University of Maryland. They met while he was playing a club in the area, and had been dating on and off for a few months, whenever his schedule got him anywhere near her neck of the woods. Immediately after the wedding, they took off on a touring honeymoon that followed Bill's bookings out to the West Coast.

Settled now in the house in Hollywood, next door to Robert Goulet and Carol Lawrence, and just a kangaroo hop from comedian Mort Sahl, Bill and Camille lead a very quiet life, mainly because Bill's nonstop schedule hardly allows for much more. They make the jazz clubs occasionally for music and Cokes—neither drinks—and visit friends like Poitier, Sammy Davis, Bob Culp, Sheldon Leonard and Ivan Dixon, a fine Negro actor just beginning to surface in Hollywood. Bill walks a constant tightrope trying to guard Camille's privacy and still meet the demands of publicity. "She hates photographers around the house," says Bill, "but once in a while I have to have them. I could get by without it, but I think it's important to have pictures of a Negro family with Momma and Poppa around, living in decent surroundings."

It was in 1964, while Bill was playing the Crescendo, in Hollywood, that Sheldon Leonard saw him for the first time.

"We never had any real trouble negotiating the show," says Silver. "As far as Bill and I both were concerned, the money was incidental. What was important was the exposure, and seeing that they treated Bill as a talent."

"In the first script we shot, in Hong Kong, the writers had a bit about a Chinese kid rubbing my face to see if the color came off," says Bill. "I didn't like it one bit." Now, the fact that Alexander Scott is a Negro is just never mentioned in *I Spy*. Most of the people connected with the show are sure that audiences don't even think about it. "They see two guys," says Bill, "not Bob Culp, white, and Bill Cosby, Negro."

Though they may not be aware of it, audiences also see two guys who are extremely warm friends off camera as well as on. The dawn-to-dusk television shooting schedule allows very little time for conventional palship—evenings are dominated by exhaustion; weekends, Cosby rushes off to play concerts, Culp to write scripts—but when they are on location abroad and have a little time, they are inseparable. They stay at the same places, relax at the same boîtes, take the same tours, and never tire of each other's company.

They have also been known to get carried away by the same gag. "Once we were doing a sequence where they have to scale a sheer 20-foot wall of a building, run along a pitched roof, and jump a seven-, eight-foot alley to get to another roof," recalls one of the show's technicians. "The idea was that you would see them start out, then we'd pull back for long shots and stunt men would actually do the climbing and running. Them two? Before we had the scene, they were having conferences for an hour, shushing and shushing and breaking themselves up. Finally we start shooting. We get the close shots, and then these nuts go right on ahead, scaling the wall, running the roof, jumping the alley—having a ball. The camera wasn't rolling and they knew it, and everybody on the set was having a fit, but there they were, laughing like a couple of kids stealing cookies. Big joke. Suppose one of them broke a leg?"

"I have a few words to say to you men as soon as the effigy committee has finished."

Culp, a veteran actor who starred in his own TV oater, *Trackdown*, grins when reminded of the incident. "The show is a success largely because of our relationship," Culp says. An almost unbelievably handsome man, he comes on like a volcano—low-key and relaxed between eruptions of explosive, articulate energy. "Bill and I are on exactly the same wavelength. We're both bright, we're both shy, we're both competitive, and we seem to have gone through life with the same attitudes and outlook— don't fight it, baby, wait your time and psych it through.

"Whatever you say about one of us is almost sure to be true of the other one, too. I'll give you just one example. I grew up in middle-class California, which had to be light years from Bill's Philadelphia, but my childhood was such that I know damn well I would have been in the nut house if it weren't for athletics. Guess what my specialty was? Also track, the loner's sport.

"The way the thing works out on the show is that TV is a medium of personality, not of script. The work load is so heavy, you seldom get a chance to study lines and build your character. There's only a slight difference between your real personality and your screen personality."

Cosby also gives Culp full credit for whatever progress he has made as an actor. "When we started," says Bill, "I didn't even know how to walk so that it looked right. I don't think we shot a scene for months when Bob didn't have to tell me what to do and how to do it. 'Hold the gun this way. . . . Face the camera when you bend down. . . . React to this line. . . .' There was just no end to it. What it amounted to is Bob was doing two full-time jobs—playing his part and coaching me in mine. I'd be nowhere if it weren't for him."

In the circumstances, there would seem to be a very real question about whether the right man got that Emmy for acting, but neither Culp nor Cosby will talk about it. Bill changes the subject when asked about it. Culp dismisses the question with a terse, "We resolved it."

One thing that remains unresolved is Cosby's future. As long as *I Spy* remains on the air, he'll almost certainly continue to stay there with it. But what happens afterwards is a wide open question. Bill keeps insisting that, "By 1971, the latest, I should be a millionaire, and when I am, I'm going to quit show business and go back to school. I want to get a degree in Phys Ed or some other thing that will allow me to work with kids."

He seems serious enough when he says this, but so far he hasn't convinced a living soul. Ask Roy Silver about it and he shrugs and tells you about movie offers that have been pouring in during the last year. Bill snorts at these, however. "Sure, everybody wants me to play 'Rastus the Slave,' or some kind of hater—junk like that. Not for me, baby. I haven't seen one offer yet that would just let me be a person who holds his head up, not specifically a Negro."

Culp and Leonard both think that Bill will remain in show business, but that he will probably make a gradual shift from comedian to actor. "If he stays an entertainer, he'll make more money faster than he could any other way," says Leonard, "but if he goes the actor route, he's a sure superstar some day, and he'll make more money in the long run." Playing slaves and haters? "Why not? And lovers and generals and anything else that comes along. An actor's an actor."

Bill's response to this prediction is characteristic. "Sheldon's the greatest cat in the world and I love him. But you know something? He sure has got a big mouth."

Maybe so, but he was right about a cat named Bill Cosby at least once before.

—Arthur Whitman

TOSHA VS. TARA

[*Continued from page* 61]

removing a wrist-thick, 10-foot-long, tongue-darting serpent from the basket, "is 'Bella Boa.' He's my new gimmick. He cost me $150 and I'm going to sort of drape him around me in my act. The customers will be crazy about it, I think."

Falgiano ran into his office and locked the door. But when Tara, smothered in the huge snake, quivered and shimmied, the club's business doubled. Customers lined up for a block to buy seats. Big Al had no choice but to go along with Tara, bare-fleshed as Eve, in her "Garden of Eden" hit number.

In time Big Al was able to nervously approach within a few feet of the 50-pound constrictor (boas have back-slanted teeth and can bite viciously as well as squeeze), but he came close to throwing his gold mine into the street one night. In the middle of Tara's act, Bella Boa suddenly slipped from her grasp and shed his entire skin. Tara was left holding nothing but Bella's outer hide. The shedding snake headed toward the orchestra. The musicians went up the wall and then out the door.

"The next day, after the newspaper publicity," Big Al morosely says, "the stupid public lined up for *two* blocks outside. Bare-breasted and bare-bottomed girls have twirled tassels and become Nude Batwomen. They dance with monkeys and paint themselves fluorescent. Each of the 25 North Beach topless joints has a different gimmick. But there's something about a naked broad wrapped in a snake that sends people outta their minds. Tara sold out the place like I've never seen a place sold from New York to the Coast."

Of Mexican-Apache-Cherokee mixture (she later testified), Tara denies that she has been injected with the notorious liquid silicone which inflates the bosom beyond belief. However, she measures 42 inches, chest-wise. "I can carry a tray with a champagne bottle on it without trouble," she remarks, referring to her incredible frontal shelf. "And no doctor ever jazzed me up—it's all mine."

For several months the act was the talk of the town and then one night last March Big Al heard screams coming from Tara's dressing room. Rushing in he found her in a fury. "My act's been stolen!" she shrieked. "That no-good Tosha, who I thought was my friend, has opened with a snake act down the street."

Sure enough, at the nearby Peppermint Tree Lounge, a petite belly dancer of mixed Oriental-American blood named Tosha (real name Pat McDonald) was frugging and doing the "Go-Go" while festooned with assorted reptiles named Julius Squeezer, Speedy Gonzales, Geronimo, Cleopatra and Sneaky Pete. Tosha was drawing turnaway crowds by allowing Julius Squeezer, an eight-foot boa, to drop down her back and stick his head with graceful nonchalance between her legs.

(For the moral and legal-minded it is on record that San Francisco police repeatedly have raided the nudie houses. Famed attorney Melvin Belli has beaten down every attempt to close them on the plea to juries that wholly bare female flesh is not lewd or obscene. Since then North Beach's $250-a-week stars have become so uninhibited that the Civic Betterment League has considered a mass suicide jump off the Golden Gate Bridge.)

It was Tara's allegation that Tosha, a former performer at Big Al's, had dropped by her dressing room back in '65, had seen her rehearsing the snakes for their debut and had "absolutely squealed with delight." Tosha had inquired where she might acquire a boa or two. "She then stole my idea. It's a clear case of infringement on my original artistic creation," asserted Tara. "I'm going to sue Tosha for half a million dollars."

Big Al Falgiano thought he could scoff it off but soon learned he was in a dead-serious dilemma. "If we go into court," he told his lawyer, "we'll draw attention and the district attorney and cops might find some way to close me down for good. I told Tara to forget it. But she won't listen. She's hired one of the best mouthpieces in town, George Walker, and he assures her she's been infringed on, and can collect damages from Tosha."

"I agree with Walker," said the lawyer. "There's no way you can avoid it."

The lawsuit was scheduled in the chamber of Superior Court Judge Joseph Karesh, a man of quiet dignity. But before the litigants reached the courtroom more complications arose. Tara's boas and pythons eat only once a week. When they do feed they need a dozen or so rats to satisfy them. Big Al—while Tara was off consulting her attorney—was forced to serve as emergency chef. While serving up the rats he was grabbed by the hand by a large python named, ironically, "Big Al." Falgiano says: "I tried to shake off the bastard but nobody told me they got teeth like fishhooks. You just got to wait until they decide to let go. I wrestled him all over the room and got nowhere. That night I had to take anti-tetanus shots and for a long time I had such nightmares that nobody could sleep in the same room with me."

On May 24 the city's staid, marbled City Hall drew an overflow audience as Tara and Tosha arrived to tell Judge Karesh their stories. Suspicions that it was a publicity stunt quickly disappeared. The girls met in a corridor outside the courtroom, in a ferocious mood. Tara (suing for $500,000) was supported by a six-piece swinging band, The Sleepwalkers, along with Bella Boa and snakes named Cicero I and Cicero II. Tosha (countersuing for $50,000 on two charges: that Tara had copied her 14-inch-high hairdo and had imitated her stage name, and Tosha was also deposing that she had snake danced in San Diego some weeks before Tara introduced the idea to San Francisco) arrived with three cameramen in tow and with aides carrying baskets containing Julius Squeezer, Speedy Gonzales and others.

"Ladies," said the opposing lawyers, "let's not indulge in personalities. Wait until we get into court."

"Personality?" snorted Tara, her chest heaving. "Everything Tosha knows she stole from me!"

"Ha!" replied Tosha, whose inky-black hair was arranged to a fantastic height. "I got my talent from God. You got yours from silicone, you blown-up phony."

"You call those things you're wearing breasts?" exploded Tara. "Why they're such little knots that if you walked into the YMCA they'd sell you a locker."

The gaze of bailiffs, who'd forgotten their sworn duty to keep the peace, Treasury Department agents, city officials and members of the public who'd formed a fascinated crowd of 200 swiveled from Tara's 42 inches to Tosha. Without question little Tosha—a 5-feet-1, 90-pound miniature Venus de Milo—couldn't compare to her bra-bursting rival. "At least," snarled Tosha in disgust, "I can walk around standing up. I don't have to walk bending over like you!"

That popped the cork. Such a scene as the city's seat of government never has witnessed in its 116-year history took place.

"Okay, let's see who's greatest!" yelped Tara, ripping off her blouse and bra and pulling Cicero I from his basket. Twining the boa about her, Tara went into a voluptuous dance. Civic representatives shoved and trampled each other to gain a better veiw. "I can't see!" complained a small man in the rear row.

"Who are you?" asked a reporter.

"I'm from the S.P.C.A. I'm here to make sure no one abuses or injures those snakes."

"The hell with you," said the reporter, pushing forward.

Not to be out-serpentined, Tosha stripped, too, and undulated about the corridor, wearing *two* reptiles, including the acrobatic Julius Squeezer. The six-piece band, more or less appropriately, broke into "I'll Be Around" and "Ain't Misbehavin'." Cheers filled City Hall. "Take off the bottoms!" cried a bailiff, completely carried away.

Over in a corner, moaning as he waited for the inevitable arrival of the cops and a mass arrest, slumped Big Al Falgiano. "Those S.O.B. snakes," he kept saying. "I should have stayed in Brooklyn selling horse bets."

Police, indeed, arrived to save what remained of civic dignity; they wrote a citation for Big Al, threw Tara and Tosha out of the building and ordered them to return in three weeks, fully dressed—and snakeless.

When Judge Karesh finally did hear the case, he was faced with some of the weirdest and most exotic testimony in legal annals.

"Just how valuable is her snake performance to Tara?" counsel for Tara asked Big Al, when he was sworn in.

"I gotta admit it's making the kid rich," replied Big Al. "Guys phone all the way from Dallas and Los Angeles for ringside reservations."

"What about her other—ah—assets?" he was asked.

"Well, and you better believe it," testified Big Al, "these snakes bite. And just in case they bite where it'd hurt my business worst, I've taken out an insurance policy."

"Insurance?" said Judge Karesh. "I don't follow you. Please explain."

"Well, I'm talking about the kid's breastworks, Your Honor. The left one is insured for $50,000 and the right one for $50,000. And let me tell you, the premiums are murder."

Karesh had to gavel down a whooping audience.

Tosha, taking the stand, claimed she had originated the art form in question. Her artistic position as "Tosha the Glo-Girl and her Glo-Worms" was beyond question. She offered evidence that she had appeared in a San Diego nightclub late in 1965 with reptiles.

"But you were asked to leave town?" said the judge, consulting San Diego police reports before him.

"Yes, sir. The very first night I was there. The snakes kept knocking off my pasties and in San Diego it's against the law to not wear pasties." Judge Karesh stared at Tosha, baffled.

"Explain pasties, please," said interrogating counsel.

"Why," replied Tosha, demurely surprised, "everyone knows they're the little bitty sequin jobs you past over your—well, you know, where a girl comes to a point."

"Oh," said Judge Karesh, mopping his brow.

Tara (giving her real name as Judy Mamou) advanced on the witness seat, glaring at Tosha. She wore a dress she'd evidently bought on the last day of a remnant sale and, upon cocking a leg to reveal a brilliant blue-lace garter, was admonished to behave more decorously.

"What," she was asked by opposing counsel, "are your *true* dimensions?" (the old silicone gambit).

"I don't have any kind but true ones. I'm 42-23-36."

"That's rather incredible for one your size. How tall are you?" asked Tosha's lawyer.

"I'm 5 feet 2!" snapped Tara. Upon detecting an unbelieving expression on several faces, she jumped to her feet and threw out her chest. A button popped off and a large portion of a braless Tara spilled forth. Judge Karesh put his head into his hands.

The cheers Tara received led Karesh to threaten to clear the courtroom and Sheriff Matt Carberry's deputies hustled a number of Tara's sympathizers out the door. The trial was getting nowhere.

The wording of the lawsuit by Tara—which sought to enjoin Tosha from imitating her act—included the phrase "she shall be prevented from performing topless with snakes, lizards, Gila monsters or any other type reptile."

"What in the world have these other creatures got to do with it?" His Honor wanted to know.

"Plenty," came back Tara. "Why, I'd get up there and dance with a gorilla if I could train one to do the swim or pony. My fans would love it."

The "pony" was a dance expression His Honor had never heard. Was a small horse involved in the act?

"No, in the jerk, frug and other dances you just sort of jump around and vibrate," explained Tara. "In the pony one of my—assets—twirls clockwise and the other twirls counterclockwise. At the same time, Your Honor."

Judge Karesh opened his mouth and shut it. A study in battered judicial dignity, he silently pointed at the button from Tara's dress, on the floor. A bailiff picked it up.

"I bid $10," said a voice from the crowd.

Demanding order, promising the next such offender a jail sentence, His Honor listened as Big Al, wearing his black-and-gold $300 suit, returned to testify on Tosha's allegation that Tara had taken a name that was "similar to my own in imitation."

"Nah, I don't see it that way," said Big Al. "Both these gals have worked for me and they ain't the only ones I've given names starting with a 'T'."

"Name some of the others."

"Tura, Tana, Toni . . . and a lot of others," said Big Al. "I bill them as my 'Big T's."

"You mean that—?"

"Yeah," replied Big Al nonchalantly. "I'm just a guy who likes to have a lot of Big T's around me."

Something like pandemonium was sweeping sections of the courtroom, despite the judge's gavel. Over in a corner the Clerk of the Court was studying a copy of *Sensational Nudes* magazine, which had featured both Tara and Tosha and had been placed in evidence. The man from the S.P.C.A. demanded to know just what kind of treatment the snakes received when not on stage.

"Tara is scared of her snakes," said Tosha in a stage whisper nobody missed. "She squeezes them so hard that a couple have died."

Howls of denial from Tara required that there be a recess. Out in the hall the fuming Tara told reporters that when one of Tosha's dance partners became intractable in training, she whacked him with a stick. "There isn't a snake in her stable that isn't punchy," asserted Tara.

"Cool it, both of you!" pleaded Big Al, watching the S.P.C.A. man taking notes.

When the hearing resumed Judge Karesh quickly rid himself of the carnival by announcing that snakes are dirty and dangerous and that, if he could find legal means, he'd outlaw all herpetological exhibitions (at which Big Al looked cheerful for the first time all day); but meanwhile the court was willing to issue cross-injunctions which (a) would require Tara to perform under a different name and (b) prevent Tosha from dancing with reptiles while topless. "And, ladies, if you are really serious about it," he concluded, "you will have to post $25,000 bonds *each* to insure to this court that you will obey its decision."

"Twenty-five grand, phooey," said Tara, arising and leaving.

"I don't like the price, either," said Tosha, making for the door.

Big Al thanked the judge, offered him a cigar, and was attempting to leave quietly when an official of the City Health Department stopped him. "We want to inspect the premises where you cage these snakes. If city ordinances are being violated, we'll close your place."

"Holy H. ———!" said Big Al Falgiano, "what else can happen to me?"

In the following days Falgiano was engaged in struggles with City Health, the S.P.C.A. and the Civic Betterment League; he dreamed of falling into a pitfull of king-size vipers; he lost 20 pounds (he says) through worry. Unable to continue, he ended Tara's engagement at his club—at a considerable money loss. Tosha, today, continues to pack them in with her "Glo-Worms" at the Peppermint Tree. Nightly, Falgiano sits at the bar at his joint and all the "Big T's" around him can't blot out the memory of the most bizarre trial San Francisco has known. The old smile Falgiano had is gone. "Now I know how Adam felt when that serpent and Eve hooked up to ruin him," he says. **—Johnny Cummings**

"My advice to you is to leave the keys in the ignition and hope somebody steals it."

TRAGEDY STALKS A TANTALIZING TREASURE

[*Continued from page* 35]

cribbing the shaft as they went down. Eventually they were below 90 feet, having encountered layers every 10 feet, usually of logs, once of clay, once of coconut fiber, Then, just after they found an inscribed stone and decided they were onto the treasure, the pit suddenly flooded with some 60 feet of salt water.

That was a long time ago and the thing tends to be a little shadowy, but the story handed down was that the deep pit had been excavated by someone to hide something and that the water came by gravity more than 500 feet from the sea through an infinitely clever and magnificently engineered underground drain to form a perpetual lock to protect what was hidden below. And brother, everyone reasoned, anybody who would go to *that* much trouble must have been hiding one hell of a treasure.

On that premise, men have been digging ever since. There were numerous expeditions through the 19th century which were whipped by the flooding salt water. Today, with modern equipment available, pumps that can lift 1,000 gallons per minute have defeated the water problem. The trouble now, however, is that the original pit long since has been lost. Scores of shafts have been sunk, from 20 to 200 feet deep, and hundreds of holes have been drilled for core samples. Lateral tunnels have branched in all directions from the shafts. Over the years, pits, tunnels and holes have collapsed. Meanwhile billions of gallons of salt water have flowed in and been pumped out, creating a hydraulic action that one might compare to a huge gumbo boiling in a pot. Like a single shrimp adrift in the gumbo, whatever was put down there —if, in fact, anything ever was—has moved far from its original position.

The only things ever actually recovered were three links of an old watch chain, a fragment of parchment and various crockery fragments, chunks of wood and tools—all explainable as the debris left behind in the maze of shafts by nearly two centuries of searchers.

Yet the scent of gold, the lure of treasure hidden and, yes, the challenge of a puzzle no man has yet unlocked, drew many searchers. It brought a young Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1909 to spend $5,000 and a summer on an empty quest. It brought mining engineers of real reputation and powerful equipment. And it brought, finally, a man of the most unlikely background and who ultimately gave everything to the island.

Robert Restall was 54 when he went to Oak Island in 1959. He had been a builder and a steam fitter, but at heart he was a circus man. He began as a trick motorcycle rider in the 1920's and was touring Europe with a circus when he met a young ballet dancer from London and married her. He taught her to ride a motorcycle. Restall took his bride home to Canada and built the "Ball of Death" —a round steel cage inside of which he ran his motorcycle at a furious pace. Mildred Restall—they played as Bob and Mildred Lee—rode a second machine into the cage and they went round and round, weaving above and below each other. At the climax, she went round the cage while he looped straight overhead, their intersecting passages timed to the shaved instant. It was a smashing show and they played all over the U.S. and the world, as late as 1957, when Restall was 52 years old. If you went to the circus, you probably saw them.

Restall, a Canadian, had dreamed of Oak Island since he was a child. He was the sort of man who would. Skilled in tools and practical engineering, he invented carnival rides and worked in the building trades during off years. He was a craggy, hard-muscled man, patient, given to hard work, but independent: he did not like working for wages. He was a man of great intellectual curiosity and his wife believed that he found the puzzle of Oak Island even more exciting than the idea of treasure.

Restall moved onto Oak Island with Mildred and their sons, Bobby, then 18, and Ricky, then eight, and what had been simply a dream began to turn into an obsession. The months he had planned to be there stretched into nearly six years. They lived in two tiny shacks without plumbing. Nova Scotia's winters are hard. The very ground freezes and the sea wind slashes to the bone.

It was fun for Restall and Bobby, because the island engaged their imaginations and intellects. It was harder for Mildred and Ricky. In all those years she wore a dress only a few times. She gave Ricky regular schooling, rediscovered reading, taught herself French. She gathered wild apples and cooked them in every imaginable way. They all fished and hunted and swam. The winters were lonely and still, but the summers were filled with tourists from all over the world who came to see the famous little island. They poked and pried and wondered about the great shafts that still stood open.

Those shafts were the heart of the work that drove Restall. They clustered on a 35-foot rise near the eastern end of the island. The original pit—dubbed the "money pit" by the sort of optimists who are caught by the scent of gold—is long since vanished, of course, as is the old oak which stood over it. Due east some 500 feet is a lovely little bay called Smith's Cove. An equal distance to the south lies the shore that faces Atlantic weather. Here, years before, men had found a 10-foot triangle of stones with a pointer line of stones running through it aimed for the money pit. No one ever knew just what it meant but, as nearly everyone said, "It must mean something."

The theory upon which all Oak Island treasure hunters work, including Restall, is that before 1750 (when people began living in the surrounding area and therefore would have known of a large construction project) someone dug more than 170 feet down from the island's rise and placed his treasure. The platforms were typical of deep shafts of that time; they were used to raise dirt from one level to the next and, when the shaft was refilled, they stopped the normal settling of loose earth.

The builders are supposed to have cut a 500-foot drain tunnel from the beach at Smith's Cove to the 95-foot level in the main shaft, so that when the shaft filled, the water came to sea level or about 35 feet down. The original builders, it is assumed, had a key that would stop the water when they returned for the treasure, which, it also is assumed, they never did.

Everyone's approach, including Restall's was double: try to find the drain to stop off the water and sink new shafts in the money pit area from which to tunnel out laterally in hopes of stumbling on the shifting treasure.

The island had not been worked seriously in nearly 20 years and Restall set out methodically to put things in order. Nine of the old shafts were still more or less open. The most imposing, and the one that interested Restall, had been sunk in 1936 by Gilbert Heddon, a New Jersey steel manufacturer, to 125 feet. A small extension, a bare six feet by six, had been sunk another 43 feet. Here Restall and Bobby and occasional hired hands went to work.

A man who spent months in that shaft in the early 1940's remembers it vividly. "God, it was awful! The water was pouring in at 500 gallons a minute or more and you couldn't hear anything for its roar and the scream of the big pump that took it out. Funny thing about that water —winter or summer, the temperature never varied. It stayed a steady, miserable 47 degrees. You wore oilskins and a big rubber hat but the water got inside of everything."

This was Restall's working ground and it was incredibly hard. Except for a big diesel-powered generator that drove the pump, he was using small tools, for he believed in being slow and careful. As the months wore into years he studied the shafts, analyzed what had gone before, tried to determine which way the treasure had moved. He borrowed a diamond drill, puzzled over his core samples and began to evolve his own theories.

The other half of the job was the so-called drain to Smith's Cove. Restall looked for the drain by digging a series of shafts six by eight feet to a depth of 27 feet, filling in as he went, so that as he progressed along the beach, he never had more than one shaft open. For some reason, he did not refill the

COMING . . .

Is it a coincidence when witnesses from many parts of the world describe similar men from outer space?

UFO PILOTS: A MYSTERY WITHIN A MYSTERY

Here is the rundown on UFOnauts—the beings who fly the flying saucers—the most startling sightings of all

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

last one. He merely boarded it over and returned to the money pit. He didn't find the drain.

By the summer of 1965, drilling again with the borrowed diamond drill, Restall felt he was near success. But it was hard and, in the end, the hardest thing was not the work but the finances and the uncertainty of the future. At the start, Restall had negotiated a contract with M. R. Chappell, a canny old businessman in Sydney, Nova Scotia, who owns all but a tiny slice of the 275-acre island. His contract with Restall called for the dividing of anything found into 100 shares; 35 belonged to Chappell, 15 to Restall and 50 would be available for Restall to sell to raise the capital to finance the exploration.

Perhaps because Restall was not wealthy nor heavily backed, Chappell refused the sort of contract common in exploratory work, self-renewing provided a certain amount of work is done each year. Instead, Restall was kept hanging —he never could be sure that his contract would be renewed. Chappell always did renew, sometimes for only a few months, but he did so grudgingly, hinting that perhaps he would not do so again.

The effect of this was to make money raising difficult, for whoever invested could not be sure Restall would be allowed to stay long enough to discover anything. Gradually Restall sold the 50 shares, when and where he could, probably for about $1,000 each, and he poured the money into the bottomless maw of Oak Island. He and his family lived like pioneers and there is no evidence he took more than living expenses for himself.

Still, life was not all hazard. Bobby was now 24, a full grown man. He was in love and was planning to marry. He understood precisely what his father was doing and enjoyed it. And Restall himself felt things were going well. Life was settling down for all the family.

By August of 1965, Restall had talked Chappell into broadening the share ratio of the still short contracts so that he could raise more money. That month the last of the new shares went in a block for $5,000 to Robert Dunfield, a genial and likeable if somewhat hard-driving petroleum geologist from Canoga Park, California. Dunfield, however, was a heavy equipment man and, though he did not bluntly say so, he believed that Restall had simply wasted the previous six years with his scraping and digging and his inch-by-inch examinations. Dunfield thought a bulldozer would get right down to the guts of the situation and he was not interested in $5,000 worth of pick-and-shovel work. For his money, Dunfield demanded and got control of the operation.

Restall took on a hurried, harried quality. Dunfield said he expected to be done by October. Restall didn't say much. He had been working six years; perhaps there wasn't much to say to the blithe idea of being finished in a quick two months.

Thus Restall came to the 17th of August, 1965. It was a leaden day, the air hot and heavy and moist. Smoke from burning brush lay hard against the slick water, pressed flat by the heavy air. There was a surprising number of people on the island. Dunfield was there. So was Karl Graeser, an affable marina operator from Long Island for whom Oak Island was a hobby. He was both longtime backer and longtime friend to the Restalls. There was a physics class from Andover, Massachusetts, led on a field trip by a young instructor. There were tourists and there were laborers hired from the shore.

No one knows today why Restall decided to pump out the water gathering in the old shaft near Smith's Cove that had been boarded over the three years since he had failed in his search for the elusive drain. The shaft was 27 feet deep and hardly wider than a grave. There was about four feet of black and stinking water in the bottom. Restall dropped a pump intake down and fired the gasoline pump motor.

There is still considerable mystery about what happened next, though the basic outline is clear. The pump failed to draw and Restall started to work on it. He was a man of years of experience, conditioned by hard labor despite his 60 years, and a thoughtful, cautious man. Now, standing by the pit, as he had hundreds of times before, he apparently toppled into it.

Bobby Restall saw his father go in. He came on a dead run and climbed down the shaft's wooden cribbing. Toward the bottom he began to cough and choke. Karl Graeser, the easy Long Islander, unhesitatingly went down after the two Restalls and he too began to choke. Cyril Hiltz, one of the work crew hired from the shore, only 16 but a mature and handsome youth who planned to be married soon, went down as a matter of course. The men below him were silent. At the bottom he collapsed. Andy DeMont, 17, another worker and long a friend of the Restalls, went down the cribbing and cried out when he began to choke and felt—he afterward said—as if his legs were failing. Two other men who had started down retreated to the top and huddled there with the others, peering fearfully at what lay below.

Among the tourists approaching the island at that moment was Edward White, a talkative and well-trained lieutenant on vacation from the Buffalo, New York, fire department. He landed and ran to the pit to peer into its gloomy darkness. The boards had been pulled away and an overpowering stench was coming out. The water was black and tiny black bubbles were foaming from it, collecting in evil black clusters on the surface.

White could see only one person—DeMont, wedged into a corner of the cribbing, his hands clamped on a brace overhead, his eyes closed and his mouth a mere inch from the water. As he breathed, slimy black water and vomit oozed from his mouth. The men above were dangling a rope before him, but he could not see it.

White snapped, "Why haven't you gone down after him?"

"There's gas down there, man—it strikes you down."

White saw that DeMont had literally moments to live. He lashed a line about himself, handed the end to his alert son, Edward, 16, and said, "Pay it out as I need it and keep a good hold." Then,

TRUE

"Do we have to try and save our marriage while I'm reading the sports page?"

grabbing another rope, he took a deep breath, held it and let himself down the cribbing to the bubbling water below.

Chest deep in the water, he put the line around DeMont, then tried to snatch the boy's hands loose. Suddenly, eyes still shut, DeMont punched hard at White's head. White ducked and swore, and the men above took it for a signal and started to raise him. He shouted for them to slack off—and he had to take a breath. Immediately, as he put it later, "the lights began to bounce around." He was experienced enough to know that that was the beginning of unconsciousness. He dragged DeMont out from under the bracing and signalled for the men above to hoist away.

Then, knowing he had only seconds left, he looked around the tiny pit. There was no sign of the four men. For an instant he thought he saw a man's hair in a cluster of bubbles and he grabbed it, but it was only air. He felt around with his foot and then reached in with his hand until his face touched. He is a big man but he could feel nothing. When the bubbles burst, the odor became more revolting. He looked up and saw that the air above him was a heavy, rolling green. His breath failed and he gasped and again the lights bounced, bright flashings in his brain, and he gave the signal. The boy above felt his father tug the rope and he yelled and the men seized hold and swung White up.

DeMont lived. Eventually the bodies of Restall, his son Bobby, Karl Graeser and young Cyril Hiltz were brought up. And up on the hill by the money pit, in the hut in which they had lived for six years, Mrs. Restall sat at a table smoking cigarettes and looking in mindless agony at the empty years that lay ahead.

The mystery of those four deaths remains unsolved. Obviously there was gas in the pit—but what kind, and how did it get there? The immediate explanation was carbon monoxide from the pump's gasoline motor. A Canadian official tested a similar motor at a pit the next day and it filled with carbon monoxide.

But the men who worked on DeMont at the hospital found *no trace of carbon monoxide poisoning*. Autopsies showed the four men died by drowning. There was no sign of any gas. Yet numerous gasses either lethal or strong enough to render a man unconscious pass quickly from the body and would leave no trace to appear in an autopsy.

And why should lethal gas suddenly appear in a pit? Methane, the major component in natural gas, comes from decaying vegetable matter and occurs in volume deep underground, in mines or, for that matter, natural gas wells. But for such a virulent concentration to appear in a little pit which, though boarded over, had not been sealed, seems unlikely.

And methane is odorless and colorless. Everyone agreed that the gas coming from Restall's pit had a violent stink. White, who went down, thought it had the rotten-egg smell of hydrogen sulfide. The medical examiner who came a little later thought it smelled awful but detected no whiff of rotten eggs. Others thought it reminiscent of auto exhaust. Hydrogen sulfide is colorless. Most people thought the gas was a brownish color. White, looking from below against the sky, saw it as greenish and heavy, roiling, not unlike chlorine gas. There is no question that it was fizzing and bubbling from the water.

And there the matter rests. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police show a singular disinterest in the gas or its origin. They say they are convinced the deaths were purely accidental. But along the Nova Scotian shore, the people who have lived with Oak Island all their lives are restless. They are a charming people, but uneducated, suspicious and highly superstitious. Sitting in her kitchen on the shore, a pretty woman intimately related to the deaths could say without consciousness of oddity, "Legend says that seven men must die before the treasure will be found. One died a hundred years ago in a boiler explosion. Now four more are gone. Maybe someone wants that treasure badly enough to see that two more will die."

Perhaps the real irony of the story is the possibility that there isn't any treasure and never was.

Everything depends on the accuracy of those first reports, from 1795 to 1804, by a group of unsophisticated young settlers. There is no question of a hoax—but it is nonetheless true that the overpowering scent of gold can bend men's minds and make them see just what they want to see. Stories of mystery have a tendency to formalize after a while, and details are sometime invented to explain discrepancies, details that begin as "must have been" and end as facts.

Yet the whole story, in a sense, is an assault on logic. Who, for instance, could have buried the treasure? There is talk of the Vikings, of the Cathedral of St. Andrew's in Scotland plundered in 1560, and even of Incas in Central America fleeing the Spanish. But, in the end, the talk always comes back to pirates and most often to Captain William Kidd. Modern research, however, suggests that Kidd was not even a pirate, let alone the possessor of loot requiring a cache of this magnitude.

Anyway, the technical difficulties of digging a shaft more than 150 feet deep and then constructing a 500-foot lateral drain from the sea would have been incredible for a shipload of 18th century—or earlier—pirates. As a class, pirates were cutthroats and thieves, deserters from the world's navies, who gave little quarter and expected none. They lived for today and few anticipated the need for a retirement fund. When they had gold they spent it on women and booze. What they did bury was for tomorrow, usually shallow and easy to recover. The idea of a construction job estimated at two years or more to bury pirate loot seems most unlikely.

Mrs. Restall speculated, in what must be one of the more reasonable ideas, that the French settlers called Acadians, who were driven from Nova Scotia in 1755 (going, among other places, to south Louisiana where their descendants, the Cajuns, still live) might be responsible. She could imagine a council of leaders seeing trouble ahead and gathering the community wealth (acquired, perhaps, by trading with pirates) and hiding it in a magnificent construction job.

Digging near Smith's Cove one day, Restall found a stone into which the date 1704 had been crudely cut. This refired his theory that pirates really were responsible (though this was three years after Kidd was hanged). He leaned toward a pirate consortium, numerous vessels pooling their loot and hiding it well. Pirates, however, were notoriously distrustful of each other and there were few lasting alliances. And, though somehow it is rather sad, the 1704 stone by which Restall set so much store was a hoax.

Edwin Hamilton, for 40 years a civil engineering professor at New York University and now a builder of strong wooden boats at nearby Marriott's Cove, worked Oak Island in the summers from 1938 to 1943. One day his men produced the stone, then freshly cut and obviously a joke. When he laughed it off they grinned and buried it. There it lay until Restall found it.

A man who worked for years with Restall and was deeply devoted to young Bobby, has an alternative theory about Oak Island. Jim Kaizer believes the whole thing is a natural phenomenon.

The key to Kaizer's doubt is the drain. He doesn't believe there ever was a drain, and for him, at least, it was confirmed by Restall's shafts, which Kaizer helped dig. The 27-foot pits, in the last of which Restall died, marched across the drain area and found nothing.

The failure to find the drain triggered Kaizer's latent suspicion. The money pit is located at 35 feet altitude some 500 feet inland. Why, he wonders, go so far inland and therefore so deep? Why not stay close to shore, go down 30 or 40 feet, build a 50-foot drain? The effect would be the same.

The ground here is soft. Such a drain, in which only one man could have worked at a time, would have collapsed without cribbing. But no trace of underground cribbing has been found in this area.

Kaizer believes that the water flooding the money pit comes through a natural fault in the ground, perhaps from miles away and thousands of feet below (which might explain its unvarying 47-degree temperature). The whole area lies on limestone. Water leaches out its soft spots and eventually makes it porous as a sponge. Early drillers found a cavern beneath the money pit and assumed it was a chamber left by those who placed the treasure. Later the whole section col-

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lapsed, dropping chests of gold with it, the searchers were sure.

But caverns are common to limestone. On the mainland only a mile away, a construction job recently settled into a giant sinkhole. Older sinkholes—caverns leached in limestone that collapse—can be seen throughout this country, many on a rough parallel with Oak Island.

If there is no drain and the water source is natural, then how were the original diggers of the money pit able to get *below* the water level to hide their gold? Kaizer believes that they weren't, that they didn't, that the whole story is legend built on the blazing imagination and desire that the scent of gold induces.

Hamilton, the former professor, offers oblique support. During his 1938-1943 operations, he pumped more than a million gallons of heavily dyed water *into* the pit. No trace of dye appeared in the sea around the island. To this day Hamilton doesn't know where the colored water went and he agrees that a natural fault is quite possible.

Even Robert Dunfield, the California petroleum geologist who took over the search from Restall, now tends to agree with the natural fault theory. Not only does he discount the idea of a drain, he now says he believes—in what surely must be the most startling theory yet—that the old money pit was a mere decoy, laboriously dug to throw off anyone who came looking. The real treasure, he thinks, is buried in a relatively shallow pit of no more than 50 feet, unrelated to any system of drains. He hopes to extract it shortly.

When Restall was killed, Dunfield changed things quickly. He brought over two bulldozers and a huge crane which dangled a big digging clamshell. Hoping to stop the drain, which at that point he still accepted, he dozed tons of dirt over the beach and into the clear waters of Smith's Cove, covering, incidentally, the old cofferdam which visitors had been looking at for a century. Suspecting the existence of another drain on the south shore, he dozed more tons of dirt into the sea there, covering the mysterous old triangle of stones. The bulldozers obliterated all the old shafts that men had put down over the years except the Heddon shaft on which Restall had concentrated. The clamshell dug two deep but uncribbed open holes. With the winter rain and the alternate freezing and melting of the ground, the sides collapsed, gradually widening and filling the bottom to make Dunfield's holes simply water-filled craters.

Local Nova Scotians, who see Oak Island as a sort of national treasure for the tourists it draws, were outraged. The island used to be an engaging place, they say, with the old pits fascinating to stroll among. Now, except for the big Heddon pit with its weather framework collapsing over it, Oak Island shows nothing but great smears of torn earth and two craters filled with water.

Dunfield worked until March, 1966, and then left, saying he would be back. In the fall there was word he intended to buy Oak Island. The shore people erupted. A drive started to persuade the government to buy the island and make it into a park, with treasure hunting permitted but controlled.

Meanwhile, Mildred Restall waits. She lives with Ricky in a small, green frame house on a hill overlooking the bay and gradually the fun is ebbing out of her and bitterness is taking hold. Her husband and son lie in a nearby cemetery in graves marked only by wooden stakes. In crayon, someone has scrawled "father" on one and, on the other, "son" with the "N" printed backwards. Her whole life, it seems to her, was sunk into Oak Island. Now she waits and waits and the chance for any return seems slight indeed. It is not an easy time.

There is open betting along the shore about whether Dunfield will come back. The consensus seems to be that he won't. But even if he doesn't, the search will go on. The scent is too strong, both of gold that may be buried deep under the ground and of more readily available gold that eager investors will supply. M. R. Chappell, who still owns the island, will not have to look far to find other men willing to take up where Dunfield left off.

Offshore, in the cold, clear waters of Mahone Bay, the island guards its secret still. Its flanks are gashed and torn and its wondrous shafts and tunnels plugged, but the scent of gold remains. For 172 years, men have dug and pried and hoped and dreamed and died believing in its treasure. They will again. The last chapter in the Oak Island story is far from written.

—Jack Sivley

"I'VE LOST MY SON"

[*Continued from page* 59]

next to a guy and see him day and night, you've got to find out things about him. If he was in trouble you'd notice a change. He'd say things, he'd get gloomy—*something*. There wasn't any change in Fred."

Olivieri probed for several days without turning up a clue to Fred's whereabouts. Finally, on December 6, university officials decided to notify Fred's parents. The phone call was made by Associate Dean for Student Counseling William Speer. Dean Speer, a tall, affable man with wavy white hair, a pipe and an aura of monumental calm, had a long record of success in handling hysterical parents. But he couldn't handle Israel Grossfeld. Neither could the police, later. Nobody could.

This obscure Connecticut haberdasher, unlike thousands of other parents who face this kind of circumstance each year, refused to accept the official litany of assurance: "We're doing all we can, just stay home, we'll keep you posted." Perhaps Grossfeld's life had taught him to distrust officialdom. As a Jew in Poland, he had spent World War II in Nazi work camps and concentration camps. At the war's beginning, his large family included his mother, an older brother, grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins. When the war ended, only Israel himself was still alive.

He had met Mina Puchalska in Poland before the war. After the war, they migrated to America to raise their two sons. Grossfeld, a skilled tailor, eventually moved his family to the suburban town of Ridgefield, Connecticut, and opened a small men's-clothing shop.

In Ridgefield he found a welcome that the world had previously denied him. He joined the Lions Club and became active in the civic and business affairs of the town's Main Street merchants. His friends and customers came to know him as a dark, quiet, likeable man, engagingly shy. He and his family became thoroughly Americanized. Though he dominated family discussions, in typical Middle-European fashion, his wife and sons felt free to argue with him and often made him change his decisions. Mina, college educated, supplemented the store's income by teaching German and Russian at Ridgefield High School and at Dartmouth College.

The two boys grew taller than their parents. Fred, at 19, was slender and slightly stooped, a scholarly boy who read books even while brushing his teeth. Morris, two years younger, was bright without being scholarly. He was more solidly built than his older brother, more interested in athletics and social activity, more of a "regular" among his high-school contemporaries. Reminiscing about Fred later, Morris said: "My relationship with him, as is normal for brothers, was bad." The two were not close. Morris enjoyed teasing Fred about his scholarly ways and other idiosyncrasies, particularly Fred's exaggerated personal cleanliness. "He was always washing his hands. He used miles of dental floss. He never went anywhere without at least two clean handkerchiefs, sometimes three or four."

Israel and Mina Grossfeld had pinned many bright hopes on these boys. "Me, I'm nobody," Israel had once remarked. "I live only through my sons." Fred, the elder, on his way to a good and perhaps brilliant future in the world of science, was the object of special pride. Thus, when Dean Speer phoned to report Fred missing, Israel Grossfeld's anxiety was uncontrollable. He and Mina immediately drove to MIT.

He quickly discovered that the world in general didn't care nearly as much about his son's disappearance as he did.

"It isn't a story," said MIT's public-relations chief, Francis K. Wylie. Grossfeld was in Wylie's office, urging that Fred's picture be placed on the front pages of Boston's newspapers, and Wylie was trying to explain that the newspapers wouldn't do it. "Kids disappear every day," Wylie pointed out to the missing student's father. "This isn't news."

Grossfeld rose from his chair, trembling with anger. "Then I'll *make* it a story," he said.

He called on Dean Speer to urge that the Cambridge city police be brought in to hunt for Fred. Dean Speer didn't think this was necessary, but in the end he acquiesced and accompanied Grossfeld to the Cambridge city police headquarters.

Once again, Grossfeld learned that the world wasn't going to turn itself upside

down to look for his son. The Cambridge police at the time had more than one hundred other missing persons in their active file. Like most other police departments in the country, except those of big cities, the Cambridge police had no special "missing persons bureau." The entire responsibility for missing persons rested on the shoulders of one overworked detective, Capt. John Grainger, a stocky man with close-cropped white hair and an intelligent, fatigue-lined face.

Furthermore, there is no organized, nationwide system for hunting the missing. Local police departments are linked together by Teletype and other communication networks. But with an estimated 200,000 people disappearing in this country each year and with no central focal point for gathering or organizing data, any missing-person hunt is bound to be a haphazard affair. It would make no sense for every missing person's description to be sent to every police department in the country; the local police would simply be buried in unread messages. All that can logically be done is to guess at the localities where the missing person is most likely to turn up and to send notices there. Even so, there is no guarantee that the police in those localities will read or remember the data that is sent to them.

These facts slowly became apparent to Israel Grossfeld as he sat in Captain Grainger's crowded, paper-cluttered office. He saw that Fred's name was simply going to be entered in a file among a hundred others to which Captain Grainger had to devote equal attention. Overwhelmed with frustration, Israel Grossfeld broke down and wept.

"I made myself a promise, sitting there," he says. "I didn't know anything about those hundred other missing people. I didn't know why their parents or relatives weren't at the police station pressing for action. But I swore I was going to get action for Fred. Even if I had to become a detective myself."

That night he and Mina retired to a motel in Cambridge. But he couldn't sleep. At 3 a.m. he got up, dressed and drove to the MIT campus. He spent the remaining hours until dawn prowling the campus, hunting for his son. He looked in dark doorways, window wells, black cul-de-sacs between buildings. He hunted through disused basements and mazes of subterranean passages. He was certain that Fred had met some kind of foul play. . . .

Dean Speer and Lieutenant Olivieri eventually talked him into going home, but he was back on the campus a few days later. He couldn't stay away. Over the next 10 weeks this dour, passionate, irritable, impatient man became a familiar figure at MIT. He made five separate trips there, even closing his store toward the end of the period so he could devote full time to the hunt. He posted a $500 reward for information leading to Fred. He questioned Fred's dormitory neighbors over and over again. He pestered the university authorities and the Cambridge police until they winced at the sight of him.

He became the chief administrator of the hunt, pushing, needling, pleading. "I'm not going to let you relax," he told Olivieri, and even Olivieri, a man of nearly limitless patience, began to grimace when he heard Grossfeld's voice on the phone.

Grossfeld could not be swayed from his conviction that Fred had met foul play. "Everyone tells me he ran away," he said angrily to Dean Speer. "That's the easy way out for everybody, it means we can all just sit and wait till Fred comes back. I'm not going to let you sit and wait!" He urged that the police drag the Charles River, which runs close by the MIT campus. Captain Grainger patiently explained that dragging a river is a costly, long, drawn-out project that can be logically undertaken only when there's real reason to believe a body is in the water. However, Olivieri borrowed a boat and searched the murky waters. He found the body of a Harvard student who had disappeared a month earlier.

"Drag the river!" Grossfeld shouted, more certain than ever that Fred's body would be found. Olivieri searched without result until the river froze over. The river was never dragged.

Back in Ridgefield one night, Grossfeld was preparing for bed when the phone rang. An operator asked if he would accept a collect call from Lowell, Massachusetts. Grossfeld said he would.

"Izzy?" said the caller.

"Yes."

"Fred owes me two thousand dollars and my partner one thousand, and he's in trouble. We want the money."

As the startled Grossfeld listened, the caller went on to mumble something about narcotics. He spoke incoherently —not slurring words as a drunk does, but in the oddly disconnected fashion of one high on drugs. Grossfeld agreed to pay the $3,000, but first he asked for proof that the caller really knew of Fred's whereabouts.

"What color shirt is he wearing?" Grossfeld asked.

"He always wears plaid shirts," said the caller. This was accurate.

"How do I know you really have him?"

"I know where he is. He's sitting there saying, 'I don't care any more.'" To Grossfeld, this too seemed consistent with fact. Fred was a boy who would never resist aggression. If kidnapped, he would simply collapse in limp resignation.

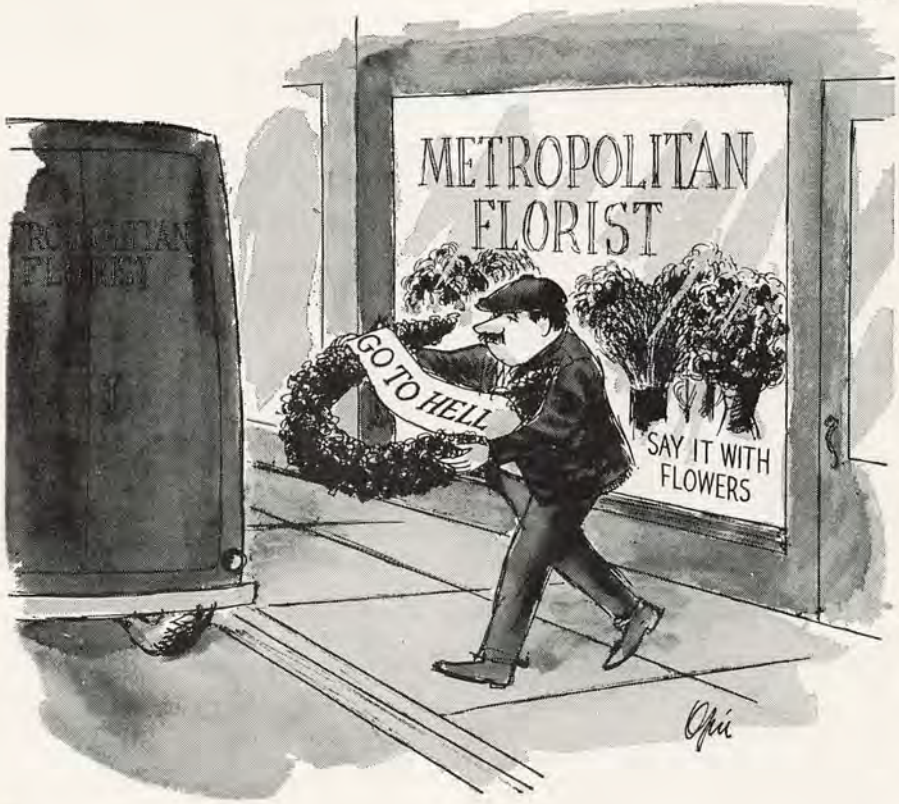
The mysterious caller instructed Grossfeld to go to a corner of Boston Common on the following day, near a battery of phone booths, and wait for a call. He warned Grossfeld not to notify the police or Fred would suffer.

Grossfeld promptly notified both the police and the FBI, which can be brought into kidnapping cases. The FBI strongly urged Grossfeld to keep the episode secret. Publicity of any kind—particularly news of the police and FBI involvement —might scare the kidnapper and impede the investigation. Grossfeld spoke to nobody about the episode except Mina and Morris.

At the appointed hour of noon next day Grossfeld walked up and down near the Boston Common phone booths, with marked money and with 25 FBI agents staked out in the neighborhood. None of the phones ever rang. An FBI agent told Grossfeld not to worry; the kidnapper was probably testing to see whether Grossfeld was following instructions properly, and could be expected to get in touch again. As long as the story remained secret and the kidnapper felt safe, there was no reason for concern.

But that same afternoon Lieutenant

TRUE



Olivieri of the campus police learned that a Boston newspaper, the *Record American*, had uncovered the story. A reporter, hanging around a police station, had overheard two detectives carelessly discussing the case.

In Olivieri's office Israel Grossfeld and the campus policeman called the reporter and tried to get the story killed. Olivieri tried first. He began by presenting reasonable arguments in reasonable tones. When that failed, he appealed to the reporter's emotions. "Give this man a break!" Olivieri insisted. "Goddam it, he needs a break!"

The reporter turned Olivieri down.

Grossfeld grabbed the phone and pleaded: "It's my son's life that we're talking about! Don't you understand? My *son*!"

He remembered the time when he had wanted his son's picture in the papers and had been told no, it wasn't a big enough story. Now he faced exactly the opposite frustration. "I can't kill it," the reporter apologized. "It's a story."

The publisher of the paper was more willing to listen to Olivieri's and Grossfeld's arguments. But by then it was too late. *The Record American* was already on its way to Boston newsstands, carrying the full story of the ransom call and the police involvement.

The ransom caller was never heard from again. The FBI eventually concluded that the call had been either a hoax or a con game and dropped out of the case. But Israel Grossfeld never forgave the two detectives for leaking the story nor the *Record American* for printing it.

The FBI had impressed him with its cool, massive competence. "When the FBI dropped out of the case," he says, "I felt as though I'd been abandoned completely." His opinion of local police departments was low and sinking lower.

At the Massachusetts State Police headquarters one day, he saw a Teletype message describing Fred. He didn't know where the message had originated. It gave Fred's height as five feet nine inches, though he was actually five feet seven. It also omitted the important fact that Fred, severely myopic, wore thick glasses.

"The police are like kids!" Grossfeld raged. "I've got to stand over them all the time to get things done right!"

Christmas was now approaching, and as the news of his lonely hunt spread, the town of Ridgefield rallied around him in a spontaneous emotional display of goodwill. Ridgefield is an upper-middle-class suburb in Connecticut's Fairfield County. At cocktail parties and dinners and bridge games, the Grossfeld story matured from a conversational topic to a cause.

Townspeople volunteered to run Grossfeld's store during his repeated absences. One airline pilot gave up almost an entire month's vacation to act as salesclerk. An executive of a much larger, competing men's store across the street took over the responsibility of driving Grossfeld's wife between her home, the store and her teaching job at the high school. People who had never entered Grossfeld's shop before began to turn up and make purchases, sensing Grossfeld's need for money to finance his lonely quest.

"I want to try out a new piece of office equipment, dear. Don't wait up."

The weather turned colder. Snow fell. Christmas came, leaving people broke and grumpy. Still they worried about Israel Grossfeld. They became unabashedly sentimental over him. "Listen," said a $75,000-a-year television executive at a cocktail party, "I feel this so hard that it hurts. I want this man Grossfeld to know that there's one place on earth, just one place, where he belongs and where people care what happens to him." It was almost as though the town of Ridgefield were trying to shoulder the responsibility for the wrongs done to Grossfeld's people 20 years before. The town was trying to repay a debt owed by the whole world.

Spurred by the Lions Club, the town newspaper and the first selectman (New England parlance for "mayor"), scores of other citizens addressed posters bearing Fred's picture to all police departments in the country in towns of 10,000 or more population. The posters offered a finder's reward now upped to $3,000. The money behind this offer had been made available by another Ridgefield well-wisher.

One result of this mass mailing was a brief comic interlude. A police officer somewhere in or near Miami, Florida, put through a collect call to the Ridgefield police and said that he'd picked up a boy answering Fred's description. He said he would hold the boy until he got further instructions from Ridgefield. The Ridgefield policeman was about to ask for more details when the Florida cop, considering his duty done, said a jovial good-bye and hung up. He'd neglected to give his phone number or even say what town or precinct he was calling from.

The Ridgefield police called the local telephone company. The company said that it would eventually know what Miami exchange the call came from, but that this information would take days to filter down through bookkeeping computers. Frustrated, the Ridgefield police sent a Teletype message to Miami police headquarters, asking that all local precincts be canvassed to find who had called Ridgefield. No answer ever came from Florida.

"It was maddening," says Grossfeld. "All we could do was wait and hope that the mysterious Miami cop would call again. He never did." Eventually the phone company came up with the Miami caller's exchange, and the anticlimactic end of the story was that the boy picked up that night had turned out to be a runaway from New York. Yet Israel Grossfeld still trembles when he tells the story. "People kept telling me that Fred would be found by a police 'network,'" he says. "It was nonsense. There is no network."

In January he visited the police in Lowell, Massachusetts, the town from which the ransom call had originated. He wanted to know if the Lowell police had tried to find the caller, perhaps by questioning narcotics users, or had looked for some connection between Lowell and the missing Fred. The Lowell police hadn't. Once again Grossfeld was up against the nature of the American police system. Lowell taxpayers hired Lowell police to take care of Lowell problems, not to hunt for other towns' missing persons.

While in the Lowell police station

Grossfeld saw a bulletin board covered with "wanted" notices, among them one concerning Fred. Weeks out of date, it advertised the old $500 reward.

Grossfeld resolved to spend no more time pestering local police departments. He wanted the FBI back on his side. He determined to go to Washington to plead with the United States government.

First, he realized, he had to present evidence that the case was, indeed, a kidnapping. He became a sleuth. He went back to MIT and spent an evening in Fred's room. He called Fred's dormitory neighbors into the room one by one and questioned them. Sitting hunched on the small bed, he listened as the boys delved for stray memories of Fred.

Gradually he gathered facts and speculations. It seemed unlikely that Fred had met an accidental death—fallen into the river while on a walk, or been killed by a hit-run driver who hid the evidence. Fred had never in his life walked for pleasure or to aid thinking. He was an indoor boy. He left his dorm at night, his friends reported, only to visit a student cafeteria in the building next door.

Suicide also seemed unlikely. There was no evidence to suggest it. Fred's last letter home, written three days before his disappearance, was a normal, cheerful college student's letter. It described a mathematical game, discussed plans for the following semester and asked for money. Among Fred's effects were other bits and pieces of evidence that he had expected to go on living. There was a $5 student's meal ticket, for instance, purchased the day before his disappearance. More important, Fred's character seemed to argue against suicide. The boy had little tolerance for pain, shunned even the mildest violence, avoided body-contact sports. To Israel Grossfeld, it seemed impossible that such a boy could jump into an ice-cold river or choose any such agonizing method of ending his own life, even if he had been unhappy.

Nor did it seem likely that he had simply run away. As far as Israel Grossfeld could determine, Fred was wearing only a light raincoat over his indoor clothes. Highly sensitive to cold as to other physical discomforts, Fred would almost certainly have taken more clothes with him if he had planned to disappear. Moreover, he had left money behind in his room, a box with about $7 in change.

Armed with these arguments, Israel Grossfeld went to Washington on January 31, 1966. By sheer, irresistible persistence, this one small man got the ponderous machinery of the United States government cranking for his benefit. He asked for, and got, interviews with Sens. Abraham Ribicoff (Connecticut), Thomas Dodd (Connecticut) and Edward Kennedy (Massachusetts). Speaking of the incident later, Ribicoff said, "I was moved—that's all."

Ribicoff could not turn Grossfeld down. The Senator called Atty. Gen. Nicholas Katzenbach. Katzenbach talked to the FBI. Israel Grossfeld went home to Ridgefield with new hope. The FBI was back on the case.

By this time Grossfeld had lived up to his promise to the MIT public-relations chief: he had made the Fred Grossfeld case a story. Fred's picture was now appearing regularly in Boston newspapers. Other papers were reporting Grossfeld's progress as though he were somebody important. The story was being told and retold on TV stations in Boston, New York, Washington and elsewhere. By acting as his own publicity agent, bombarding editors with phone calls and letters and visits, Israel Grossfeld was getting national play in his hunt for his son. The police at Cambridge and Ridgefield began to receive phone calls and telegrams from people as far away as California who thought they'd seen Fred. "It's amazing!" marveled Captain Grainger in Cambridge. "This guy has the whole country looking for his boy!"

The hunt ended abruptly on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 8. Miss Helen Shoemaker was walking her two poodles along the bank of the Charles River, across from MIT, when one of the dogs ran out onto the river ice, nosed a spot in the ice, seemed agitated and reluctant to leave. Miss Shoemaker walked gingerly to the spot. Beneath the ice she saw a human face.

Israel Grossfeld at the time was in a Boston hotel room. A Boston TV interviewer and cameraman were with him, preparing for that night's newscast. The word that a boy's body had been found in the river came by phone. Grossfeld sat on the bed and buried his face in his hands. "It's all over," Grossfeld whispered.

Dean Speer and a police sergeant arrived shortly afterward. Together the four drove to the city morgue in downtown Boston. A morgue attendant pulled back the covering from the slab. The body was blackened and most of the hair had come out, but the face was recognizable. Grossfeld nodded silently and walked away.

Over the next few days it became apparent to him that, in the world's eyes, his son had committed suicide. This conclusion stemmed partly from the fact that there were no marks of violence on the body. "Asphyxia due to drowning," the medical examiner's report said. Also Fred's wallet containing $16 had been still in his pocket—a fact that ruled out the possibility of a robbery. To those who hadn't known Fred personally, suicide seemed the most logical conjecture. Among the letters of condolence that Grossfeld received was one from Boston's Cardinal Cushing, who had been asked by Senator Kennedy to use his influence in pressing the hunt for Fred. "It seems to me," wrote the cardinal, "that Fred was exhausted from his studies and knew not what he was doing."

Israel Grossfeld got mad all over again. "I've lost my son," he told a group of Ridgefield neighbors, "but I'm not going to lose the good memory of him. I'm not going to let him be labeled 'suicide' and forgotten."

He went back to MIT. "It wasn't suicide!" he shouted at Lieutenant Olivieri. "Somebody pushed him into the river, somebody who knew he couldn't swim. He couldn't have taken his own life."

Olivieri said simply, "We have no evidence of murder."

"Then look for it!" Grossfeld insisted. "Why hasn't anybody checked for fingerprints, or questioned hoodlums in the area?"

He went to see Dean Speer. "They're taking the easy way out again," he said. "Call it suicide and close the file!"

Israel Grossfeld isn't going to let them close the file. He visited MIT in March and again in April, 1966, hunting for clues, questioning, probing. He walked about the campus and along the riverbank, looking for some of Fred's personal effects that were not found with the body: glasses, one glove, a scarf. Other stray pieces of circumstances occupy Israel Grossfeld's thoughts. Fred's room key was not found in his pocket. Why? There were no handkerchiefs in his pockets. Why? ("Fred would no more go out without handkerchiefs than another man would without pants.") In a small notebook kept by Fred there is a cryptic reference to a "noisy room." What does this mean? Did Fred complain about a noisy party somewhere, perhaps an LSD party, and did some kind of violence ensue?

If it takes his entire life, Israel Grossfeld will hunt until he finds how and why his son's life ended in the Charles River. He wants to go to Washington again, to talk to the FBI. He talks of enlarging his lonesome campaign, adding broader dimensions to it. And he wants to erect some kind of monument to his son. A small one has already been started: a Fred Grossfeld Scholarship Fund, created by townspeople of Ridgefield.

For the moment, Israel Grossfeld is back in his men's-wear store in Ridgefield. He has time to think. He stands and watches the traffic go by on Main Street: the well-dressed exurban women, the jazzy foreign cars. Sometimes he goes up the street to buy a cup of coffee at Chris Jensen's restaurant.

Chris Jensen is a big jovial Dane who won't listen to speculations about Fred's possible suicide. He is fond of Israel Grossfeld, though the two exchange only a few words a day. "That man Grossfeld," he says, "he isn't very big, but there's a lot of him. A lot of man."—**Max Gunther**

COMING . . .

A full report on the overcrowded, underfed world of the year 2,000

NO ROOM TO MOVE

The imminent population crisis scientists talk about in whispers

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

THEY BLEW A 10-MILE HOLE IN THE WESTERN FRONT

[*Continued from page* 63]

Germans had left behind. It was still burning, and its light revealed a charged mine—ready to go.

Pennycuick cut the wires to the explosive, organized a work party at the mouth of the shaft and removed the charge. Then he blew in the entrance to the tunnel as he left.

The most tremendous offensive mining operation of World War I—and of all history—was in the making. Today, in Viet Nam, the Viet Cong have amazed American Army engineers with their extensive tunneling. The VC's have dug labyrinths stretching 30 and 40 miles, three layers deep, holding thousands of troops. But essentially these are defensive tunnels to protect their men and supplies from American-Vietnamese bombing and surface attacks. Historically, military tunnels were generally dug to aid the offense. They were used in the Spanish Civil War of the 1930's; and in the American Civil War federal forces dug a 500-foot long tunnel at Petersburg, Virginia, charged it with four tons of gunpowder, and literally blew away part of the Confederate line in preparation for an attack. The mine was a complete success; the attack, a total failure.

At Messines Ridge the Germans had built a series of strongpoints impregnable from the surface. But although the British, like the Germans, had done a small amount of tunneling and blowing up of trenches, it was not until Pennycuick fell into the ground that the great idea developed. The time was late fall of 1915.

Word of Pennycuick's find sifted up to the Canadian Chief Engineer, Brigadier General Charles Armstrong. It started the general worrying that the Germans were mining the entire Canadian sector.

He hurried to the 250th Tunneling Company, one of the hastily formed new digging outfits. It had settled in at La Clytte, about three miles from the front and midway of the Messines Ridge line. In its first few weeks of existence, the 250th's work had consisted chiefly of digging latrines, trenches and dugouts.

When Armstrong walked into its headquarters tent, he found the commanding officer, Captain Cecil Cropper, hacking away at his face with a straight razor. Cropper, a big, handsome, independent type who was a mining engineer in civilian life, flicked the lather from under his chin and asked his visitor to sit down.

Armstrong went right to the point. He wanted Cropper to start tunneling back at the Germans. If he encountered signs of German tunnels, he was to blow camouflets—underground explosive charges powerful enough to collapse nearby tunnels without breaking through the surface.

"Our positions must not be mined," Armstrong declared.

When he was alone, Cropper thought about his new assignment. He didn't care for defensive mining—it was too tame. Stepping out onto the featureless plain behind the Canadian lines, he looked up at the German positions on Messines. The Canadians held part of the Allied line fronting it, the British the rest. The ridge rose into the air like a gigantic building set in the middle of a wheat field. It ranged up to 200 feet high, and it was 10 miles wide and three miles deep, with north and south ends tapering off. The Germans were dug in on the roof, and to throw them off, the attackers would have to climb through fields of machine-gun fire carefully laid out by an enemy who did not believe in giving up ground. A classic infantry charge in a situation like this could be suicide for 50 to 100,000 men.

Cropper soon asked himself why he should bother looking for German tunnels. Why not run his own tunnels under the section of the ridge in front of the Canadians, plant his charges, and blow the Germans out of the way?

Since he was a professional mining engineer, Cropper knew the job would not be so simple as merely digging a hole. Before he could present the idea to his superiors, he'd have to have facts and an effective plan. He started with a deep study of the ground. In this part of Flanders, the surface soil consists of a thin veneer of sand and sandy loam. Immediately beneath is a layer of waterlogged sand and semiliquid sand and clay, known to miners as slurry. The men in the trenches knew all about it from constantly sloshing through it. Any shaft put down in this guck would have to be pumped 24 hours a day.

Groping for an answer to the problem, Cropper took test borings by having his men pound an open-ended pipe into the earth. About 80 feet down he found a thick hard layer of blue clay. Dry throughout, the clay acted like an underground roof against the surface water. The engineer was certain he could dig dry tunnels toward Messines Ridge and the Germans through the clay; the difficulty was how to sink a dry shaft into the surface muck down to it.

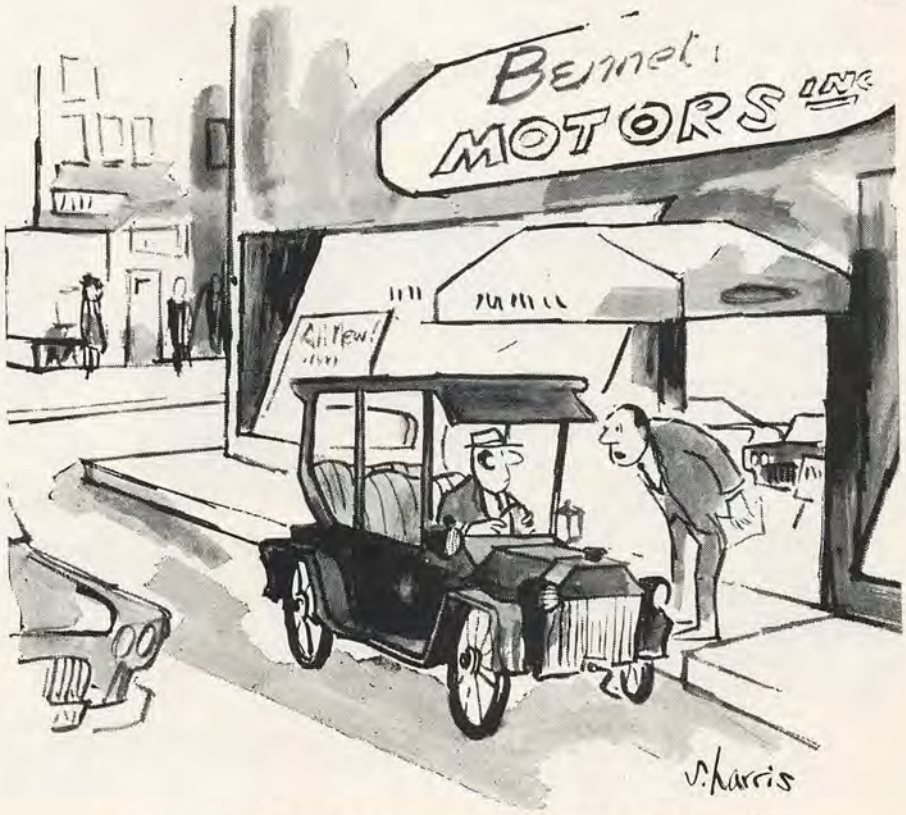
Cropper began roving the area, looking for some change in the consistency of the surface soil. Finally, about a quarter-mile behind the front line, he spotted blue clay in dry stream beds and ground hollows. If this clay proved to be solid outcroppings of the underground layer, he could start digging. Any mushiness in the first few feet of his shaft he could eliminate by lining it with planks.

His tunnels would have a long way to go before they even passed under the Canadian trenches, but at least they would be dry. Furthermore, since the Germans were atop the ridge, the tunnels would reach the line of the enemy trenches almost 200 feet below ground. At that depth they would be difficult for the Germans to detect and be reasonably protected from camouflets.

Captain Cropper put down his first test shaft about 1,500 feet behind the front, and it worked out just as he had thought. He had a dry shaft down into the blue clay layer. Knowing now that the job could be done, he put his scheme in writing and submitted it to General Armstrong.

The general's eyes popped when he realized that Cropper was proposing to tunnel more than 2,000 feet. "You're damned good," he said, "if you can do

TRUE



"I'm sorry, sir, but I don't believe we've called back this model."

it." Then he agreed to forward the plan up through channels.

On January 6, 1916, the proposal was presented to the British high command, and it was approved by the commander-in-chief, Marshal Douglas Haig. Some of Haig's officers, fascinated by its possibilities, even dreamed of opening the road to Berlin. But this was fantasy, not the hard reality World War I planners demanded. It was decided to limit the objective to capture of the ridge.

Once that decision had been made, the project started rolling. The Royal Flying Corps took thousands of aerial photographs of the German positions on the ridge. The strongpoints were identified, and 13 tunnels were aimed for them. Some of these tunnels were to branch off into smaller underground corridors, called galleries, until there were emplacements for 22 mines. The mines would be loaded with more than a million pounds of ammonal, a high explosive, and be set off electrically. To do the digging, the 1st, 3d, 171st, 175th and 250th Canadian and 1st Australian tunneling companies—over 6,000 men—were assigned, and they were to dig almost five miles through the ground.

Thirteen shafts were sunk, and horizontal tunnels started. In an effort to conceal them from German patrols slipping through the front lines at night—a routine activity for both sides during World War I—signboards lettered "Deep Wells" were posted beside them. Since the blue clay dug from the tunnels would have been a dead giveaway to deep mining, it was removed only at night, and either packed in sand bags to be sent forward for parapet building beside the trenches, or trucked far to the rear.

Cropper had charge of four tunnels, and because he had developed the basic idea, his superiors took a personal interest in them. To push these tunnels ahead, Cropper was offered a mechanical borer—the kind used to cut the way for the subway tubes under London.

The offer of the mechanical borer was welcome. Cropper's men were now digging with a technique known as "clay kicking," necessary because the tunnels were too small for swinging picks. Their size had started as three feet 10 inches high by three feet four inches wide, then had been expanded to four feet four inches square when the smaller tunnels proved too cramped. The clay kicker at the head of each tunnel sat on a small plank seat attached to a wooden cross wedged between floor and ceiling. The crossbar supported his shoulders and back. Thus braced, he drove a special spade into the clay with the muscle power in his legs—hence the name "clay kicker." The earth he loosened was pulled back by other men and loaded into makeshift mining cars, which were trundled on wooden rails to the upright shafts, where the clay was hoisted to the surface.

At first the clay kicker in each tunnel burrowed out about 25 feet a day, but this rate dwindled as the tunnels lengthened and supplying fresh air became a problem. Up to the 250-foot mark air from a hand-worked blacksmith's bellows had been forced into the tunnels through lengths of stovepipe. But then power-driven compressors were brought in to push more air into the pipes. The compressors made it possible to keep the head of each tunnel reasonably fresh, but bad air still hung in spots.

Captain Cropper was ready to try any improvement on clay kicking. But he was a careful man who took nothing for granted. Consequently he kept his men kicking out the clay while he put down an additional shaft, 88 feet deep, with an enlarged space at the bottom for assembly and initial maneuvering of the borer. Because the shaft was in full view of the German observation posts atop Messines Ridge, the borer's parts had to be delivered at night and lowered by starlight to the bottom of the shaft. Two civilian experts came with it to set it up.

It was a monster. Its chassis, smaller in diameter than its rotary cutting head, rode on iron wheels. To run it, Cropper learned, a whole series of auxiliary operations had to be set up. The cutter was driven by a compressed-air motor, and the air, exhausted from the machine, served also to keep the tunnel fresh. But air from the surface had to be sucked down to a compressor at the bottom of the shaft and piped to the machine. To run the electric motor of the compressor a gasoline generator was concealed in a surface pit near the shaft opening.

According to plan, as the cutting head turned, the clay it dislodged was forced back past the machine to the loaders, who would pile the dirt into mining cars and get rid of it. So that the machine wouldn't start chewing its way off course, it was stabilized by hydraulic jacks and by a pair of horizontal metal wings. The wings were supposed to slice through the earth like the elevators of a plane through the air, keeping the chassis from rotating when power hit the cutting head.

By March 4, 1916 the borer was ready to go, and at 11 p.m. that night it was turned on. While Cropper stared in fascination, it started chewing its way toward the German lines at a speed of two feet an hour, double the hand rate, even as it cut a tunnel six feet in diameter.

For several hours the borer ran smoothly. Then suddenly it developed a tendency to dig at a downward angle. A maximum pressure of 2,500 pounds per square inch was applied to the bottom jacks to get the machine leveled off, but it still headed downward.

"The bloody thing doesn't want to go to Germany," Captain Cropper swore. "She wants to dig to Australia by the most direct route!"

The machine was stopped while the civilian experts tried to figure out what was wrong. But stopping the borer only created more trouble. The blue clay, impervious to the water in the 80 feet of earth above it, soaked up the moisture carried in by the air in the tunnels and swelled. The hand diggers had encountered this problem earlier, and solved it by spacing shoring timbers two feet apart to let the clay bulge between them.

But there was no way of easing the pressure on the sides of the borer when the clay began to swell. Within 15 minutes after the power was shut off the machine was locked in tight. The men had to dig out around it before it could be started forward again. But every time they got it going it began to dive and would have to be shut off.

The borer had driven a tunnel 200 feet long when the blue clay claimed it forever. The civilian experts went home, leaving their monster 80 feet under the soil of Belgium, where it still is. The tunnelers went back to clay kicking.

Early in June, 1916, Captain Cropper's main tunnel passed under the German lines 100 feet down and 1,500 feet from the shaft opening. A hundred feet farther on, two galleries were started, to branch off like the arms of a Y. A few days later, unknown to the British, the Germans ended a tunnel a short distance past the Y and about 60 feet above it. The Germans had no idea where the British were digging, but as a normal precaution they dug their own countermines routinely

TRUE

"It's a pity they didn't have the pill in those days."

and blew them, hoping to destroy any British tunnels nearby. This time, as usual, they planted their charge and brought the wires back to an exploder.

At 6:30 a.m. on June 10 the Germans fired it. Cropper's tunnel collapsed between the 1,250 and 1,500 foot marks. At the outer end, 12 of his men were sealed into one of the galleries. When the rescue party dug through seven days later, only a Welsh miner named Bedson remained alive.

After the debris had been cleared out, the branch galleries were pushed nearly 300 feet farther. They were ready for loading now, and ammonal was brought up to the shaft openings in tin cans and sent below. It was put in the mining cars and rolled forward, to be stacked in the galleries like so many paint cans. The right gallery was packed with 41,150 pounds of ammonal, the left gallery with 32,850 pounds. Both galleries were refilled with earth to the main tunnel; and the wires to the explosive were run back to the shaft opening. Cropper's first tunnel was ready for the signal to go.

Some of the 13 tunnels were pushed through with no difficulties but the grinding labor. In others, there was almost hand-to-hand fighting far underground. One morning in July, a clay kicker of the 2nd Canadian Tunneling Company, digging toward the German strongpoint known as Hill 60, on the ridge, drove the blade of his shovel home with a thrust and a grunt. As the chunk of clay dropped, the digger stiffened. From ahead, through the clay, he had heard what sounded like one shovel striking another. The digger cursed softly, then waved to the men behind him for silence.

Near the clay kicker, in an observation hole gouged into the side of the tunnel, Lt. John Westacott and his assistant, Sergeant Brown, rose to their feet. They squeezed past the clay kicker to the head of the tunnel. Brown handed his geophone, a bulky stethoscopelike listening instrument, to Westacott. The lieutenant clamped the phone to his ears and pressed the pickup against the clay. He heard shovels jabbing and then muttering in German. Westacott groaned softly. It was his bad luck to run into one of the very few deep tunnels the Germans had put down into the blue clay. The enemy was less than 15 feet away.

Working feverishly, the Canadians bored a hole with a hand auger into the clay face and rammed home a torpedo, an eight-foot section of pipe backed with 100 pounds of ammonal. Sandbags were stacked against the torpedo and wires run back to Westacott's exploder. The lieutenant rammed the plunger down.

As soon as the dust settled, Westacott moved forward. The head of the tunnel was a shambles. While the debris was being shoved aside, Westacott, Brown and three enlisted men strapped on revolvers and loaded up with grenades. They crawled through the narrow opening the sappers had cleared, dragging along heavy charges of ammonal.

Inside the German tunnel, the party found two enemy miners killed by the explosion, their broken bodies sprawled on the wooden duckboards over the floor.

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY JERRY IZENBERG

WILDEST TRIPLE PLAY IN BOXING

Today, Henry Armstrong is a lay preacher in Los Angeles and if Henry hustles for religion the way he did in the ring, no sane man would dare quote a price on the devil. In the span of 10 hectic months, Hammering Henry, a featherweight when it began, fought for and won three world titles at three different weights. It was an incredible feat that has never been repeated.

In 1937 Armstrong, managed by an old-line fight man named Eddie Mead, had already established himself as a first-class boxer. But, then as now, little men did not draw big crowds to the fistic emporiums. Mead decided that the only way Henry could crack the top money bracket was to win the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight titles.

Chapter one of boxing's most astounding triple play took place on October 29, 1937, when Armstrong, weighing exactly 126 pounds, the division limit, knocked out Petey Sarron to win the feather title.

Then, in May of 1938, Henry blew himself up to 138 pounds because the New York Boxing Commission said he couldn't fight for the welter title, where the limit was 147 pounds, if he weighed less. He went out and battered Barney Ross for 15 rounds to win his second championship.

That August Armstrong, now weighing 134, a pound under the limit, climbed into the ring to fight lightweight champ Lou Ambers for title No. 3.

Armstrong wasn't at his best that night, particularly in the early rounds. Perhaps the wild fluctuations in his weight had weakened him. In the first round, Ambers hit him flush on the jaw and cut his mouth. It bled and it bled and it kept on bleeding. Armstrong kept on fighting.

After the 12th round, referee Arthur Donovan waded across the crimson ring and told the weary challenger he was going to stop the fight. "That red stuff on the floor is all yours, Henry," Donovan explained patiently.

"If it bothers you," Armstrong replied, "I'll stop bleedin'. But I ain't quittin'."

Stop bleeding was what he did. He ordered Mead to remove the mouthpiece and he fought the rest of the brutal battle without visibly losing a drop of blood. "I swallowed it," Henry recalls today. "I had made up my mind to win so I just swallowed the blood the last three rounds. The coagulant made me sick so I threw up after each round."

When the 15th round started, the fight was even. At the bell, Armstrong leaped from his corner and slammed away at Ambers with a flurry of hard lefts and rights to the face. Then he moved to the body and drove both hands to Ambers' midsection, pounding away with what seemed like a hundred punches a minute. He was Hammering Henry again and he won the fight. Afterward the doctor took 15 stitches in his lower lip.

"That last round I got dizzy and I thought the whole balcony was chasin' me with boxing gloves. But I won. At least I think I did. Anyway, the book says I won and who am I," asks Preacher Armstrong, "to call the book a liar?"

"No, Carlos, I thought you invited him to join the junta!"

Westacott and his men, with revolvers drawn, walked slowly up the tunnel, which angled off to the right. About 50 yards along they planted their charges and lit the fuses. Just as they finished, they spotted the far-off flickering of a German miner's lamp.

The Canadians broke into a run for their own tunnel and scrambled through the connecting hole. Westacott and Brown were the last men and they didn't quite make it. The explosion buried them in the hole. But both men were dug out alive, although Brown had a broken leg. The German tunnel was knocked out of action, choked with a solid plug of clay, and the Canadians forged ahead.

While the tunneling companies were fighting their underground war, General Sir Herbert Plumer was preparing his Second Army for the assault it was to make when the mines were ready.

Sir Herbert appeared to be an "old boy," a Colonel Blimp with white hair, pink jowls, and a spreading white moustache. He had a potbelly and short, pipestem legs. But behind this caricature of an English officer was a sharp mind. Plumer had worked out a precise battle plan for the ridge, and he was going to make damned well certain that the lowliest dog robber in his army knew what to do during the attack.

For that purpose the general had a clay model of the ridge, about the size of two tennis courts, constructed behind the front at Scherpenberg. All officers of the 2nd Army, down to platoon lieutenants, were brought in to study it and to memorize the job each would have. Then training areas were staked out to duplicate sectors of the German lines. Flags were put up and tapes laid to show the actual positions of farms, woods, trenches, machine-gun nests and concrete blockhouses on the German side of the front line. Each assault regiment had to run its own course at least six times until it knew the attack plan perfectly.

While Plumer was honing his Army, and his tunnels were stretching out toward the German strongpoints, the enemy was beginning to ask himself what the British had in mind. The Germans knew the British were massing for a big assault. Their planes had seen the preparations. Even the possibility that the British were deep-mining the whole German ridge was considered.

But here the Germans were led astray by their own digging problems. Although they were on the high ground, their tunnels in the upper soil layers had also been plagued by water seepage. The few shafts they had dug into the deep blue clay had been soaked with water from the sub-surface slurry pouring down—a difficulty Captain Cropper had overcome. Because of this trouble with drainage, Colonel Fusellein, the German mining officer, had reported to Crown Prince Rupprecht, field marshal of the northern armies on the German western front, that the British could not mine the ridge in a large-scale operation.

Then, on April 9, 1917, the Germans had their last chance to figure out just what the British were doing. On that night a German raiding party penetrated the British lines and scooped up a handful of blue clay at one of the shaft openings. The clay started some German brass thinking that the British *might* be deep-mining the ridge after all. If they were, the Germans were sitting on a keg of dynamite. Von Kuhl, Rupprecht's chief of staff, had the answer. *If* there were British mines down there, they could be nullified easily. All the Germans had to do was abandon their front-line positions and take a short step to the rear.

Crown Prince Rupprecht was horrified at the idea of giving up ground without a fight. The blue clay, he said, must be from one isolated tunnel the British were trying to dig. His troops would stay where they were.

On May 7, Marshal Haig asked his 2nd Army commander when he would be ready to go. "In one month exactly," the precise Plumer replied.

So the time of the attack was set—June 7, 1917.

With zero hour—3:10 a.m. on June 7—approaching, the British were finally prepared. The 13 tunnels they had dug branched off into 21 galleries—21 enormous mines. Of the 22 galleries dug, one had been successfully camoufletted and destroyed by the Germans, with the loss of four British miners. Two of the galleries, on the extreme south of the ridge in the area the British called "The Birdcage," although loaded with 60,000 pounds of ammonal, were abandoned by Plumer at the last moment as too far south of the attack area to do any good. But in the 19 remaining mines were more than a million pounds of explosive.

"I don't know," said Harington, Plumer's chief of staff, "if we are going to make military history. But we are certainly going to change geography."

The enormous enterprise was reaching its culmination. It had taken nearly two years; it had cost the lives of 15 men caught in blown-in tunnels, and sapped the strength of many more. The man perhaps most responsible for the success of the plan, Captain Cropper, had fallen ill and been invalided to England. He would not see the explosion.

The night of June 6 started with a wet fog rolling in over the battlefield. At 10 p.m. there was a thunderstorm. By midnight the rain had stopped and a bright moon shone. Around 2 a.m. of June 7, R.F.C. planes buzzed the German lines to drown out the sound of 72 British

Mark IV tanks moving into position.

At 3:10 on Lt. Cecil Hall's watch, he and Sergeant Beer of the 3rd Canadian Tunneling Company rammed the exploder plungers down for the two mines buried under Trench 122 on the southernmost edge of the attack area. There was a roar on the German side, and a sheet of flame erupted 200 feet into the night sky. Then silence fell. Hall's timepiece had been slightly fast, and he and Beer had beat the main punch.

Seven more seconds ticked away. Then, during the next 12 seconds, all the remaining mines—17 of them, singly and in pairs—blew. The inverted cones of flame spread out to merge into a single gigantic red sheet along the 10-mile length of Messines Ridge. The noise of the explosions echoed back and forth, until there was a roll of thunder cracking in the combat area.

Shock waves shook the ground. In Lille, 15 miles behind the front, German supply troops ran panic-stricken into the streets, convinced they had been caught in a violent earthquake. Across the English Channel, 140 miles away, David Lloyd

George, the English prime minister, awakened for the occasion, listened outside his home for the sound.

Other men heard the explosion, too, with both understanding and shock: Captain Cropper in his hospital bed in London; Pennycuick, now a captain, on another sector of the front; sapper Bedson, in his barracks at an Army base depot, Lieutenant Westacott, who had lost a hand in a premature explosion, at a convalescent home in England.

Entire sections of the German front line were lifted out of the earth. Warped cannon barrels, smashed rifles, crushed rock, dirt, bits of flesh, shreds of gray uniforms, blocks of concrete from permanent emplacements, chunks of blue clay as big as trucks brought up from depths of 90 to 100 feet, unconnected arms, legs, and torsoes, artillery wheels, individual German soldiers, all floated through the sky like toys and settled to earth hundreds of feet away. Men were vaporized, or simply gulped down by the settling earth. A thousand soldiers of the 40th Jaegers and the 4th Bavarians disappeared without a trace. The crater left by one mine quickly turned into a 200-foot pool of quicksand that bubbled like oatmeal and swallowed anything slipping into it. Another mine, with 91,000 pounds of ammonal buried 88 feet deep, produced a circle of destruction 430 feet across.

Simultaneously with the last mine explosion, every big gun of the 2nd Army—2,338 artillery pieces and 304 trench mortars—in some places lined up wheel against wheel—opened fire. The muzzle flashes were so close together, the rate of fire so rapid, that the British rear area appeared to be ablaze. The barrage crashed down on the first 700 yards of the German positions, adding to the shock and destruction.

As the artillery lifted its fire, nine divisions of infantry—English, Irish, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders—with three divisions in close reserve, started toward what had been the main German defense line. Immediately behind them the 72 Mark IV tanks gunned their motors and lumbered forward.

In the German area a great pall of smoke and dust lay over everything, and visibility was limited to 10 to 15 yards. The British troops moved like ghosts through this fog, trotted up onto Messines Ridge, and flowed around the 19 great craters. With the survivors standing sobbing, the British infantry took the German line that had stymied them for 2½ years in a few minutes. In a matter of hours they seized their final objectives two miles in the German rear—and then came to a halt.

Behind the infantry, the tanks milled around in confusion after crossing the ridge. They climbed over the broken ground, slid into craters and out again, nosed into trenches, pushed their guns over sandbag emplacements and into shattered concrete blockhouses, herded prisoners to the rear, and even took up fixed positions. A spearhead force that could have rolled up the German lines from the flanks, they had no orders to keep going. They were victims, like the rest of the operation, of the military philosophy of the limited objective.

For it was only shortsightedness that prevented this great local victory from developing into a German rout that could have ended World War I a year early. A 10-mile gap had been torn in the German lines. The road lay open to Berlin—the dream of a few of Haig's planning officers when the mining operation had been first conceived. But it had never been considered a real possibility, never worked out in terms of objectives and logistics, and the attackers muffed their chance.

Even so, the failure of British strategic planning can not lessen the magnitude of the great tactical victory achieved by General Plumer, his troops and the men who labored so long underground.

Most of them are gone now, but the man whose discovery started it all still has his memories. In England, Brigadier J.A.C. Pennycuick, only a lieutenant when he fell into that German shaft on Hill 60, today shakes his head in wonder at the vast mining operation his misstep set off. No one can disagree with his tribute: "It was a stupendous undertaking."

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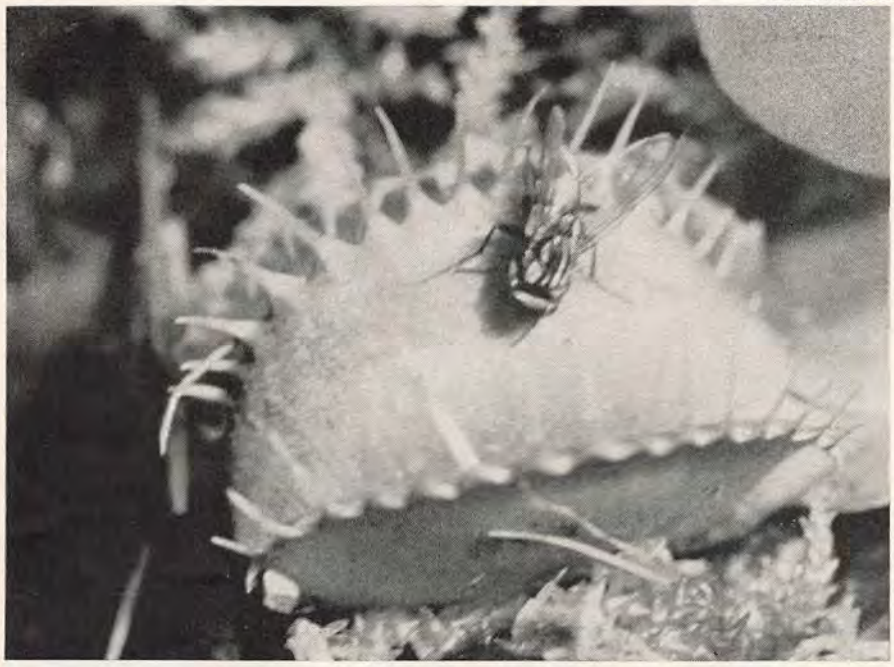

A bug's fatal step. At touch of triggerlike hairs, jaws of Venus flytrap will close.

While Joe Khattar of Detroit was in Madagascar with a construction company, he heard stories of a man-eating plant, but never actually saw one. Joe suspects the islanders were pulling his leg, but he would still like to find out just what carnivorous plants are capable of devouring, where they grow and how they capture their prey.

Any skepticism about leafy "people-eaters" is well founded. While rumors of the Madagascar plant pop up every now and then, science has never seen one, and botanists strongly deny its existence.

On a smaller scale, however, carnivorous plants are fairly common, with about 450 species relying entirely or partially on animal life for sustenance. Meat-eating plants are found on every continent, except Antarctica. They tend to favor low, acid, marshy ground, but some species grow at altitudes as high as 9,000 feet.

Most of the plants are satisfied with a diet of insects, but at least one species can digest small birds and mammals.

There are three primary methods of capture employed by carnivorous plants: the pitcher trap, the flypaper trap, and the more aggressive snapping trap.

Pitcher traps are exactly what the name implies—heavy leaves shaped like pitchers. These leaves are filled with rainwater, or sometimes a plant-produced fluid. Creatures lured inside the pitcher drown and are then absorbed by the plant cells and digested. A nectar trail often supplies the incentive for attracting an insect into the trap. A series of long, downward slanting hairs prevents exit.

It is believed that pitcher plants rely on bacteria to decompose prey. This theory, while not entirely proven, is strengthened by the fact that the pitchers exude the odor of decay. At least one type of pitcher plant is also believed to secrete a narcotizing agent that knocks intruders for a loop and speeds up the drowning process.

The biggest pitcher plant is one of the species of *Nepenthes*. This tropical carnivore is found in Borneo. It develops a trap as large as 12 inches wide, and is capable of holding seven pints of water. This is the plant which sometimes dines on birds and rodents, but how it lures these larger creatures to a watery death is not known.

Flypaper-trap plants contain millions of tiny glands on their leaves. These secrete a sticky substance which traps insects after they have been attracted to the leaves by an inviting odor.

The Venus's flytrap, found in North and South Carolina, is the best known of the snapping plants. Its leaves, which divide in half, have sharp teeth and a series of trigger hairs. If an insect touches two hairs, or one hair twice, the leaf closes, the teeth lock and it is "good-bye fly."

Plants employing the snapping and flypaper techniques digest their catches with enzymes which they produce.

Microscopic fungi (which are plants) can also be carnivorous. One predatory fungus forms itself into a noose and literally ropes tiny eelworms, its favorite dish.

Q: Where is Utopia? ***Greg Soren, Birmingham, Ala.***

A: The word "Utopia" is derived from the Greek, meaning "Nowhere." It was the title of a book by famed English humanist Thomas More, published in 1516, about an imaginary island where a perfect political, economic and social system existed. On the island, Utopia, there was freedom of worship, education for all, no poverty, an abundance of food, and a six-hour workday. In popular colloquial usage, the word has come to mean a fantasy or an impossibly ideal scheme.

Q: Who invented margarine? ***Shelia Dunlap, Holyoke, Mass.***

A: A French scientist named Hippolyte Mege-Mouries. He had been commissioned by the French Navy to find an alternative for butter at a time of an acute shortage, and for his success he was awarded a prize in 1870 by Napoleon III. This first margarine was an unappetizing combination of beef suet, crushed together with warm milk and a portion of a sheep's stomach wall. Margarine is now made chiefly from vegetable oils. Vitamin additives have replaced the bits of sheep stomach called for in the original recipe.

Q: Must you have a reservation for a campground in a National Park? ***Paul Haughey, Pittsburgh, Pa.***

A: No. All campgrounds in federal areas are on a first-come, first-serve basis. Private campgrounds, however, do accept and sometimes demand reservations in advance.

Q: What does the term Laya Yoga mean? ***David W. Walts, West Winfield, N. Y.***

A: It's a rather broad term referring to the study of energy, particularly in the human organism. It covers the mystery of the life force in all aspects such as bodily heat and sexual power.

Q: How many U.S. Presidents are buried in Washington, D.C.? ***Milt Averstrom, Lexington, Ky.***

A: Only one, Woodrow Wilson. He was interred February 5, 1924, at the National Cathedral.

Q: Have any U.S. paratrooper units ever attempted to air drop men into deep snow without parachutes? I contend that it was attempted, but I seem to be alone in my theory. ***Chester R. Dommer, Tonawanda, N.Y.***

A: You are. There is nothing on record to indicate that such a maneuver was ever attempted. Exercise Snow Bird, performed in Alaska early in 1955 to test the cushioning effects of snow, involved troops dropping into 24 to 30 inches of snow from flying aircraft, but each participant definitely wore a parachute.

Q: What is the largest fine ever imposed on a baseball player by his club? ***Walt Corning, Dayton, Ohio.***

A: $5,000. In 1925, New York Yankees' manager Miller Huggins fined Babe Ruth that amount for arriving late in St. Louis where the team was scheduled to play. Ruth protested strongly, but paid.

Q: Is it true that Lloyd's of London, the famous English insurance company, first began business as a restaurant? ***Eugene B. Toolan, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: Yes. Edward Lloyd, founder of Lloyd's, opened a coffeehouse on London's Tower Hill in 1688. It was popular with sea captains, shipowners and merchants. Lloyd, a man with a fast eye for a pound note, later moved his shop to busy Lombard Street where business flourished even more. It was a place where anyone could get information on ships for sale and cargo movements. Eventually, he and some of his customers began to insure ships and cargo, a small, speculative venture which grew into the now famed giant of the insurance world. It is a syndicate whose members write insurance at the rate of $3 million in premiums daily and insure everything from a young girl's virginity to fair weather in a resort area. Because of its restaurant origin, messengers and assistant underwriters at Lloyd's to this day are still referred to as "waiters."

Q: Did the Navy ever discover what happened to the USS *Cyclops?* I had a friend aboard at the time it disappeared during World War I. ***Percy B. Marshall, Largo, Fla.***

A: The *Cyclops*, a Navy transport ship, sailed from Rio de Janeiro for Baltimore, Maryland, on February 16, 1918, carrying 309 men and 10,800 tons of manganese ore. She arrived at Barbados on March 3rd for fuel and sailed again the next day. Since that time there has been no trace of the vessel nor any of the men on board. The disappearance remains one of the greatest mysteries in naval history.

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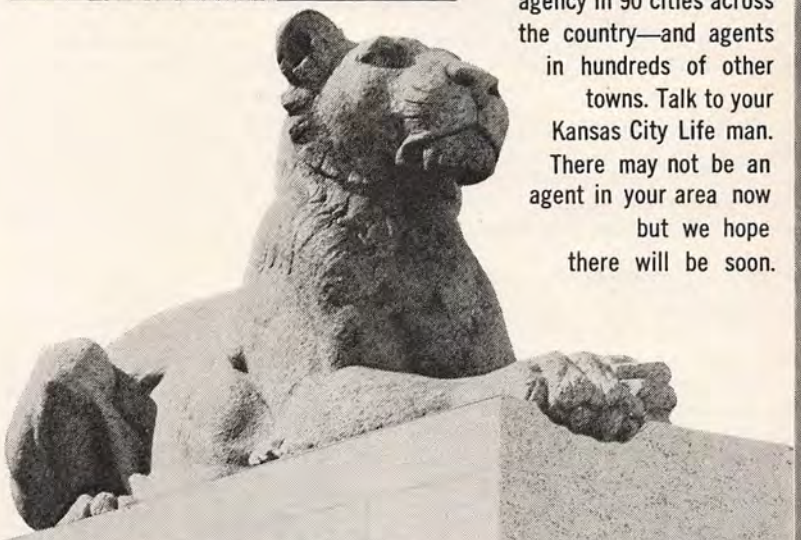

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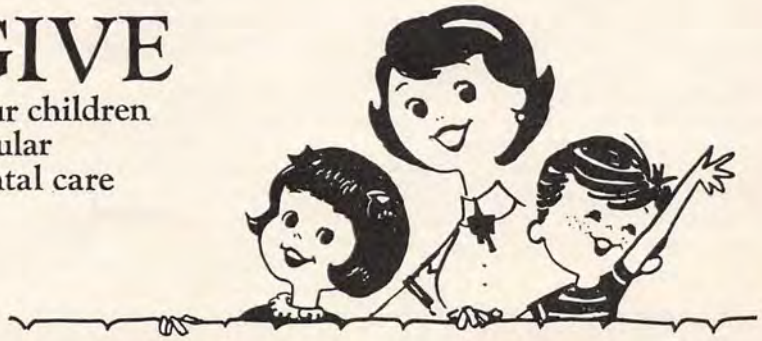

The American Society of Dentistry for Children

Q: Is there anything like our Triple Crown in English Thoroughbred racing? *Bill Heckman, Chicago, Ill.*

A: Yes. The Triple Crown actually originated in England in 1809. To win it, a three-year-old must win the Thousand Guineas, held at Newmarket; the Epsom Derby, at Epsom Downs; and the St. Leger Stakes, at Doncaster. Only 14 horses have won all three classics. The most recent was Bahram, owned by the Aga Khan, which won in 1935. The American Triple Crown which dates from 1875, includes the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness Stakes and the Belmont Stakes. Eight horses have won it.

Frederic Lewis

Q: I've been told that I should cast for fish with my left hand so I can reel with my right. Since I'm right-handed, I find this rather awkward. What's the proper way? *F. F. Cole, Waveland, Miss.*

A: The only people who cast with their left hand are left-handers. The accepted way is with the right.

Q: How much has our air and space defense systems cost the U.S. since World War II? *C. S. Paparus, Cleveland, Ohio*

A: Including airplanes, ships, missiles and electronic warning networks, more than 100 billion dollars.

Q: Are spider webs used commercially? *Clara Wagner, Utica, N. Y.*

A: Not any longer. Spider webs, or spider silk, secreted from the spider's abdominal glands, were at one time used extensively as cross hairs or sighting marks for optical instruments. The fiber is fine and strong and can withstand extremes in temperature, but now silver-coated platinum wire and etchings on glass have entirely replaced its use. There have been attempts to use spider silk for textile purposes, but none proved successful. Because the fiber is so much thiner and finer than that of the silkworm's, it would take more than a half-million good-sized spiders to produce one pound of silk.

Q: How high off the deck of an aircraft carrier are the cables which hook onto landing aircraft? *R. B. Fagerburg, Lakewood, Calif.*

A: Two to three inches.

Q: When did the greatest "land rise" in recent history take place? *George Evans, Chicago, Ill.*

A: During the Alaskan earthquake, March 27, 1964. In the area between Kodiak and the Montague Island, parts of the ocean floor rose more than 50 feet. Tidal waves set off by the quake battered coastlines as far away as Japan.

Q: What is the significance of academic hoods worn at commencement? *Clayton G. Landry, Bodfish, Calif.*

A: The hood, the most telling of all academic costume, makes clear the level of the degree given and the faculty of the wearer. The bachelor's, master's, and doctor's hoods are three feet, three and one-half feet and four feet respectively. In the same order, the velvet trimming which extends around the hood on the exposed edge is two, three and five inches. The color of the trim identifies faculty; for instance, white is for Arts, Letters and Humanities, orange for Engineering and yellow for Science.

Q: Why do native headhunters shrink heads? *Evert Bundy, Boston, Mass.*

A: In certain primitive societies shrunken heads were trophies of war. Having the largest number of shrunken heads was a great honor. The hair of those whose heads were mummified was made into a captor's cincture, and the warrior wore it in wars and at fiestas and was even buried with it. It was never kept by others as a remembrance.

Q: In what country were wedding cakes thrown over a new bride's head? *Olen E. Bowers, Gaffney, S. C.*

A: It's an old English custom, particularly around the area of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. A plate of cake was flung over the new wife's head as she returned from the church. According to superstition, the more pieces the plate broke into the happier would be the marriage. In some areas, the number of bits indicated the number of children. If the plate remained intact, it was a bad sign, and usually some quickwitted person stamped on it with all possible speed to avert evil omens. The cake itself was scrambled for by the guests and torn into luck-bringing fragments.

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Q: I'm a stamp collector and read recently that Ireland has issued a special stamp marking the 50th anniversary of the death of Roger Casement. Who was he? *Eberhard Schmitt, Gales Ferry, Conn.*

A: An Irish patriot, knighted in 1911 for his services to the British and then executed by them in London for high treason on August 3, 1916. He had allied himself with the movement for Irish independence, was a member of the Gaelic League and a founder of the Irish Volunteers.

Q: What makes of wagons and guns were used during the early western migration in the U.S.? *H. C. Crofford, Norfolk, Va.*

A: The Studebaker company became a sizeable concern during the Civil War and it made many of the wagons that traveled westward after that war. But other wagons were used as well. Winchester and Sharps were popular rifles as were Colt, Remington, and Smith & Wesson handguns. A good many guns and wagons were Army surplus.

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SOMEDAY, GOD FORBID . . .
[*Continued from page* 43]

Borman, in Gemini 7, called down that he had seen Gemini 6 light up and then die. By the time technicians could get to the pad, wash down fuel that had leaked and drain the Titan's tanks, Schirra and Stafford had been sealed on top of the live bomb for more than an hour and a half.

These two were successfully launched into orbit days later, and made history when they rendezvoused with the Gemini 7 team. To the world it was a ringing success, but to those in the know at Cape Kennedy, it was perhaps the closest call ever.

All the potential dangers are by no means in the early moments of flight. Once in orbit, many things can occur to endanger the astronauts' lives.

Gene Cernan's face visor fogged up so badly during the Gemini 9 flight last June, he could barely see to make his way back into the spacecraft after taking an abbreviated walk in space. On Gemini 11, astronaut Richard Gordon was nearly blinded by sweat during his space walk. Should a life-supporting tether break during one of these extravehicular "strolls," the astronaut could stay alive only an hour or so, until his emergency oxygen supply gave out. Then he would float around the Earth for weeks, months or even years.

An even worse fate, causing multiple deaths, could result if something malfunctioned in the retro-rocket pack, thus marooning the crew in space, helpless and hopeless. In an interview years ago, John Glenn, the first American astronaut to orbit Earth, was asked what would happen if retro-rockets failed to function.

"Well," he admitted, "the pilot would remain in orbit for, let's say, a week or 10 days. Then his orbit would decay and he'd come back. He'd hit the atmosphere too hard." What Glenn left unsaid was that then the capsule and its occupants would be burned to a cinder.

Getting marooned in orbit, however, is not as likely a possibility as it was during the Mercury program, principally because astronauts today have means to maneuver their machine and don't have to depend totally on retro-rockets to get into proper alignment for reentry. If the retros don't fire, they can fly into a lower, decaying orbit and reenter the Earth's atmosphere that way. Still, it is not entirely inconceivable that the spacemen could become stranded. Had, for instance, Armstrong and Scott used all their control fuel while trying to stabilize their violently rolling Gemini 8, they could have been doomed 100 miles up.

Perhaps the most hazardous portion of any orbital mission is reentry. The spacecraft plunges into the atmosphere at such speeds that even a small error could cremate the astronauts long before they reach Earth. Glenn had a few anxious moments in Friendship Seven when he thought his heat shield was ripping off. Also if the reentry control fuel ran out and the craft came in sideways or backward, with no heat shield for protection, it would mean certain disaster.

There are other—though less spectacular—dangers once an astronaut lands. Gus Grissom literally swam for his life on July 21, 1961, when his Mercury capsule sank in the Atlantic Ocean following a suborbital mission. The fact that he hadn't secured the skintight neck band on his space suit didn't help matters, nor did the breeze-whipped waves caused by a rescue helicopter's rotor wash.

Scott Carpenter had a different, but equally harrowing experience following his three-orbit flight in May 1962. He overshot his recovery area and paddled in mid-ocean for three hours before rescuers could reach him. Had there been a storm, or if he had splashed down at night, the story might not have had a happy ending.

All these potentially disastrous possibilities exist on every manned flight today. But they are a cakewalk compared to the hazards the first lunar-bound astronauts will face.

At least one eminent international scientist, in fact, firmly believes no spacemen—Russian or American—will land on the lunar surface and safely return to Earth during this century. Dr. T. E. W. Schumann, deputy chairman of the South African Atomic Energy Board, a respected authority in space matters for more than a decade, is convinced there are too many intricate maneuvers that must be performed (with too little margin for error) to successfully carry off the moon mission.

Schumann concedes that the first lunar-bound trio may get off to a good start, but believes serious trouble will develop when two of the three men must descend from a moon orbit to the surface in a buglike contraption, explore awhile and then return to the mother spaceship.

"With all its untold complications, this phase must necessarily reduce the probability of success to a negligible figure," Schumann contends. Elaborating, he points out that the two men who leave their companion in orbit, will travel downward to the moon at 3,500 mph. and must slow this velocity to 10 mph. or less before they land.

"The numerous hazards to be overcome before they alight can hardly be exaggerated. They must be in continuous radio contact with terresterial stations to keep track of their actual position from second to second. If, due to any initial mishap, they should decide that it would be suicide to complete their downward journey to the surface, they would have no means of rejoining their companion.

"Theoretically, it should not be impossible to make provision for an emergency at this stage, but for all practical purposes, they have to abide by the thought that, once the descent has begun, there is no turning back."

Even if the astronauts reach the surface without incident, their troubles are only beginning. What if the lunar module is damaged during the landing? There are no repair stations, no spare parts in space.

Dr. Hugh Latimer Dryden, the late deputy administrator of NASA, indicated that the greatest hazards will be found on the moon itself. "On the airless lunar surface," he wrote, "a man's best friend will be his pressure suit. If it fails, or if he should fall and tear it open on some

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rock, the vacuum would claim him."

Once their exploration has been completed, another tough set of tasks faces the astronauts. The most critical moment of the Apollo project is likely to be when everything is set for the takeoff from the moon. The two space travelers will be all alone. There will be no army of scientists and engineers available to help them, as there was at Cape Kennedy when they left their mother planet.

The firing of the rocket which is to lift two astronauts off the moon must be timed with absolute precision to effect the desired rendezvous with their invisible third friend, who is still circling the moon. The difficulties encountered on the landing journey could be trivial compared with those involving the reunion in space between the two vehicles. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the two spacecraft may eventually be quite near each other, but that no fuel is left in either of them for maneuvers to effect a final rendezvous. In that event, the two occupants in the lunar module may continue orbiting the moon (ultimately for centuries) while their heartsick companion reluctantly decides to attempt the flight back to Earth alone.

Even if the difficult linkup is accomplished, the three men are still a long way from being home free. Following a delicate mid-course maneuver halfway back to Earth, they must thread a narrow needle to get into proper orbit for normal reentry. This is a 300-mile-wide, 40-mile-deep "alley" above the Earth that they must hit in their approach. If they miss it, there are two possible eventualities: 1. "By hitting it too steep," Doctor Dryden emphasized, "abrupt deceleration in the thickening air will crush them like ants under a boot." 2. If their angle of descent is too high, they would miss reentry altogether and sail off into the horizon, eventually winding up in a permanent circuit of the sun, sealed in the most expensive coffin ever built.

As Doctor Dryden phrased it, "the accuracy requirement seems fantastic, equivalent to shooting the nap off a tennis ball—but not hitting the ball—from a distance of 100 yards."

The next logical question then is: what is being done to prepare for spaceflight emergencies? The answer, at least for the present, is—nothing.

This is not because space officials are unconcerned. From the outset, NASA has seen to it that phenomenal precautions are taken to give every component of a manned spacecraft far better than 99 percent reliability. Still, the fact remains that we have developed no means of rescue once the capsule has left Earth. There are ideas and long-range plans, but if our spacemen get in trouble on the next flight, or anytime in the foreseeable future, there will be no way to help them.

Even if there were a perfected plan for space rescue today it is questionable if it would be implemented with money appropriations. Congressman Olin "Tiger" Teague of Texas, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Manned Space Flight, estimates it would take "one billion dollars and solving a lot of problems" to perfect a rescue system. With NASA already in a tight budget squeeze, space rescue seems destined to remain nothing more than a dream for some years to come.

Yet, following the near disaster of astronauts Scott and Armstrong last March, Teague called for an investigation to see exactly what rescue planning is being done by government and industry. He found NASA has asked a number of major aerospace contractors to submit proposals for such an operation. RAND Corporation is now in the process of a study which will evaluate the full spectrum of space-rescue requirements.

First ideas under consideration in the studies are "self-contained" rescue systems, those which astronauts could take with them. General Electric, for instance, has suggested an "emergency cocoon," a sort of inflatable space lifeboat or shelter in which an astronaut could survive if he had to bail out. He could either wait in orbit for another spaceship to pick him up, or he could align the capsule at the proper angle and fire its retro-rockets to de-orbit. He would then plunge back to earth unguided, uncontrolled, and land by parachute—somewhere.

The "Moose," also devised by GE, stands for Manned Orbital Operations Safety Equipment. It is an erectable one-man reentry vehicle with a foldable heat shield and a polyurethane foam structure that forms a capsule around the astronaut and insulates and supports him during reentry. The spaceman bails out in a transparent bag and releases the foam from cylinders, which hardens and attaches itself to the heat shield. Retro-rockets bring him into the atmosphere, a parachute is deployed, and radio signals automatically begin.

Douglas Aircraft's idea is a space parachute. Its hubcap-shape would have attitude-control jets for maneuvering prior to reentry and then would float down to Earth like an umbrella, without a conventional parachute being needed.

Another major category of rescue concepts involves ways to deliver aid to the man in space from the ground. The simplest idea, proposed by Lockheed Aircraft, would send an unmanned assistance vehicle, such as an Agena, to astronauts in distress. Tools and parts for repairs, escape kits, extra fuel, oxygen or food could theoretically be sent up this way. Secondly, should the astronauts be unable to maneuver their craft, they might be able to lock onto a "wired" Agena and have ground controllers direct the linked vehicles back to safety.

The Martin Company has recommended a National Orbital Rescue Service, which would include a number of different retrieval systems. Before the final Gemini flights, Martin engineers had designed a Gemini spacecraft with *three* seats instead of the normal two. Thus, one man could have gone up to overtake a craft in trouble. The pilots of the disabled ship would then have hitched a ride back to earth in the two extra seats.

Rescue reaction time is a key factor to success, no matter how many dollars are poured into a system. One study indicates that if it takes 12 to 24 hours to attempt a rescue, then 59 to 90 percent of the orbital emergency fatalities will already have occurred. With self-con-

TRUE

"Oh, oh, here comes trouble!"

tained escape systems, which possibly could be activated in minutes, the loss rate could be sharply reduced.

But how well any of these proposals would work out in practice remains a moot point, and throughout the rescue studies, one fact remains constant: there *will* be emergencies. How the American people will react and what the eventual repercussions would be are unpredictable.

NASA Administrator James E. Webb takes the optimistic view that, "If we should lose a crew, the people would be more determined to see it through. . . . By and large, I think the world is pretty wise, and it will judge between overall success and one failure, and correlate the two."

Dr. Edward C. Welsh, executive secretary of the National Aeronautics and Space Council and chief space advisor to President Johnson, expresses the administration's position: "It would be unrealistic to think we won't have a catastrophe and have lives put in jeopardy and lost. The advance of space exploration and exploitation must be continued for the benefit of mankind despite the occasional setbacks and disappointments which are unavoidable."

The government, then, is apparently willing to concede human sacrifice for the common good. Whether or not the public will share this philosophy and accept the lack of means to rescue astronauts remains to be seen. It could be put to a sudden test on the first manned lunar flight, or even on an Apollo flight in the near future.

Then will come the real moment of truth, not only for the astronauts, but for the entire world.—**Courtney Saunders**

THE BEES AND ME

[*Continued from page* 53]

I soon found there were plenty of other people in the United States who had decided to strike it rich by keeping bees—in fact, 200,000 of them. They produce about 250 million pounds of honey every year. But the world's biggest apiary is Miel Carlotta in Mexico, which operates 50,000 hives. The price of honey varies considerably—from 35 cents a pound to $1. A good hive can produce 200 pounds of honey a year, although in the West, where there are great fields of clover, hives have produced double that.

There are side products, too. The beekeepers sell the wax, the royal jelly and spare queens to people starting colonies. And they allow anyone suffering from rheumatism to be stung by their bees at so much per sting. In short, once you've set up an apiary your only problem seems to be keeping your money out of the hands of the Department of Internal Revenue. The best feature, to my way of thinking, was that the bees would do all the work. I wouldn't have to lift a finger.

Mad with excitement and a little bonded bourbon, I decided to ignore my visitor's offer and go into beekeeping on my own. So I wrote off for a complete hive and a beekeeper's outfit, consisting of a veil, specially coated gloves and a bee-proof pair of coveralls. After two weeks' delay the equipment that was to make me rich arrived.

The hive was knocked down but it was accompanied by full instructions which "could be easily followed by a child of 12." There being no child of 12 available, I had to read them myself. The directions were not as complicated as assembling a cyclotron but slightly more involved than putting together the U.S.S. *Nautilus*. When I'd finished, no self-respecting bee would have gone near the thing. I was finally forced to call in a professional carpenter who did a shipshape job for little more than it cost to build the Taj Mahal.

Meanwhile, I'd continued my reading on bees. What I read caused the sweat to break out on my brow like moisture on a mint julep during a heat spell. I discovered that life in a beehive more closely resembles court protocol in China during the time of the notorious An Teh-hai and the morals of the queen make Catherine of Russia look like Little Nell. Bees, it seemed, are murderers, communists and prone to outbreaks of mob hysteria that would interest a student of the French Revolution.

There are three castes in the hive: the queen, the drones and the workers. Their various duties have been described as "lays, plays, obeys," although the workers really run the hive. The queen is the only fully sexed female in the colony. She is an egg-laying machine who can produce 1,500 eggs a day during the height of the nectar-gathering season. The workers create a queen whenever they see fit by feeding a favored larvae entirely on royal jelly. This jelly is a substance bees produce in special glands in their heads and somewhat corresponds to milk among mammals. All larvae get royal jelly the first three days of their lives but are then shunted off on "bee bread," a mixture of honey and pollen. Then they grow up to be sterile females called workers.

The drones are the male bees and curiously enough have no father. The queen has two sacs: one containing drone eggs and one female. She also carries a lifetime supply of sperm from her nuptial flight and whenever she lays a female egg, she automatically fertilizes it. The drone eggs, however, hatch without this—which makes developing a new strain of bees difficult as the drones inherit only from the mother, not from a father. No one has a good word to say about drones—except me. They are always described as lazy, stupid, arrogant and worthless except for breeding. My feeling is that, anyhow, they don't sting.

Most of the bees in a hive are the workers and a good hive will have 50,000 or more of them. The workers gather the nectar, make the wax and honey, clean the hive, raise the young and hold an annual massacre of the drones when they've finished with them. Everyone thinks the workers are just fine . . . except the drones. It's the workers that sting you; the drones can't and the queen won't. A worker works so hard she usually dies in about six weeks, although a queen

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can live for eight years and so could a drone if he didn't get killed.

When autumn comes, the remaining bees prepare to ride out the cold weather. Most of the workers have died off anyhow and the rest gather around the queen to keep her warm, for a swarm of bees generates considerable heat. They form a constantly changing ball for as the bees on the outside get cold, they crawl into the middle of the ball and the inside bees have to take their turn on the outside. For food they depend on the honey stored up during the summer, so the beekeeper has to be careful to leave them plenty of honey for the cold days. In the spring, the queen starts laying again and the whole cycle is repeated.

I was interested to learn that as hives swarm several times a year, there are many wild-bee nests, descendants of domestic bees that have gone wild. A good outdoorsman can locate one of these bee trees and collect the honey. I had a better idea than that—why not collect the queen? Once you have the queen the colony will follow you. As a three-pound package of bees with a laying queen costs about $10, I figured on saving myself some dough.

Luckily in our neighborhood there was an experienced bee hunter called Harry Donahue. Harry showed me how it was done.

Harry drove over to my house one nice sunshiny morning with a station wagon loaded to the gunnels with bee-hunting gear. He had field glasses, a small bottle of white paint, climbers, a rope, a chain saw, several buckets to hold the honey, veil, gloves and a smoke box to keep the bees quiet. "But here's the most important item of all," he explained showing me a small box. Actually, it was two boxes: a small box about twice the size of a matchbox mounted on top of a cigar box. The small box had a sliding glass cover. A hole just large enough to admit a bee connected it to the cigar box and a piece of tin could be inserted under the small box to close the hole.

"Now we have to find ourselves a bee," said Harry. We picked a field of wild mustard that was in bloom. There were plenty of bees on the mustard and Harry caught several by shooing them into the box with his handkerchief. Next he slid back the glass top on the small box and put a dab of honey mixed with anise to give it a strong odor inside. He closed the glass top and took out the tin slide. Before long one of the prisoners crawled up through the hole into the small box and Harry slid the tin door back into position to keep the others out.

Next, Harry got out his bottle of paint, dipped in a twig, and cautiously sliding back the glass, marked the bee—which was so busy feeding that it didn't pay any attention to him. When she was full, Harry pulled out the glass and released her. The bee circled around for a few minutes to mark the spot and get her bearings. Then she took off in a "beeline" toward some woods. Harry carefully marked her line of flight on a map he'd brought. He did the same with the other bees, noting with a stop watch when each bee was released. Then he drove a stake into the ground and put the box, with the glass slide pulled back, on top of it.

"Now we wait," he explained.

We waited. The first marked bee was back in 10 minutes, bringing a couple of friends. Harry watched the others arrive and noted their time. Harry figured if a bee took eight minutes for the round trip, the hive was half a mile away. If she took 14 minutes, the hive was a full mile; 23 minutes meant two miles. If the bee took longer than half an hour, the hive was probably five miles or so away and not worth bothering with.

Harry caught several of the 10-minute bees and we drove a few miles to another position. Here he started releasing the bees. By plotting their flight on his map, he had a fix on the approximate position of the bee tree—where the two flight lines crossed was the spot.

"It's only about half a mile away," he reported at last with satisfaction. "Now use your ears as well as your eyes. You can often hear them buzzing around the tree when you can't see them."

We started walking, toting the heavy gear. Within half a mile we came on an old Victorian house deep in the woods that was straight out of a Charles Addams' cartoon. There were some fine old trees there and Harry started examining them hoping to find some bees flying in and out of a hole. No luck, so he got out his jar of bee bait and started throwing it around on bushes. Then we sat down in the shade to watch. Before too long bees began to alight on the bait, gorge themselves and take off. We followed their flight. We found the hive all right; it was in the cupola of the old house.

"What do we do now, burn the house down?" I asked.

"Let's ask the people who live there if there's some way to get into their cupola. I wouldn't think they're particularly eager to have a hive of bees in their attic."

We knocked on the door and a little old lady opened it. She looked to be about the same age as the house. Harry politely asked her if we could have her bees.

"Oh certainly," said the old girl cordially. "They must have tons of honey up there. It keeps dripping through the ceiling onto our billiard table. But they've built in an air space and there's no way into it."

Short of breaking through the ceiling, there didn't seem to be any way of getting at the colony. But Harry had an idea. There was a window just below the cupola with a projecting frame. We returned home, and Harry got my hive plus some frames with day-old brood from one of his. Returning to the house, Harry mounted the hive outside the window and ran a wire passageway to the hole so the bees would have to go into the hive. Over the hole he fitted a device called a bee escape, consisting of a frame with a small opening fitted with two springs. The bees could push their way through, but the springs worked only one way so they couldn't get back.

"When the bees find they can't get back to their old home, they'll start feeding one of the larvae royal jelly and turn her into a queen," Harry explained.

"Then they'll set up a new colony in the hive. After a couple of weeks, I'll take the escape off. Then the bees will go back and rob their old hive to get honey for the new one. We'll get both the honey and the swarm."

It worked out the way Harry said. A few weeks later he brought over the hive with the whole colony locked inside it. We set it up in the apple orchard, opened the entrance and ran like hell. The bees buzzed around furiously for a few hours but then they settled down in their new location.

As far as I was concerned, I could now forget about the bees until the golden day in autumn when I would put on my outfit and collect the honey. I was so wrong. Bees have a way of making their presence known, I soon found out.

The first person to complain was my wife. Whenever she covered herself with suntan lotion she was also soon covered with bees. They loved the stuff. If she tried to brush them off, they'd buzz warningly until she stopped. Then there was the problem of the swimming pool. Those bees spent a lot more time collecting water than they did nectar and our pool was their source of supply. A solid ribbon of bees several inches thick surrounded the pool and you had to dive over them to reach the water. I called Harry and he said he'd ask our state bee inspector what to do. I was surprised to learn that so many people keep bees that there are government bee inspectors who travel around checking on your hives.

A few days later Harry called back. "Well, the inspector has your problem licked. He says to fill the pool with mineral oil. The bees won't drink that."

"Has he any other good ideas?"

"Well, you could put out shallow enamel trays full of clean water for them. Also put nice, white pebbles in the trays where they can stand while drinking."

The inspector dropped around and we had an instructive talk. According to him, my bees were living under conditions that would have sickened Jeeter Lester. I was supposed to provide bee candy for them (made by boiling a special syrup), grow beds of sunflowers, hollyhocks, borage, mignonette, verbena, thyme and marjoram for their benefit, provide them with free wax for the cell making and take them into the cellar in winter. I was also supposed to check the hive constantly for signs of a disease called foulbrood, prevent swarming, make sure the bees weren't producing too many drones, housebreak them so they wouldn't soil my neighbor's sheets hung out to dry, and make sure they didn't get into a nursery and cross-fertilize any valuable flowers.

"We had a bad case around here not so long ago of a man's bees that got into a greenhouse where the florist was raising Easter lilies and fertilized them all," he warned me. "Once a lily is fertilized it wilts and can't be sold. The florist had those bees up on a rape charge, so watch yourself."

"How did the florist know whose bees they were?"

"Why naturally the man had his name on them. Don't tell me you don't have your bees marked?"

The prospect of writing on 50,000 bees, "Property of Daniel P. Mannix—If found, please return," plus my address and phone number, floored me. But the inspector explained that there are special kits which enable you to put a symbol on a bee for identification purposes so if the bees swarm on a neighbor's property he can't steal them. I assured him that wouldn't be necessary.

"You'd better make sure they don't swarm then," he cautioned me. "And they're liable to, the way you're treating them. Why, you even make them gather their own pollen."

"What am I supposed to do, flit from flower to flower and gather it for them?" I demanded.

"No, but you can buy it commercially and leave it near the hive. Then they can concentrate on honey gathering."

No one can say I didn't try to follow directions. My wife spent hours boiling up cauldrons of bee candy. The man who farms our land was cautioned not to cut the clover when it was ripe because the bees were still busy on the blossoms. We distributed enough pollen to fertilize the Sahara. I put out the watering dishes and in minutes the place looked like Orños Beach at Acapulco. Hordes of bees spent hours reclining on the pebbles I'd provided, soaking in the healthful, ultraviolet rays of the sun and chatting about which drone had been making time with the queen. In spite of all this, they swarmed anyway.

For a couple of days I'd noticed a lot of activity around the hive. Bees were crawling over it, giving each other fight talks, and obviously preparing for some big event. If I'd but known it, for some time a bunch of workers without asking my permission had been building special queen cells (which look like peanuts) and feeding a bunch of larvae on royal jelly. Now some of the new queens were preparing to emerge. The old queen knew what was going on but was helpless to prevent it. Instead, she'd determined to leave the colony with a few loyal supporters.

When the first young queen emerged, the old girl knew she'd had it. She began giving a curious *beep-beep* cry which means "Swarm! Swarm!" and acts on bees the way a bugle does on an old cavalry horse. The bees that had decided to go with her raided the combs and gorged on honey to facilitate wax making when they got to their new home. They took about 50 percent of the supply I'd been counting on to sugar my waffles during the winter.

When the time came to go, the bees poured out of that hive like water out of a fire hose, with the queen in the middle. The buzzing was so loud we could hear it in the house.

I'd read that once bees start swarming, the trick is to start beating on tin pans. The noise causes the swarm to alight on some convenient limb. You saw off the limb and shake the swarm into an empty hive, otherwise you lose them. I shouted to my family to raid the kitchen and get some noisemaking material. We emerged a few minutes later carrying all the available tinware just in time to see the swarm vanishing over some distant

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(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Date of Filing: October 1, 1966.
2. Title of Publication: True.
3. Frequency of Issue: Monthly.
4. Location of Known Office of Publication: Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.
5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.
6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Douglas Kennedy, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Barnard, Darien, Conn.
7. Owner: Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Bagg, Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Fawcett, New York, N. Y.; V. D. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; Gordon W. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Gloria Leary, Santa Monica, Cal.; V. F. Kerr, Bakersfield, Cal.; Allan Adams & Jack Adams, Trustees, Greenwich, Conn.; John R. Fawcett, Wilton, Conn.; Thomas K. Fawcett, New York, N. Y.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Reno, Nevada; M. F. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; H. A. Fawcett, New York, N. Y.
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Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: A. Total No. copies printed (net press run), 2,752,230. B. Paid Circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 606,334; 2. Mail subscriptions, 1,859,284. C. Total paid circulation, 2,465,618. D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means, 15,766. E. Total distribution (sum of C and D), 2,481,384. F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 270,846. G. Total (sum of E and F—should equal net press run shown in A), 2,752,230.

Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: A. Total No. copies printed (net press run), 2,754,615. B. Paid Circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 627,100; 2. Mail subscriptions, 1,867,060. C. Total paid circulation, 2,494,160. D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means, 16,612. E. Total distribution (sum of C and D), 2,510,772. F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 243,843. G. Total (sum of E and F—should equal net press run shown in A), 2,754,615.

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(signed) GORDON W. FAWCETT

woods. As they had neglected to leave a forwarding address, I never saw them again.

Well, I reflected, that was that. At least swarming was over for the summer. But may I be dipped in 10 feet of foulbrood if a few days later I didn't hear more frenzied buzzing and rushed out to witness a new swarm taking off. Another queen had hatched out so the queen that had driven out the old queen was now taking it on the lam.

This was going too far and I called Harry. "Sure, that was an 'afterswarm.'" he told me. "They may keep sending out afterswarms all summer as new queens come out until the old colony is so weakened it won't survive the winter. You have to stop them."

"What do I play? 'Home, Sweet Home' on the violin?"

"Open the hive and destroy all the queen cells. Then just to make sure, clip the queen's wings so she can't get hysterical and swarm anyway. They probably need more space so put a few more supers on top of the hive."

Following his advice I was able to save what was left of the colony but my new queen having never been bred could only lay drone eggs. Fortunately, she realized this and soon prepared for the mating flight.

The queen's nuptial flight has been celebrated in song and story. Personally, I think it's a lousy system but that's only a man's opinion.

The queen pays no attention to the drones in the hive nor they to her. But one nice morning she leaves the hive and starts ringing up into the sky. At this moment she apparently gives off some sort of scent that drives every drone within miles mad with passion. If the perfume companies could only find the formula, Chanel No. 5 and Tabu would be out of business. Drones from hives five miles away come racing to the spot as well as the drones from her own hive, but in such a mob scene the chances of her being bred by one of her brothers is slight. The queen gains altitude rapidly, possibly going up a thousand feet or more with the drones after her. Only one drone can reach her; the strongest. He and the queen mate in midair, and here comes the part I don't like. His penis stays in her so he is disemboweled. The queen returns to the hive, as Maeterlinck says, "trailing behind her, like an oriflamme, the entrails of her lover." No one, including the queen, worries about the poor drone. Maeterlinck calls this "a fairyland mating." Maeterlinck is crazy.

Now that the queen is bred, the workers turn on the drones. Instead of being petted and pampered, they are driven out to die. If they try to return, the workers sting them to death. Everyone seems to think this serves the drones right for being a lot of lazy bums. To me, it sounds too much like these family comedies on TV where the wife and daughters spend all their time picking on poor old dad. It just goes to show you what happens when women start taking over.

As a result of various problems, my honey crop was considerably below my hopes but ample for our simple wants. I even experimented making mead. You add water, malt and yeast to the honey and await results. The mead is pretty sweet but by using cloves, ginger and a few other spices, you get a good drink tasting a little like buttered rum. By putting the mead in the deep freezer and removing the ice when it forms, you increase the potency of the drink. The surplus water freezes but the alcohol doesn't. I like mine about 80 proof. If you drink enough of the stuff, you can't even feel a beesting.

—Daniel P. Mannix

BUILD A MAN-SIZED CLOSET

[*Continued from page* 66]

basic structure, with ¾-inch Weldwood lumbercore oak plywood for the more conspicuous parts. The Novoply was stained to match the oak. Because a child's bedroom adjoined ours, and there are lots of drawers to slam, I finished the back of the closet with ¼-inch aromatic cedar plywood, behind which I set a layer of Barrett sound-deadening board. But the backing is optional—secured to wall, the closet is solid. The cedar plywood was also used for drawer bottoms.

Build the basic closet out from its site —you need access to the rear to fasten the slides easily. Adjust the height of the closet to your ceiling, leaving a little room for clearance in moving it. Don't add the back paneling, if used, until all the equipment is in and working properly. Before cutting the main partitions, decide where you want to run top and bottom mounting strips, which hold the closet to the wall in back. The strips are ¾ by 3 inches, and can be concealed behind the drawers and slides at bottom, and just under the top of the back. I haven't specified location for them because your house may require them in different spots. But notch the partitions for them before assembly of the closet. The main sides must be nailed to the top, rather than the other way around. Set all partitions in ⅜-inch-deep channels or edge grooves. Use glue and 6-penny finishing nails throughout, even for drawers, and keep everything square.

Obviously, if you don't want the mirror, you won't build the recess for it. If you do, remember that the outer side of the recess goes on last, after the mirror mount is operating properly. The mirror mount is in effect an inverted L, cut from a piece of the ¾-inch oak plywood 24 by 76½ inches. Use the cutout for the mirror backing, good side out. Cut the shank of the L 4 inches wide, the cross leg 3⅜ inches deep. Attach a header strip 2½ inches wide along the top, and a lower strip 1¾ inches wide, flush at the outer side, to the bottom of the cross leg. Nail a strip of 1½-inch molding along the flush header. Its projecting edge will serve as a rest for the mirror backing when the latter is in position to close. Trim the cutout piece of plywood—the mirror backing—to align with the bottom of the inverted L and clear the lower header by ⅛ inch.

The slides for the mirror mount must be specially ordered from your hardware store. Slides are normally packed in matching right-and-left-hand pairs; for this mount you want two right-hand slides. Read the directions with them. Note in the plan detail how the slides are set. They must be attached to allow ⅝-inch clearance top and bottom for the entire mirror mount. For the lower slide, use only one roller, and screw this to the shank of the L as far back as possible. Set a ½-inch angle at the outer edge of the upper cross leg, so that when the mount is in place on the slides, ready to close, the angle will strike the front of the rubber slide bumper to stop the backward movement and keep the front edge

TRUE

"Have you tried prayer?"

in alignment. Similarly, to control forward movement, fasten another angle to the shank ahead of the bottom roller, so that the angle strikes the inside of the slide bumper when the front edge of shank projects 1¼ inches out from the closet line.

Attach the mirror backing to the mount with the continuous hinge. On the top edge of the backing, one inch from the front, insert a half-inch bullet catch, to steady the mirror in travel. Set mirror mount and backing in place, and make sure the assembly operates properly on the slides. Then push into closed position, and check the front edge for alignment with the closet. Fasten the outer panel of the mirror recess in place. Don't put on the mirror yet.

Build the rest of the units—shoe rack, slide-out shirt hanger, shoeshiner, belt-and-tie rack—and the drawers, and attach their hardware. The handhold cutouts for the shirt drawers are 1 inch by 5 inches. The shirt drawers operate on KV-1395 slides; the larger drawers on Grant 329 slides. Fit the extension hang rods into the top front of the belt-and-tie unit. Cut off a piece of the clothes pole to fit the slide-out shirt hanger. The size of the Magic cabinets, like that of the drawers, must be adapted to the space available. In this plan they are figured at 22⅜ inches wide and 30 inches high across the front facings, by 11 inches deep. The depth won't vary, but height and width may. The cabinet facings are made of ¾-by-1⅛-inch strips, flush on the inside edges. In figuring for a different size, allow ¼ inch clearance at the facings all around. Read the instructions for the swing hardware before building the cabinets. Note that the cabinets, when in raised position, meet counterpart cabinets at back—the same size, but without facings. Mount the four KV-1 clothing carriers in the Magic cabinets and the pair at the rear.

With all units operating properly, you can nail on the back paneling and sound-deadening board if you're using them. Then set the closet in place, and secure it to the wall with the No. 14 screws through the mounting strips. Install the 10-inch wide adjustable shelves, the clothes pole, and, against the outer side of the mirror recess, the trouser hanger. For the shoeshiner, have an outlet box mounted inside the unit recess near the front. Allow just enough electric cord to the shiner to let it operate freely.

Enclosing the closet is a matter of choice. You can use a drape hung from a ceiling fixture. I put in a set of doors on multifold hinges. The doors are light, and are suspended from a track fastened to a sectional partition built down from the ceiling and out far enough from the closet to allow free action of the Magic cabinets. When the doors are closed, the closet becomes a wood-paneled wall.

Cover all exposed edges with matching wood trim, and apply finish. Then mount the mirror on its backing. Mark its outline on the backing, with even margins, then secure the strip of ¼-by-1-inch aluminum angle with ½-inch screws along the bottom mark. Edge-groove the half-round strips to the thickness of the mirror edge, so that they will seat properly, and fit them, with mitered corners, to the mirror outline. Dab mirror-mount mastic to the back of the mirror and set it in place. Nail on the mounting strips with 1-inch brads, without glue.

You may find the action of the pull-out units a bit stiff at first, since the hardware is heavy-duty, but keep the slides lubricated. Note that the shoe rack has two handles. It's best to use both to control its movement.

And control the movement of the old lady, too. She'll take one look at this haberdashery hopper and want in.

—Bill Baker

MATERIALS LIST

2 panels	¼" x 4' x 8' aromatic cedar plywood
2 panels	¾" x 4' x 8' Weldwood oak lumber-core plywood
2 panels	¾" x 4' x 8' Novoply
120 lin. ft.	1" oak wood trim
8 lin. ft.	Grant No. 600 clothes pole with 48 plastic hooks
3 units	4-foot-long Stanley No. 785 shelf supports
6 units	10" shelf brackets to match
4	10" KV-1 clothing carriers
1	KV-550 trouser hanger
1	KV-779 belt rack
1	KV-575 tie selector
2	KV-785 shoe racks
2	KV-753 extension hang rods
12 pair	22" KV-1395 drawer slides
1 pair	22" KV-1500 under-drawer slides
3 pair	22" Grant No. 325 full-extension drawer slides
4 pair	22" Grant No. 329 full-extension drawer slides
7 units	Stanley No. 4483 CMD 6" drawer pulls
2 sets	Magic Hardware (available through Functional Designs, Inc., 609 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017, at $10 a set)
1	Dremel electric shoeshiner
1 qt.	deep-finish Firzite
1 qt.	Weldwood Contact Cement
1 qt.	Presto-set white glue
1 dozen	3-4" No. 14 flathead screws
1 pound	6-penny finishing nails
package	1" brads

Matching putty, 2/0 and 4/0 garnet paper, paste wax, Weldwood putty sticks, fine steel wool, soft rags

Optional

FOR MIRROR	
1	⅛" x 20" x 68" mirror
1	6-foot length Stanley ¾" continuous brass hinge with ¾ screws
2	22" Grant No. 317 right-hand full-extension slides
1	½" bullet catch
2 lin. ft.	¼" x 1" aluminum angle
2	½" aluminum angles
1 dozen	½" flathead No. 7 screws
14 lin. ft.	¾" oak half round
2 lin. ft.	½" x 1½" oak molding

Mirror mount mastic

FOR CLOSET BACK	
2 panels	¼" x 4' x 8' aromatic cedar plywood
4 panels	Barrett sound-deadening board
FOR ENCLOSURE	
4	1⅜" Weldwood honeycomb-core walnut doors (of equal width, to fit across closet front), x 6'8"
1 set	1⅜" Stanley No. 2995 multifold hardware (to fit door width)
2	3" flush pulls

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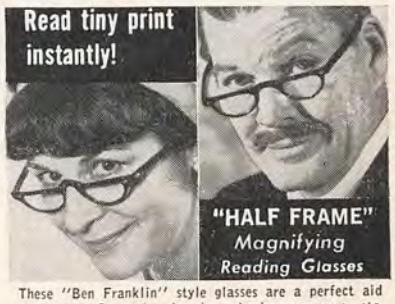

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THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA BRAIN

[*Continued from page* 38]
toward us. "Call me Ted," he said with an ingratiating smile as we were introduced. We proceeded immediately to my room. I asked if I should order drinks before we got going. Ted shrugged, as if it were a matter of complete indifference. When Mrs. Morris asked for a highball, he ordered a Scotch on the rocks. "Make that a double, if you don't mind," he called to me as I got on the phone for room service.

My cousin Jon acted as notetaker. I began by withdrawing a fresh film pack from its sealed container and loading the Polaroid Land type 100 camera I had brought and hadn't allowed out of my sight for a moment. I hadn't had too much experience investigating alleged mediums, but realized that some of the cleverest deceptions had been achieved right before the eyes of observers who imagined that their methods of control were infallible. I decided that in this preliminary session I would simply try to observe as well as possible, and worry later about chinks in our methodological armor. The light was good, and Ted was perfectly willing for me to watch closely and even to hold his hands. He would have preferred a model 95 Polaroid camera because he liked the wink-light attachment for it better than the much brighter flash that went with the 100 model, but he offered no objection.

At 8:50 Ted indicated he was ready to go. He predicted he would get a long, tall structure with "a sign crosswise on it." He then removed coins, keys and a rosary from his pants pocket, explaining that he felt the presence of metal on him interfered with picture taking. Finally he indicated he would like to try to fog the first film without touching the camera or tripping the shutter. I held the camera about two feet from his head, pointing at it. The shutter was left uncocked. Ted sat in a chair, leaning forward. He said he would try for a small dot and a large dot. He concentrated for a couple of minutes, complained of a headache and said that he had finished. (He then told us that concentration was very difficult, that he sometimes bled from the mouth and anus afterward.) The first try came out perfectly black on development—no exposure of any kind. "A black cat on a dark night," quipped Ted, not in the least bothered.

At 9:32 he was ready for his second try, this time in his usual manner, holding the camera and tripping the shutter himself. For this he fished out of his pocket a device which we came to refer to as the "gizmo." I examined it on the spot. It consisted on this occasion (it was later modified) of a half-inch section of plastic tube. Ted claimed that this device, which he held between his thumb and index finger and placed against the lens, was adopted to keep his fingers away from the lens and to limit light and surrounding imagery. Now he felt uncomfortable working without it. The ends of the cylinder were covered by cellophane, and inside one end there was a circular piece of black film negative, which covered the opening and rendered the cylinder opaque when held against the lens.

When Ted, holding the camera pointed at himself, was about to shoot, he seemed to go into a state of intense concentration, with eyes open, lips compressed and noticeable tension. His limbs would shake as if with a slight palsy and the foot of his crossed leg would jerk up and down convulsively. His face would become blotchy, the veins standing out on his forehead, his eyes bloodshot. This might go on for a minute or more, during which Ted would be undisturbed by noises about him or even by my putting my fingers on his wrist to take his pulse. Ted never protested any examination, physical or otherwise.

On trial number 2, Ted asked to be given his first target envelope. I had brought along several "target" pictures concealed in heavy manila envelopes, with cardboard covering the images. Ted held the first envelope in front of him for a few seconds and said, "It's an entrance, a driveway entrance or a walkway." (It was a color photo of part of the Kremlin that I had taken the summer before.) I held the target envelope for him next to the camera, as he requested. As he got set for the shot, his breathing became deeper. When the print came out completely dark again, Ted still showed no loss of composure but changed his guess as to the photo hidden in the envelope. "A group of buildings with two people," he suggested, without a trace of the question so characteristic of psychics fishing for clues. Ted acted as if his first diagnosis just happened to be wrong, and as if he was now making the correction.

I picked up the phone and asked if anyone wanted anything. Ted snapped, "Double Scotch." When the drinks arrived, Ted went immediately for his double, saying with an arch look, "For my cold."

At 9:50 we got set for the next shot. I held the target envelope next to the top of the camera (which Ted was holding), but not so as to obscure his hands or to prevent my taking his pulse, which I clocked at 120. Again a black cat.

We talked until Ted indicated his readiness to try again.

When Jon or I had to move around, one of us had the camera in sight every instant. Ted took this supervision as a matter of course. At 10:26 I got out the second enclosed target picture, another view of the Kremlin, this time with a couple of soldiers in the foreground. Ted stated, "A white house, white boards, green roof." Fascinated, I saw this brash self-confidence as the mark of the genuine psychic, since these people never know where their images come from but have learned to trust them as giving a high enough percentage of correct hits to override their misses.

The procedure for shot number 4 was the same, except that the target picture was held on the right of the camera. Ted again let out his breath explosively with the flash. 10:27. Pulse about the same, but pounding a bit. Again a blackie. Shot number 5 at 10:35. A complete blackie. Ted asked if I minded whether he took a cold shower, as this sometimes toned him up. I had no objection, but it entered my mind that this might be the point at which a clever performer could introduce his gimmick.

At 11:04, Ted, having dressed after his shower and claiming that his heart was starting to pound—a good sign—took shot number 6. This print showed one or two lines or shadows. Because his heart was pounding away at a fast clip now, Ted asked for the camera again and took the next shot at 11:05. In the hurry we neglected to change flashbulbs. Blackie. Ted demanded the camera immediately and shot number 8 at 11:06.

He was shaking noticeably, but his procedure was nothing different from earlier. I had some difficulty grasping the print tab to pull it out for development. But when this got done it was at once apparent that we had a picture of a recognizable structure. Mrs. Morris excitedly identified it as the Chicago Water Tower.

Ted sat back in his chair and stared into space, as if nothing of all this concerned him. It was some time before we got going with the next shot. Meanwhile we ordered another round of refreshments. I couldn't tell whether Ted was exhausted or quietly drunk. He refused my offer of a couple of aspirin and sat glumly by himself.

About 11:40 he began to stir. He had a hunch he would get something meaningful. The flash came at 11:47, when he thought his heart was pounding at a favorable clip. At first, picture number 9 looked like nothing much; but something that might have been a couple of windows and the ghostly beginning of a roof line appeared. We put the print aside and got set for trial number 10, because Ted claimed he was hot. He *was* hot. Picture number 10, shot at 11:50, was a partial blackie, but there was an area of light fogging in the center. Picture 11 was a bull's-eye. Glowing in the center of a quite distinguishable "photograph" were the letters STEVENS on an illuminated sign over the marquee of the old, no-longer-standing Chicago Hotel.

Ted would have gone on, despite a splitting headache. But I called a halt when I discovered his pulse to be 132 and pounding like an angry surf. We had seen enough to indicate that something quite out of the ordinary had taken place; more we could do on future occasions.

I took another look at print number 11. Ted identified the Stevens as the present Hilton and thought that it had not been known under the Stevens name for the past 30 or so years. He couldn't imagine why it should turn up.

Our first session was over. And although I was not to hear much more about Ted that night, I did later.

In 1955, when Ted's story begins, he was holding the first steady job of his life, as an elevator operator and starter at the Conrad Hilton Hotel in Chicago, after a career marked by truancy, delinquency and illness. A fellow employee, George Johannes, who dabbled in hypnosis, discovered that Ted was an excellent subject. He conceived the idea of attempting with Ted something that had been reported from the very beginnings of modern-day hypnosis under Mesmer, the 18th-century physician who called the little-understood force he was experimenting with "animal magnetism." From the time of Mesmer, sporadic accounts appeared of people who appeared to be capable of being directed in hypnotic trance to go mentally to places at varying distances away and of reporting what they "saw" at these places. A so-called traveling clairvoyant was made to feel that he was actually moving through doors and corridors and behaving mentally as if he were present at the site described.

In many experiments with traveling clairvoyants, "guides" were sometimes suggested to pilot the subjects to the scene about which information was desired. Since hidden treasure was the object of Johannes' experiments with Ted, the guide he suggested was Jean Laffite, the famous leader of a band of pirates and smugglers. After fighting with the United States against the English in the Battle of New Orleans in 1815, Laffite was pardoned by President Madison, only to return to piracy and disappear into the Caribbean when he could not restrain his men from attacking and plundering American ships. According to Ted, Laffite appeared to him for many months when he was under hypnosis and guided him to various spots where treasure was supposedly hidden. Unfortunately, Laffite, who took Ted on many sight-seeing excursions (Laffite wore the clothes of an early American seaman at these times, and often brought along his girl friend), never came clean about where his legendary booty was cached, and attempts to verify one or two hopeful leads in Florida came to nothing. Gradually Laffite became harder and harder to summon up, and when Ted was at length directed by his mentor to try striking out for himself, the progressively fading Laffite disappeared altogether.

Ted began his treasure-hunting operations in and around Chicago. According to him, he was successful on several occasions in guiding Johannes to buried treasure. But this invariably turned out to be only token amounts that hardly paid the cost of operations. Once a buried cache of several hundred dollars was described, but they found that another crew, digging in the vicinity for another reason, had already stumbled upon the loot.

At this time the idea occurred to Johannes that if Ted could get the details of what he claimed to be "seeing" on film, it might be a considerable aid. One day he thrust a camera at Ted and told him to go home and work on it. When the film, which was sent out for development (a Polaroid was not used), came back with a couple of pictures on it, Ted was certain that Johannes had played a trick on him. He bought his own camera (still not a Polaroid) and began trying things on his own; and this is when his troubles began. When pictures came, reason told him this was impossible, and he wondered whether he was not stealing out and shooting them in his sleep. When someone claimed to have seen him going downstairs with a camera in the dead of night, he became convinced that the mystery was solved; but this hypothesis had to be abandoned when he had himself locked in and the door to his room taped on the outside, but he still wound up with pictures.

He finally got hold of a Polaroid and started working in earnest to get pictures of possible treasure sites. His method at first was to point the camera at a wall about a foot away. Because the ratio of hits to misses was very low, he would go at it sometimes day after day, until exhausted.

After many months of this, with no return in treasure, he was persuaded to see a psychiatrist. "I hypnotized Mr. Serios," this doctor wrote in answer to my inquiry, "and told him that in my opinion all it was was a dream which was making him nervous . . . and that all the pictures he had taken were something cock-eyed and to forget all about them."

The therapy was brilliantly successful. Ted gave up his dream, destroyed about 300 pictures and became thoroughly convinced that he had been the victim of a strange delusion. For 18 months after his visit to the psychiatrist, he didn't touch a camera. But then his old sense of unreality returned, only this time he began to wonder if there weren't something to the old picture-taking fantasy after all.

To resolve his confusion he went to a professional hypnotist, whom he picked out of the phone book, and laid the whole story before him. And this, says Ted, is where fate stepped in. Ted was asked to step into the secretary's office while the hypnotist took an urgent phone call. When Ted was ushered in again, he presented the hypnotist with six shots of scenes of India that he had got when he started playing around with a loaded Polaroid in the secretary's office. The secretary swore that Ted had done nothing except point the camera at the wall and shoot. When the hypnotist got over his own case of unreality, he asked Ted to come back the following day. Then began a series of sessions resulting in numerous pictures that the hypnotist took charge of, to make sure that Ted did not do away with them. It was at this man's sugges-

tion that Ted started pointing the camera at himself; but surprisingly, at this time hypnosis lost its effect, and no more pictures were obtained except in the waking state.

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For the life of me, despite my awareness of the many pitfalls besetting the inexperienced investigator in psychical research, I couldn't understand how in the *hell* anyone could produce the pictures Ted had under the circumstances. I knew perfectly well, however, that this was precisely the reaction that tricksters counted upon. I recalled also the many puzzles I had tried for hours to crack, and had often given up only to learn, when the solution was forthcoming, that what I would have sworn was impossible was as simple as truth. On the other hand, there was the direct evidence of my own and Jon's senses under conditions that I could scarcely ask to be improved upon as far as control of materials and personnel was concerned.

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Doctor L., whom I was successful in reaching, at once confirmed what he had said in his letter. "Yes, indeed," he replied to my query as to whether he had personally witnessed some successful shots, "and right here in my office too." The pictures weren't always too clear, but there was no doubt in his mind that they were definite structures and that there was no way they could have been produced normally. Why hadn't he gone on to research the phenomenon? Well, that took time and money and organization.

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I felt I wasn't getting anywhere, and thanked Doctor R.

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"You mean he got the *wrong building?*" I asked.

"Exactly."

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"Thank you, Professor X," I said and I hung up.

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THIS FUNNY LIFE

My husband John and I recently attended his class reunion. One classmate, always a blowhard, was bragging about all the degrees he had earned, such as B.S. and Ph.D.

My sister-in-law was also present and asked John what Ph.D. stood for. Since John had never liked this fellow very well, he sarcastically remarked, "Oh, that just means that his B.S. is Piled Higher and Deeper."

Mrs. John P. Byrne
Beloit, Wisc.

In one of my college history classes, the professor illustrated the chivalry of the Middle Ages this way: On his way to the tragic Third Crusade, the knight told his best friend, "I locked my young wife in a chastity belt in preparation for my trip to the Holy War. I want to keep her faithful and untouched, so I will leave the key with you. Promise not to release her until I return. If I don't return after five years, you may release her."

As the knight rode out of the village, a horse approached him from behind at full gallop. It was his old friend calling, "Come back, you gave me the wrong key!"

Gene L. Minson
Plattsmouth, Nebr.

My neighbor, in an attempt to park his Volkswagen too close to a Renault, got his bumper hopelessly tangled with the other car's. Both owners tried without success to disengage the bumpers by lifting one while standing on the other and gently rocking the cars, and their efforts soon gathered a crowd.

Then came the inevitable voice from the rear: "Throw some cold water on them."

Henry E. Leabo
Represa, Calif.

A woman phoned the police and asked that an officer be sent to remove a skunk from her basement. "You can do it yourself, ma'am," the desk officer replied. "Just sprinkle some bread crumbs from your basement to your yard and the skunk will follow the crumbs outside."

An hour later she phoned again. "I followed your instructions," she said. "Now I've got two skunks in my basement!"

Clarence Roeser
Saginaw, Mich.

After it had been decided to sponsor a beauty contest to select, "MISS AIR FORCE PRINCESS," suggestions on how to conduct the contest were solicited. One young airman, scheduled to be among the judges, came up with an idea.

"Following established contest protocol," he declared, "all entries should become the property of the judges."

Thomas April
Los Angeles, Calif.

During the wee small hours of the morning, the saloon owner was routed from his warm bed by repeated telephone calls from a drunk demanding to know when the saloon opened.

"I've told you before, and I tell you again—11 o'clock," the saloon keeper wailed. "But when I get down there I'll see that you don't get in!"

"Don't wanna get in," the drunk said. "I wanna get out!"

Adrian Anderson,
Birmingham, Ala.

A friend of mine finally got fed up with his wife who insisted he accompany her when she went shopping for clothes. One day in a crowded lingerie department she held up the briefest of panties and asked if he liked them.

His answer forever ended his shopping trouble: "I certainly do! But I don't think your husband would approve of them."

Charles Kennedy
Jackson, Mich.

Cadets at the Air Force Academy are taught a healthy respect for commissioned officers, but this training didn't phase my friend Jerry.

During one of our summer leaves, Jerry and I had traveled to Europe and were attending a happy hour at the USAF Officers' Club in Wiesbaden, Germany. We were in our navy-blue cadet uniforms, which were not well known at the time.

While pushing our way through the crowd toward the bar, Jerry bumped into an Army Special Forces officer, dressed in the distinctive green beret and green fatigues of the U.S. Special Forces. The officer, a captain, looked at our cadet uniforms and exclaimed, "Well, what have we here, the Canadian Navy?"

With a scornful glance from head to toe of the captain's green uniform, Jerry retorted, "Well, what have we here, Robin Hood?"

2nd Lt. J. Connors
Webb AFB, Tex.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

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Roundup

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stoned, I knew we were in for trouble. When he spotted me, he immediately started apologizing. He hardly ever drank, he burbled, but because he needed something to steady his nerves aloft, he had had a couple of snifters extra.

I saw the collapse of my efforts to develop an effective research plan with him before we even got started. I drove Ted down to the apartment hotel where I have my office and where I had engaged a small apartment for him. He'd get himself to bed, he insisted, so I left him sitting groggily in a chair and went home.

The next morning at 10 I knocked on the door of Ted's apartment. When no answer was forthcoming I let myself in. My man was nowhere around. The bed was still made up and apparently had not been slept in. Ted's bags and trench coat were just where we had set them down the night before. On a coffee table in front of a couch was a card of the sales representative of an industrial machinery concern. I assumed, with sinking heart, that he and Ted had been on the town and that the problem now was to find where Ted was sleeping it off. I couldn't very well go to the police and ask them to look for a slight man with features somewhat like Voltaire's, who may very well have told people in various bars a fantastic story about some top-secret mission that had brought him to Denver.

All I could do was wait. With no sign of Ted in his apartment by 11, I went down to the drugstore in the building to make inquiries; and there he was, chatting gallantly with the girl behind the counter like an accomplished boulevardier. He greeted me cheerfully and explained that he had slept like a top, had got up early and made his bed and had gone out to look for a church where he could hear Mass. I had little reason to doubt this, as he was clean-shaven and tidy and looked as clear as an ad for vitamins; but I couldn't quite comprehend his amazing powers of recovery. This, as it developed, was merely one of the strange things about Ted that I would never quite be able to understand. But there he was, anyway, ready for work; and from that time on his drinking, though always considerably in evidence, rarely seemed to interfere too much with what we were trying to accomplish.

First I arranged for Ted to have a complete medical checkup. Everything turned out negative except for one finding of undetermined significance, an elevated blood sedimentation rate, frequently found in infections of various origins but of no great significance if the clinical picture does not bear it out. There were no active signs of an old pulmonary tuberculosis, for which Ted had spent 15 months in a Chicago municipal sanitarium some years before, and no signs of any damage to liver or kidneys, despite years of what would ordinarily be judged as drinking on a heroic scale.

For Ted's first working session in Denver, we decided to aim high. Since he kept harping on his desire for scientific recognition—he had taken a lot of abuse from people who had convinced themselves of his fraudulence without any investigation—I thought it would be helpful if several people in different fields of science who were sympathetic to parapsychology could be present at our first more or less informal test. It would also be valuable to begin corralling witnesses of stature who might be willing to testify publicly to whatever extraordinary findings they might observe. If nothing remarkable were to occur, very little would be lost, but if Ted came through, we could immediately capitalize on the public testimony of the witnesses to arrange for a broader program of investigation. In addition, I wanted people of competence in several lines to aid in controlling the conditions of test.

I therefore invited for a session at my office, five days after Ted's arrival in Denver, the following people: Dr. Paul Polak, director of psychiatric research at the Fort Logan Mental Health Center in Denver; Dr. Joseph H. Rush, a physicist specializing in optics with the National Center for Atmospheric Research, Boulder, Colorado; and Dr. Raymond W. Wainwright, professor of electrical engineering at Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colorado, whose specialty was electromagnetic theory. Doctor Wainwright asked if he might bring along Dr. Ralph Baker, professor of botany and plant pathology at Colorado State University. I was happy to agree—provided he would have no objection to making his testimony publicly available. I requested each of the four to bring his own camera and several rolls of fresh, unopened film.

At 7 on the appointed evening, the invitees started arriving, I had asked Miss Leslie Vandegrift, a graduate student at Denver University who had written a thesis on problems of parapsychological research, to be on hand as a notetaker. My son John I asked to be present to look after the development, fixing and notating of the trial prints.

Everyone began by frenziedly fiddling with tripods, flash equipment and various props, ignoring the fact that at odd moments the cameras were left unguarded and either Ted or I could have switched films a dozen times. I had to call for order and give a lecture on the necessity for absolute vigilance at every moment. The group settled down and promised sharper attention to detail. But the atmosphere was electric with tension. Everyone looked as if he were momentarily about to witness Mephistopheles spring up out of a hissing sulphurous cloud. Only Ted seemed relaxed as he sat amusedly watching the preparations. He had already had a couple of double Scotches by the time we were ready to begin.

I won't detail the confused procedures which followed. Cameras were placed in Ted's hands in random sequence, with every now and then someone taking a picture of Ted or the group or of himself in an attempt to duplicate the conditions of Ted's picture taking with the use of the gizmo, since no one knew exactly what a "normal" picture under the circumstances was supposed to look like.

The gizmo was the one Ted had used in our initial session, which he had let me keep. At times he would hold it eccentrically over the lens opening, so that a certain amount of light and some imagery—perhaps part of his face or shirt—would show up; at other times he would hold the gizmo tightly over the opening so that a complete blackie would result. Several times the prints would emerge totally black when one would expect some light would enter, or vague patterns would emerge that seemed difficult to account for, but nothing of major interest turned up after about an hour and a half. Although the initial tension seemed to have abated, so had anything that looked like respectable interest. Only Doctor Baker kept a hawklike vigil over every movement Ted made. At length Ted himself became irritated at his lack of success, insisting that he needed another drink or two to insure a decent performance. At this point—he had already had an amount that would have put anybody else present under the table—I put matters on this basis: no picture, no more drinks.

When we resumed at 9:40, Ted's first try was for something simple, and it was agreed that if he got this he would have earned his drink. Doctor Rush's Graflex with a four-by-five Polaroid attachment, camera number 4, was used, and Ted gave it everything he had in the way of concentration. What came up was something out of the ordinary, and not reproducible when an attempt was made to duplicate the conditions of shooting, but still not a recognizable structure or scene. No drink. Ted gave vent to various expressions of disgust. "If I only had a target—that picture I was looking at yesterday in your waiting room, Doc—I betcha I could get a building." I had forgotten all about the picture Ted was referring to, but I told him now that I had it right there, in a locked drawer in my desk.

On the day before, I came into the waiting room to find Ted looking appreciatively at a full-page magazine picture of Westminster Abbey. "Doc," he said, "this is the kind of thing I know I could get." I took the magazine into the adjoining consulting room, stuck it into a clasp envelope, and shoved it into the top drawer of my desk, locking it.

Now, out came the envelope. When I started to pull the magazine from it, Ted insisted that I reinsert it and put the envelope back in the drawer.

Ted went back to trying for a plus sign, on the seventh picture in Doctor Rush's Graflex, and five minutes later, at 10:25, he tried for a building—any building—on Doctor Wainwright's model 95 Polaroid. This fourth shot on Wainwright's camera showed considerable fogging, and in terms of my later experience would have been judged as a sign that something was cooking. At this time, however, with long intervals between shots and with hardly anybody paying attention any longer to what was coming out of the cameras, it passed unremarked and simply took its place with a dozen or so other prints on the processing shelf in the adjoining kitchenette, which opened full upon the main room. Ted, still holding Doctor Wainwright's camera, asked if he might change his chair, stating that this sometimes helped in getting pictures. He plunked himself down in my analytic chair and asked if we would mind his turning off the table lamp on his right. We had no objection, since there was still ample light for close observation. He asked Doctor Polak to place his finger on the gizmo while he shot, and he stated that he was again going to try for a building.

For the first time something really interesting emerged. Everyone agreed that it was a structure of some sort that definitely would not be expected to result under the conditions employed. We gave it over to John for numbering and fixing, and it took its place with the others on the drying shelf. Ted went back to trying for plus symbols, and at 11:10 said he would try again for Westminster Abbey.

Suddenly came a yell from the kitchenette, "Hey, this *is* a building!" John stepped out of the kitchenette holding Doctor Wainwright's last print. It was indeed a building. "Wait a minute," I exclaimed, and immediately got out the envelope with the picture of Westminster Abbey. I held it up for everybody to see. Ted's picture was a beautiful match for one part of the clock tower of the Abbey.

It was noticed right away that the image Ted had produced was not an exact copy of a portion of the target picture but rather an image shot from a slightly different angle and with distinctly different shadows. It was decided then to call an end to the session. Ted grumbled some about our not having given him a chance to prove himself. But I felt that the magnificent payoff warranted my having risked so much on this first throw. I had won the support of four strong figures. Doctors Baker, Polak, Rush and Wainwright signed testimonial statements regarding the conditions of trial and observation. Each stated that he was unable to formulate a specific hypothesis as to how the Westminster Abbey picture might have been produced. The witnesses were not required to come to any opinion as to the normality or paranormality of what they had seen, but merely to state the conditions of test as they had observed them.

Nevertheless, I felt that I had to point out to my guests that they had been guilty of a serious breach of circumspection. The breach lay in the fact that the print had been allowed out of sight before it was marked for subsequent identification by their signatures. Even though the print had gone no farther than the kitchenette, it was hypothetically possible for a switch to have been perpetrated. I made a note thenceforth never to permit observers to take their eyes off a paranormal shot until someone other than myself had witnessed it with his signature.

Alarums and Excursions

Doctor Rush took the gizmo along with him that night for home study. His report a few days later eliminated it as a source of suspicion. The report was reassuring, but it did not still the doubts which started to rise in me as soon as I got some distance away from the test experience. It was suddenly as if the pictures counted for nothing.

I was aware that similar reactions were not uncommon among experienced investigators of psychical phenomena. I soon found myself wondering if Ted could not in some way have fraudulently produced the image of the Westminster Abbey target picture. It wasn't as if I were able to come up with a concrete proposal as to *how* he might have done this, but the very fact that he had seen the picture in a magazine at least 24 hours before the test, and had himself suggested this as a target, introduced certain notions. Was it possible for him to have availed himself of another picture of Westminster Abbey from which he could have made a microprint? And could we neglect the fact that just before this print had emerged he had changed his position and even managed to turn out the lamp that would normally have been shining over his shoulder? Who had observed his movements? What about Doctor Polak's finger touching the gizmo? This is just the sort of thing I imagined might be introduced by a trickster to allay suspicion. Was it possible for something fishy to have taken place under cover of this ostensible proof of closeness?

It was obvious that, despite my doubts, there was no place to go but forward. But what plan of action could be formulated? Thinking up things to try experimentally with Ted was not difficult to begin with; I had jotted down a number of hypotheses which could be fairly easily tested. But even these would require some organization, to say nothing of more sophisticated experimentation in which instrumentation might be required. If I kept Ted doing the same things just to exhibit his "thoughtography" to people, we wouldn't get very far.

Meanwhile there was the problem of how to keep Ted happy in Denver. At the moment he seemed perfectly satisfied, but away from his usual haunts he would probably soon get bored. The hours when he was accustomed to hit his familiar beer joints in Chicago, from midnight until 4 or 5 in the morning, were usually empty for him here, and when he did try making the rounds one night, he succeeded merely in getting picked up by the police as a suspicious character. During the day he showed no interest in doing anything beyond lying around in his apartment and guzzling beer. Reading was obviously not one of his major diversions. Nor were movies or television. It struck me that he was just plain bored with anything outside himself, since talk about his powers, his ideas, what other people thought and said about him, was the one thing he would spontaneously join in. He ignored every hint I dropped about the advantages of his holding a part-time job which, besides providing something of interest to do, might even supplement his pocket money.

I had no idea of how often Ted would work at his thoughtography. According to him, the effort he put out in his sessions was so prodigious that he usually ended up coughing blood and frequently bleeding from the rectum, and for this reason the most he felt he could comfortably work at picture shooting was once a week, twice in a pinch. This would impose such a glacially slow time scale on any research effort that it was difficult to see how experiments to test specific psychological, physiological or physical hypotheses could be effectively carried out.

The ideal thing would be to have some department at the University of Colorado Medical School take Ted over. I felt that Ted should be put on a par with a nuclear reactor as far as his possible importance to biological research went. So I rang up the dean of the medical school, Dr. John Conger, and asked if he could come to my home some evening "on a matter of considerable interest and importance." He named a date about 10 days away.

Luckily I was able to get my original Four Horsemen for the evening the dean was free, and I set about grooming Ted for his official debut into the big time. For the next 10 days I watched over him as if he were an Olympic athlete. I watched his diet, and tried to limit his alcohol consumption somewhat. I had him rechecked medically and saw to it that some long-needed dental work was begun. Since he was of the opinion, which later proved quite erroneous, that he did better with the camera when he had been off the girls for a while, I didn't have to concern myself immediately with that aspect of things; but I did get an earful about his likes and dislikes and his overall philosophy in that sphere. I took long walks and drives with him, got him on a horse in the mountains and even dropped into a beer and billiard club with him once or twice to shoot a couple of games of pool. I found out that he was a clever chess player. But for the most part we talked of nothing but Ted and the Big Day, which he insisted on viewing as the gateway to immediate acceptance by the scientific world.

Every day Ted would pick me up at the end of my office hours and we would drive to my home. As the hours neared for the final countdown, Ted never appeared in better shape. I deposited him in his room the night before D-day with the suggestion that he sleep late and simply pick me up as usual at 6 the next evening before going home to meet the dean. And that was the last I saw of Ted for quite a while.

When 6 o'clock rolled around, Ted was not in the waiting room. I decided to walk down to his floor. When I got to his apartment there was no answer to my knock. With mounting anxiety I let myself in and saw that the place was empty. Ted had cleared out. On the desk was a note to me; it said simply: "Dear Doc—I'd miss on the test anyway Didn't want to Dispoint you."

That night the Four Horsemen and I regaled the dean with a blow-by-blow account of what he was missing. Everyone took Ted's defection in good part. The dean promised a rain check if ever I could get Ted back again. The following morning a telegram from Ted in Chicago stated simply, STOP TEST TONIGHT. MOTHER IS SICK.

For the next couple of days I seriously considered turning my back on Ted and the whole business. Nevertheless, I finally phoned the nursing home that Ted's mother ran in Chicago. Mrs. Esther Serios herself got on the phone. She seemed utterly blank when I asked about her health, offering only that for her years she wasn't doing so badly.

The next day Ted phoned. He had gone home, he stated, to collect his things, and he'd be back as soon as he had taken care of a few pressing matters. It was clear that I was dealing with

a very strange person indeed, and that any question of how to proceed scientifically was largely academic so long as my technique for keeping Ted effectively in tow was lacking.

I wired Ted some money and hoped for the best. In a few days he came boiling into town in a borrowed car. Piled high in it appeared to be everything he owned in the world, including sets of tools, a miniature lathe, parts of model trains and various books on mechanics, World War I aces and airplanes and model railroading. He was through with Chicago, he claimed. What I didn't know was that the only reason he had cleared out was to escape a bothersome problem that had developed in Chicago. Ted had got into a tussle with the police when he was caught driving without lights or license, drunk, speeding, passing lights and stop signs and proceeding the wrong way on a one-way street. He had also been charged with resisting arrest and assaulting an officer. The former had been the consequence of his having led the cops a Keystone-comedy chase before being run up onto a sidewalk and cornered ("Where'd the goddam street go?" he is reported to have said at this point); the latter, of his having grabbed the keys from a turnkey, pushed the officer into the cell and locked him in.

Another meeting was arranged with Dean Conger, but this time I invited only Dr. Martin Alexander, a physician who had examined Ted, and Joseph Igo, an interested friend. Since the gizmo was always a source of suspicion, I asked those present to examine it closely and sign a piece of paper which was then taped around it with cellophane. To make doubly sure that the gizmo they had examined would be the one used, a string was put through it and tied into a loop that Doctor Conger was asked to wear around his neck, which would tether it with about a two-foot play. Conger thus always sat close to Ted. To complete the precautions, Ted was stripped to the waist and examined, after which he put on a black sleeveless knitted sport shirt. Alexander supplied the camera.

Ted started out quite casually, smoking, drinking, chatting and joking, and asking that the camera be handed him only at five or 10 minute intervals. Nothing out of the normal showed up. After the first hour the witnesses began to show signs of boredom. Ted, whether he sensed this or not, kept assuring everyone that he felt as hot as a pistol. When he had to go to the toilet one of the witnesses was delegated to go along.

During the second hour Ted climbed well aloft on alcohol. By 10 o'clock he was in the muttering stage, his eyes bleary and hooded. When I banned further drinking, he lashed out, and started lunging around the room looking for the Scotch. I shoved him back into his seat.

No one was amused. I suggested that we quit. Ted wouldn't hear of it. "Goddammit," he exploded, "gimme a camera! I'll show you that I can get one." He asked the dean to cover the lens with his hand.

This time there was no question about identifying what emerged. The double-decker bus that Ted had come up with was perfectly clear. Its effect was electrifying. Conger immediately started examining the gizmo, which was still hanging from a thread around his neck, as if he half expected to see Aladdin's genie materialize from it.

I did not ask my guests to sign statements as to what they had witnessed, but each signed the bus print on its reverse side.

Trials and Tribulations

During the next several weeks I did a few informal experiments with Ted, a kind of playing around which every investigator knows to be strictly invalid in so far as making reliable inferences from the data goes, but which most people given to research have always indulged in anyway. But none of these "quickie" experiments panned out in the positive sense. I tried simple hypnotic suggestion and also hypnotically induced hallucinations. Ted was a willing subject, but nothing got on film.

I tried inducing sudden amnesia after flashing certain target pictures in front of Ted under hypnosis. I even took a fling at trying to catch Ted hot off the dream griddle by watching his telltale eye movements when he was asleep. One night I sat by Ted's bed and, when I thought he might have been hallucinating in dreamland, I pointed a camera at his head and, of course, bagged nothing. I woke him up at one of these points with the command that he shoot from the hip, which produced nothing beyond a slightly irritated response from a beer-and-sleep-sodden subject. Finally, by way of pure gamble, I took brief flyers with color film, X-ray film, movie film and film pack. Ted's thoughtography didn't show a flicker of life during this period of fun and games.

Curiously, the one thing that paid off was the suggestion, made by Dr. Leo Szilard shortly before his death, that we see if Ted could get anything with the lens removed from the camera. We didn't get around to trying this until early July. Then one warm evening, at my office, I handed Ted a Polaroid camera from which I had removed both parts of a dual lens system and suggested that he try for a concealed target, which had been enclosed in an opaque clasp envelope. After shooting a couple of rolls of film with nothing much coming through, I concluded that whatever it was that had blocked our efforts for the past six or seven weeks was as resistant to "producing" as ever.

Shortly after 9—we had started about 7—Ted gave up in disgust. I took the target picture out of its envelope—it was a rural Austrian church with a clock tower—to show him. He agreed to try another couple of shots, with no target in mind but simply by way of running out the half roll of film left in the camera.

At 10:10 Ted indicated he was ready to resume and picked up the camera. With the first shot, number 18 of the evening, it was apparent that something was happening. Ted suddenly became transfigured. He began breathing in gasps, his body shook and his eyes took fire. As soon as he had shot, he shoved the camera at me forcefully, demanding that I pull the film and give the camera back to him at once. I did as he commanded, and put my hand on his wrist to judge his pulse. It was comparatively slow. Suddenly Ted jammed the trigger down and jumped from his chair. "It's a clock, a clock," he shouted.

He was dead right. What emerged was indeed a clock tower, even if it wasn't an exact match for the target picture. (The best match, later found for it, was Big Ben.) I might state that there was no clock tower of any sort in the neighborhood, even if Ted had tried to sneak a shot out the window. The lensless camera, moreover, could not normally produce anything with very much illumination or recognizable definition at the shutter opening employed. Just to make sure of this, I ran some control shots immediately.

I quickly discovered that the success of the lensless camera experiment did not impress everyone equally. Upon discussing it with colleagues, I found that it was going to take more than simple maneuvers of this kind to produce a major effect. Indeed, it became apparent that we were ultimately going to have to get rid of the gizmo, the camera (another magician's prop; why couldn't Ted affect unexposed film in sealed containers?), and even Ted himself, who would remain suspect as long as he was allowed to be in the same room as the camera.

When I mentioned these demands to Ted, he was furious. "What in the hell am I knocking myself out with these scientists for?" he grumbled. He could not understand how anybody in his right mind could possibly imagine that year after year he would waste his time trying to deceive people, with abuse and ill-health as his only rewards.

When I came to pick him up for lunch on the day following our discussion, Ted's apartment was empty. He had taken off for points unknown, probably Chicago.

A few days later, I hurriedly arranged a conference with several of the top research brass at the Medical School. I had only a flicker of hope that something would come of this confrontation, but I had to start somewhere. All I would ask would be some expression of interest in Ted.

I had the feeling that only the fact that their curiosity had been aroused could account for these people showing up on such short notice. But whatever curiosity may have been astir before the meeting seemed completely absent when I presented my modest requests. As I began to show Ted's pictures, a good friend suddenly got up and, with a solemnly pronounced "I don't believe it," walked out. The only comment of another friend was, "I'd strip him." No one asked to see Ted at work.

I finally got Ted back with the offer of somewhat better financial terms and the promise that, even if I couldn't deliver official Medical School support, I would do everything possible to have a steady stream of people from academic institutions in the vicinity privately witness his performances and sign affidavits. I made it plain, however, that there was no point in simply going on as we had if we were going to meet the same

objections. Somehow I convinced him also that a program of development was in order. He agreed to begin by allowing me to place over the lens a single thin layer of masking tape which would allow light but no form to get through to the film. The plan was to add successive layers of tape, Ted hopefully taking one hurdle after another, until the camera was a lighttight box. Then, perhaps, we could substitute a simple film holder for the camera and ultimately get even this out of Ted's hands.

I will telescope my report of this program, carried out over a four-week period and witnessed by over a dozen people, to a brief account of its main feature, the "whitie," an effect which had shown up only sporadically in earlier sessions. The whities were all we ever got from Ted with the masking tape over the lens turret. And we never got beyond the single layer.

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The whities Ted produced were in no way different from the whities produced in control shots taken by pointing the lens at a light bulb several inches away. The difference lay in Ted's whities being shot with the camera pointed at himself, in no case near enough to a light source to produce anything other than a varying configuration of light and shadow, depending on whether his closed gizmo was being held flat against the lens, held a millimeter or so above it or tipped so that it was resting on edge.

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The climax of this period came during one session at my office with two fellow psychiatrists. Out of about 30 tries, Ted got 16 whities, practically every one of which he felt sure would turn out to be a picture. His despair was in the classic heroic mold; he began to blubber, wail, bang his head on the floor and moan that he was a failure. He finally got around to divesting himself of every stitch of clothing and, quite drunk by now, started prancing about in all his phallic glory. My colleagues were duly impressed.

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On the night of the big event Ted was in high spirits. By 8 the auditorium was full. A committee of four, chosen by the association, was on stage to supervise everything. Ted was stripped and searched, given fresh undergarments and slippers provided for the occasion and sewed into a monkey suit. Two cameramen were provided to get whatever happened onto movie film from different angles. All other arrangements were according to the book. I was not allowed near Ted during the evening but gave my talk from the opposite side of the stage.

One might think that anything but a complete failure would have automatically been ruled a success, but this was not so. The audience very early became restless. By the time Ted had shot about 40 prints with nothing to show, a few people walked out. Ted went for his Scotch. Shots 42 and 43 were whities, the latter with a member of the audience's hand over the lens. The most interesting shot was number 59, a crescent that had been suggested as a target by one of the supervising committee. By this time the audience had thinned out considerably, but the remaining members seemed ready to agree that they had witnessed something pretty remarkable after all.

Ted was jubilant. He let it be known that he had finally won acceptance from "the scientists." Unfortunately, he had not. After some days the committee announced its verdict: unproven. They had found that number 47, shot as a control with the lensless camera, had something sufficiently crescentlike on it to render the significance of number 59 highly questionable. I returned to the auditorium and shot several rolls of film with both regular and lensless cameras in an attempt to duplicate either crescent, on the theory that they might have resulted from physical conditions in the place itself. I was unable to.

Fortunately, three of the four official committee members were enough impressed to volunteer to proceed privately with similar tests, movies and all. But nothing terribly interesting occurred during several sessions. Nothing that even faintly resembled a recognizable structure turned up.

One of the difficulties, it later occurred to me, may have been our insistence on sewing Ted into his monkey suit so that his cuffs and collar were tightly fastened around him. It never struck me that Ted's feelings about being restricted in any way were being rudely violated. I should have remembered that Ted never wore a belt or garters and customarily either left his shoe laces untied or removed them altogether, going about with empty flaps. Even when he wore a tie, which was invariably a clip-on because he couldn't endure anything around his neck, his top collar button was generally open. (I recall seeing the manager of a fancy gentlemen's apparel shop go visibly livid when Ted walked in with his unlaced shoes slapping and one wing of his clip-on tie dangling in the breeze.) But Ted never protested our restrictive procedures, so—foolishly, perhaps—we kept them up.

Meanwhile Ted was in and out of scrapes of one sort or another. Several times he was picked up at night as a suspicious character, and his pursuit of females tended to be on the risky side. Once I received a call from the downtown jail where Ted had spent the night. It seemed that after the bars had closed, he had gone in search of more acceptable game and had wound up in an apartment building he had mistaken for the nurses' residence, where he had prowled up and down the halls making known the object of his quest in fairly direct terms. One of the residents finally called the police, but when the squad cars came, Ted had things well in hand. "Officer, arrest that man," he commanded, pointing authoritatively toward the informer.

The thing that had me most worried, however, was the alarming regularity with which he managed to get the hell beaten out of him in tavern brawls. Once he picked on a drunk about twice his size who was trying to undress a woman at the bar. He got stomped on. About 10 days later, he tried a bar mate about half his size, and was duly knocked flat. Two weeks later he almost had his brains beaten out with a board. "This has got to stop," said Ted. "These hospital bills are killing me."

When Ted felt himself in not too bad shape, we would round up members of the committee in the auditorium and have another go at putting something on film that would stick for the experts. But, as I have indicated, nothing ever did. One evening, disgusted with the whole situation, he asked why he couldn't take on the committee at the individual members' homes.

I called Dr. Aaron Paley, and within an hour we were at his home making trial shots. Doctor Paley, at Ted's request, fashioned a gizmo on the spot by folding the black opaque protective paper that comes in each film roll into a strip about one inch high, rolling it into something like a napkin ring, with a diameter also of about an inch, and taping it around with cellophane.

Ted began by clearing the scene of all light. After a couple of perfect blackies, slight suggestions of light and highlight started appearing on the prints. These imprints soon began to take on form. Finally, on number 18, came a full-fledged structure which was something like but not identical with the Arch of Triumph that had been the hidden target two nights before at an unsuccessful auditorium session (I still have not succeeded in identifying it).

The session at Doctor Paley's marked the beginning of a series of more than 40 working sessions at different people's homes

THIS FUNNY LIFE

My husband John and I recently attended his class reunion. One classmate, always a blowhard, was bragging about all the degrees he had earned, such as B.S. and Ph.D.

My sister-in-law was also present and asked John what Ph.D. stood for. Since John had never liked this fellow very well, he sarcastically remarked, "Oh, that just means that his B.S. is Piled Higher and Deeper."

Mrs. John P. Byrne
Beloit, Wisc.

In one of my college history classes, the professor illustrated the chivalry of the Middle Ages this way: On his way to the tragic Third Crusade, the knight told his best friend, "I locked my young wife in a chastity belt in preparation for my trip to the Holy War. I want to keep her faithful and untouched, so I will leave the key with you. Promise not to release her until I return. If I don't return after five years, you may release her."

As the knight rode out of the village, a horse approached him from behind at full gallop. It was his old friend calling, "Come back, you gave me the wrong key!"

Gene L. Minson
Plattsmouth, Nebr.

My neighbor, in an attempt to park his Volkswagen too close to a Renault, got his bumper hopelessly tangled with the other car's. Both owners tried without success to disengage the bumpers by lifting one while standing on the other and gently rocking the cars, and their efforts soon gathered a crowd.

Then came the inevitable voice from the rear: "Throw some cold water on them."

Henry E. Leabo
Represa, Calif.

A woman phoned the police and asked that an officer be sent to remove a skunk from her basement. "You can do it yourself, ma'am," the desk officer replied. "Just sprinkle some bread crumbs from your basement to your yard and the skunk will follow the crumbs outside."

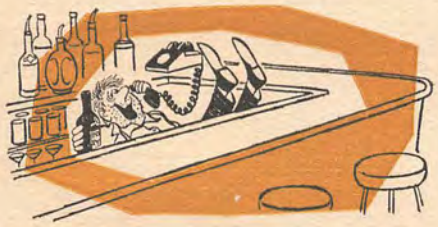
An hour later she phoned again. "I followed your instructions," she said. "Now I've got two skunks in my basement!"

Clarence Roeser
Saginaw, Mich.

After it had been decided to sponsor a beauty contest to select, "MISS AIR FORCE PRINCESS," suggestions on how to conduct the contest were solicited. One young airman, scheduled to be among the judges, came up with an idea.

"Following established contest protocol," he declared, "all entries should become the property of the judges."

Thomas April
Los Angeles, Calif.



During the wee small hours of the morning, the saloon owner was routed from his warm bed by repeated telephone calls from a drunk demanding to know when the saloon opened.

"I've told you before, and I tell you again—11 o'clock," the saloon keeper wailed. "But when I get down there I'll see that you don't get in!"

"Don't wanna get in," the drunk said. "I wanna get out!"

Adrian Anderson,
Birmingham, Ala.

A friend of mine finally got fed up with his wife who insisted he accompany her when she went shopping for clothes. One day in a crowded lingerie department she held up the briefest of panties and asked if he liked them.

His answer forever ended his shopping trouble: "I certainly do! But I don't think your husband would approve of them."

Charles Kennedy
Jackson, Mich.

Cadets at the Air Force Academy are taught a healthy respect for commissioned officers, but this training didn't phase my friend Jerry.

During one of our summer leaves, Jerry and I had traveled to Europe and were attending a happy hour at the USAF Officers' Club in Wiesbaden, Germany. We were in our navy-blue cadet uniforms, which were not well known at the time.

While pushing our way through the crowd toward the bar, Jerry bumped into an Army Special Forces officer, dressed in the distinctive green beret and green fatigues of the U.S. Special Forces. The officer, a captain, looked at our cadet uniforms and exclaimed, "Well, what have we here, the Canadian Navy?"

With a scornful glance from head to toe of the captain's green uniform, Jerry retorted, "Well, what have we here, Robin Hood?"

2nd Lt. J. Connors
Webb AFB, Tex.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

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Fortunately, three of the four official committee members were enough impressed to volunteer to proceed privately with similar tests, movies and all. But nothing terribly interesting occurred during several sessions. Nothing that even faintly resembled a recognizable structure turned up.

One of the difficulties, it later occurred to me, may have been our insistence on sewing Ted into his monkey suit so that his cuffs and collar were tightly fastened around him. It never struck me that Ted's feelings about being restricted in any way were being rudely violated. I should have remembered that Ted never wore a belt or garters and customarily either left his shoe laces untied or removed them altogether, going about with empty flaps. Even when he wore a tie, which was invariably a clip-on because he couldn't endure anything around his neck, his top collar button was generally open. (I recall seeing the manager of a fancy gentlemen's apparel shop go visibly livid when Ted walked in with his unlaced shoes slapping and one wing of his clip-on tie dangling in the breeze.) But Ted never protested our restrictive procedures, so—foolishly, perhaps—we kept them up.

Meanwhile Ted was in and out of scrapes of one sort or another. Several times he was picked up at night as a suspicious character, and his pursuit of females tended to be on the risky side. Once I received a call from the downtown jail where Ted had spent the night. It seemed that after the bars had closed, he had gone in search of more acceptable game and had wound up in an apartment building he had mistaken for the nurses' residence, where he had prowled up and down the halls making known the object of his quest in fairly direct terms. One of the residents finally called the police, but when the squad cars came, Ted had things well in hand. "Officer, arrest that man," he commanded, pointing authoritatively toward the informer.

The thing that had me most worried, however, was the alarming regularity with which he managed to get the hell beaten out of him in tavern brawls. Once he picked on a drunk about twice his size who was trying to undress a woman at the bar. He got stomped on. About 10 days later, he tried a bar mate about half his size, and was duly knocked flat. Two weeks later he almost had his brains beaten out with a board. "This has got to stop," said Ted. "These hospital bills are killing me."

When Ted felt himself in not too bad shape, we would round up members of the committee in the auditorium and have another go at putting something on film that would stick for the experts. But, as I have indicated, nothing ever did. One evening, disgusted with the whole situation, he asked why he couldn't take on the committee at the individual members' homes.

I called Dr. Aaron Paley, and within an hour we were at his home making trial shots. Doctor Paley, at Ted's request, fashioned a gizmo on the spot by folding the black opaque protective paper that comes in each film roll into a strip about one inch high, rolling it into something like a napkin ring, with a diameter also of about an inch, and taping it around with cellophane.

Ted began by clearing the scene of all light. After a couple of perfect blackies, slight suggestions of light and highlight started appearing on the prints. These imprints soon began to take on form. Finally, on number 18, came a full-fledged structure which was something like but not identical with the Arch of Triumph that had been the hidden target two nights before at an unsuccessful auditorium session (I still have not succeeded in identifying it).

The session at Doctor Paley's marked the beginning of a series of more than 40 working sessions at different people's homes

over a period of the next few months, which without a single exception produced successful results under a significant variety of conditions. At his peak Ted got up to 70 paranormal shots a session, with from 10 to over 40 perfectly distinct pictures. But I soon gave up my laboratory dream of being able to control the conditions under which we did our work. Ted became the field commander, giving everybody orders authoritatively. He improvised distance experiments, experiments with two or more cameras, experiments with cameras out of the room and at queer angles. This does not mean that our vigilance was relaxed. Fortunately, there resulted from this period of intense activity, despite occasional breaches of conventional research technique, a body of first-rate data that will probably keep me busy long after this book is in print.

Kinds of Data

To put the reader at his ease that major precautions were not neglected, I shall provide a review of conditions that obtained generally. No witness at one of Ted's sessions stated that any of the experimental conditions was anything but adequate. Not one witness was able to formulate a hypothesis as to how Ted's images (or whities) could be produced under these conditions.

Witnesses were asked to provide the cameras used for the experiments. When witnesses did not own proper cameras, they were asked to borrow or rent them. The cameras used were ones that had aperture shutter arrangements of fixed-light value at different settings. On the model 95 series Polaroid camera which was chiefly in use, the aperture number invariably used was 3, representing a setting of 1/30 second at f:11.

In all cases, after the initial experiments, the setting disk regulating this aperture was taped down so that no movement was possible during the trials. In all instances in which cameras were provided by me, the participants were asked to inspect these inside and out before and after the sessions. When more than one camera was used, all were plainly labeled and initialed, so that substitutions could easily be detected. After the beginning experiments the time-exposure knob was always taped down and could not be flipped. The focusing lever setting was always at infinity, which was simply the way Ted had always had it.

In most experiments the film used was high-speed (3000 ASA) Polaroid type 47 black and white. Except under unusual conditions this was provided by the witnesses, who were asked to seal and initial each film package before the sessions (to insure that the film packages later opened and used were ones provided by them) and to either open themselves or supervise the opening of the packages and the loading of the film into the cameras. (One witness insisted upon carrying all his initialed film packages inside his shirt.)

In all experiments, witnesses were accorded the privilege of full inspection in any light and at any time. The gizmo was always subject to inspection and, where desired, was made up and initialed by the witness prior to beginning a session. Sometimes two or three gizmos were in use during a session. On all trials the prints were pulled and developed in the presence of one or more witnesses, who were requested to sign or initial any print that looked interesting. Ted was never allowed near the camera during the pulling or developing of the prints.

It will be of value to run over the possible ways an image can be imprinted on the film in a Polaroid Land camera of the model 95 series. The model 95 is essentially an opaque box through which light impinging on the film can enter from the outside only through the lens aperture, when the shutter is momentarily opened in being snapped—or through apertures specially made, through accident or design, somewhere in the rigid frame or the cloth bellows. In either case, if a "leak" through a small aperture were to provide a pinhole camera effect, this would tend to be in evidence on each print made, unless an additional mechanism were provided to constitute the equivalent of a shutter. In addition, if the hinged back of the camera were left ajar, it would be possible for light to pass through the semitransparent print paper and to affect a still-sensitive film in the few seconds immediately after it had been—with movements perfectly obvious to everyone—pulled through the rollers and before full chemical development had occurred. It would be virtually impossible, however, to place something like a transparency between the light source and the exposed back of the print paper, in order to produce anything like an image, without detection. If the hinged back plate is left open *after* a film has been pulled and development allowed to proceed in normal fashion, no light can ordinarily enter the camera to affect still-sensitive film inside.

For a recognizable image other than what would normally be registered by the camera to be produced on film from light entering through the lens from the outside, such light would have either to pass through something like a positive transparency held within an inch or so of the lens, but with an additional lens of high refractive power interposed, or be reflected from a positive print under the same circumstances. If this lens and transparency or print were not held close to the main lens (or right at the opening of the gizmo held over the lens), other and easily identifiable parts of the surrounding scene would be imaged on the film in addition to whatever was produced by means of it. Thus if the transparency or print plus the extra lens were held in the hand some distance from the lens of the camera (some have suggested that it could be concealed in a contact lens or artificial eye), one would get, in addition to the surrounding scene, the image of a hand holding something suspiciously like a very small lens (or of a face with a funny-looking glass eye). In any case, although getting an image on film with a system of this sort can be managed, no one has suggested that it can be done in a rapid sleight-of-hand way that could pass detection under close scrutiny. As far as this goes, Mr. Billie W. Wheeler, director of audio-visual education of the University of Colorado Medical Center, wrote in his statement: "I have been a professional photographer for 20 years and, in my opinion, the pictures Mr. Serios obtains cannot be gotten by normal or even trick photography."

The possibilities of producing images on the film in the camera through some sort of inside job are, of course, manifold. There is no doubt that a clever instrument maker could contrive a means not only of arranging for a single preprepared image to be produced on freshly inserted film, but also of doing this with several images. A concealed inside shutter, to block off the outside light when the trigger is snapped, as well as an adequate inside light source, is not beyond the bounds of possibility; nor would it be utterly impossible to contrive something that might pass cursory inspection when the camera was examined and the shutter snapped prior to the camera's being loaded for use. But in no case were cameras used in trials with Ted that were not provided by me or one of the witnesses.

When Ted handled the camera himself for a shot, he almost invariably asked that a camera be handed him and practically never reached for one. He sat on a chair or sofa, usually with one knee crossed over the other, and usually near or under the light from a standing lamp to insure visibility of his hands and fingers. As far as this condition went, the statements given by witnesses on their affidavits varied from "adequate" to "excellent."

Nevertheless, persons who have not witnessed Ted work at firsthand sometimes express doubt that the eye alone is equal to the task of following the movements and disposition of his hands and fingers, and suggest that strategically placed cameras would be better suited to the job of registering what takes place. I can only assure these persons that the eye is infinitely better adapted to the requirements of the situation. For the most part Ted's hands and fingers, despite the tremors which sometimes affect his body, are at rest on the camera and holding the gizmo for at least several seconds before he shoots.

When one or more pairs of eyes are trained on him under full light, at distances as close as a foot or less, there is very little that can escape detection so far as Ted's being able to thrust in front of the lens anything of any conceivable relevance to the situation. Of many hundreds of feet of movie film of Ted's performance taken from various angles and under varying light conditions, none has been as adequate from the standpoint of registration of what goes on as simple direct observation.

As for those times during which Ted rises to a pitch of great excitement and demands one camera after another for shooting, direct observation is still entirely adequate. It is adequate for the reason that the attention of the observers is apt to be more concentrated at these times, and there is always time for an observer to get himself into position to look

right down at Ted's hands holding the camera and gizmo. I can only advise the reader with doubts about the validity of these statements to hunt up the nearest magician, sit him down with a camera and makeshift gizmo, and see what he can get into the camera or in front of the lens in full light while being closely scrutinized for any movements at all out of the ordinary. A professional conjurer, an associate member of the Society of American Magicians, had the following to say after observing Ted produce some blackies under the same conditions as he produces images when he holds the camera and gizmo himself: "I say absolutely and unequivocally that no lens or microfilm could be hidden in a gizmo barrel under these conditions." In addition, he wrote on his statement: "No conjuring technique is remotely conceivable under the conditions."

Proceeding as if there were no single type of evidence which could alone rule out the possibility of normal means of image production under the conditions of our trial sessions, I shall present several examples of Ted at work under observation.

The first is from a session at the home of Dr. Laurence B. Hall. (Present: Doctor and Mrs. Hall, the three Hall children, my wife and I.) Ted held the camera and an open paper gizmo on all of the following. On shot number 49, Ben Hall, 14, was given the job (by Ted) of signaling when to snap. The picture that was pulled was one of a series of nine differing shots of an unidentified building. (In this, as in other series of a similar kind, it was as if the camera had panned vertically and horizontally over one area of a building, with very little measurable change in the size of corresponding images.) On shot number 50, with Ben actually triggering the camera still held by Ted, an indistinct image of another type, of which we had six versions during the evening, appeared. On shot number 51, Ben again triggering, another version of the building produced by shot 49 appeared; and on shot number 52, Ben still triggering, a somewhat clearer version of the picture struggling to get through on shot 50, identifiable as someone with one leg over a bicycle, apparently mounting or dismounting, with something like part of a wicker chair in the background, appeared. The image on 52 is vertical on the print, while its counterpart, number 50, is horizontal. In all cases the camera was held horizontally, which was Ted's invariable custom. The time elapsed between shots 49 and 52 was about five minutes.

Another series of the sort occurred at the home of Dr. John L. Chapin. (Present: Doctor and Mrs. Chapin, the three Chapin children, a neighbor child, my wife and I.) Shot number 24, with John Chapin, Jr., 13, triggering, was an indistinct version of an unidentified man and woman walking that turned up several times during the evening. Shot number 25, with Annie, 10, and Johnnie manning the camera (one holding, the other triggering), showed a normal image of Ted's face. Shot number 26, taken with another camera, again produced a normal; but shot number 27, taken with the camera and with the same roll of film that produced 24 and 25, gave an indistinct version of a group of buildings near St. Peter's Square in Rome that showed up six times during the evening. Doctor Chapin, at my request, impounded for further inspection the camera that had been used. Nothing suspicious was found.

In the examples given above, the images, while sometimes differing in their placement on the film, as if the camera were panning from one spot, are essentially the same in size, shape and geometric projection. In other instances, successive versions of essentially the same image have differed slightly in size, as if the camera were at varying distances from the object. In certain cases, however, successive images centering around one scene differ more radically from one another. In one series, witnessed at their home by Doctor and Mrs. Lewis Barbato, Ted got 13 different versions from 13 completely different camera angles, of the top of a windmill.

Another example occurred in a series shot at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Jerome Gersten. (Present, besides Doctor and Mrs. Gersten, my wife and me, was the Gerstens' son Steven, a medical student.) Here, unlike the case of the couple in the series witnessed by Doctor Chapin, at least one of two people in a repetitively shot scene seems to have changed position quite perceptibly, along with the camera. Five of the six pictures in this series appear to be more or less identical, differing in only minor detail. But in the sixth of the series, the person seen from the rear at the left, in a striped shirt, with what appears to be a camera strap around his neck, seems to have bent his head forward and downward, completely changing his position in relation to the buildings seen in the background. The couple, according to Ted, who "saw" this image coming up, right down to the striped shirt, before the first of the series appeared, are supposedly standing on a hill and looking down on the scene (a European town?) below.

The types of data just presented appear to be such as would place a heavy burden upon any person, however skillful, who tried to manipulate some hypothetical apparatus for producing prints by normal means while under close direct observation. Nevertheless it will be worthwhile to mention a few other types of data produced by Ted.

The first consists of pictures taken with a camera from which the essential lens component behind the diaphragm had been removed. The only picture of this type that I shall cite here is one of the 13 windmill pictures taken under the supervision of myself and Doctor Barbato. This one was actually snapped by Doctor Barbato while Ted held the camera and open gizmo pointed at himself. This picture, indistinct as it is, could not possibly result from any type of shot taken normally by the camera. In addition, there is in it what appears to be a duplication, as if by double exposure, of one of the toothbrushy looking windmill blades.

One of the difficulties with the lensless camera was not in getting interesting pictures from it, but in verifying what had been shot with it, especially where more than two cameras were in use. It was found advisable always to supplement direct observation with examination of the batch, run and roll sequence numbers on the back of each print before putting somewhere on it the symbol L, with a horizontal line below it to signify "lensless."

Another type of data consists of pictures in which two contradictory images appear. In one of several shot at a session witnessed by William Reynard, an attorney, Ted held the camera pointed over his shoulder at an overhead fluorescent light fixture. The two barrels of this fixture can be seen superimposed on the châteaulike structure that emerged. A control shot shows only part of the fixture, whose light floods the print.

At times images would appear that incorporated either all or part of Ted's face (which would normally be expected to show if nothing else were coming in) and at the same time part of other images that may have emerged, or would later emerge, in more complete form on other shots.

Perhaps one of the more important pieces in the evidence is supplied by a group of pictures produced with Ted somewhere in the vicinity of, but at no observable time in direct physical contact with, the camera.

From the very beginning of his uninterrupted streak of sessions with a high yield, Ted himself began to move away from the camera, at first timidly, by asking people to trigger it while he held it, then moving on to asking them to hold the gizmo and to trigger while he held it, and finally relinquishing the camera entirely. At the start he allowed it to be held only a few inches away, then several feet and at his peak, at distances up to 66 feet. Almost always it was Ted who indicated that he was ready for this kind of trial, which he did by pointing at someone and ordering, "You, grab a camera."

In the usual situation, neither Ted's hands nor any other part of his body would be in direct contact with the camera, and he would indicate by gesturing to the person holding it just how he wanted it angled so that he could stare directly into the lens. Sometimes Ted would deploy one person to hold the camera, another to trigger it and often a third to hold the gizmo. Finally, with everything the way he wanted it, Ted would take off as suddenly as a jet plane thrusting forward. If he were sitting, he might begin squirming in his chair, his eyes staring wildly and his hands running frenziedly through his hair. If he were standing, he might simply keep his hand poised to snap. This would keep up until he exploded with his "Now!", usually snapping his finger as a signal for the triggerman to trip the shutter release. Then would start the business of Ted's snapping his fingers and incanting, in best crap-game fashion, "Be there, baby, be there!"

An instructive sequence of pictures that emerged when Ted was in no contact with the camera occurred at the home of Dr. Henry Lehrburger. (Present: the Lehrburgers, their five children, three neighbors' children, my wife and I.) Ted started by holding and snapping the camera and getting mostly blackies. On number 6, one of the children was given the camera to hold and trigger while another held the open gizmo over the lens. The picture that was pulled showed Ted's face (which was entirely normal with the open gizmo) and one of the Lehr-

burger children in the background. On number 7 Ted took the camera and got another blackie. On 8, Ted designated one of the Lehrburger girls, Florrie, 11, to snap the shutter while he held the camera and gizmo. A faint beginning of some kind of form could be discerned. This became a little clearer, on number 10, after a perfect blackie on number 9. On number 11, Carl, 13, held the camera and the gizmo while Florrie snapped, and what appeared to be the squarish form on number 10 emerged over a still-visible light source in the center as a fairly definite structure.

For the next six shots the same team worked at holding and snapping the camera. On number 12 some kind of a new theme emerged, as yet not too distinguishable. Number 13 was a return to a dark version of 11. Fourteen was the new theme, a bit different this time but still not really identifiable, of which number 15 (Carl and Florrie still manning the camera) was the first clear statement. Sixteen was a blackie with only a trace of fogging on it, and 17 showed Ted's face again. At this point Ted took over the camera, but it was not until number 31, with himself holding and Florrie snapping, that he got a fairly clear version of the to-this-day-unidentified structure in number 11. It is as if this had been shot from a slightly different position.

On another occasion at the Lehrburger home, Ted started out by getting what appeared to be a ship emerging from the mists on number 14 (this is something he had been aiming to get) with Florrie holding the camera and gizmo and brother Gerry, 12, snapping. On number 26 Ted got a clearer version of the ship, with Carl holding and triggering the camera and Doctor Lehrburger holding the gizmo. The ship finally revealed itself as a Matson liner by the fairly clear M's on the smokestacks on shot number 32, Doctor Lehrburger on camera and Ted holding the gizmo. (The children had requested that he give them some positive identification of the ship.)

A special group of pictures that occurred with Ted in no observed contact with the camera, consisted of images of persons or objects in the room which would not normally have been expected to show up. Precisely because of the fact, however, that more or less similar images could sometimes be produced by perfectly normal means, even if not under the specific conditions obtaining in the case of the original, data of this sort are apt to present difficulties from an evidential standpoint. This is particularly true in instances when Ted had asked someone to place his palm over the lens, and at times when it might have been difficult absolutely to rule out the possibility that a prior imprint had somehow been made.

A good example occurred during a session at the home of Dr. Henry Frey. At one point, after several pictures of another variety had been obtained, Ted asked Mrs. Frey to hold and trigger a camera pointing at him as he stood a couple of feet away facing her in the middle of the room. He then asked my wife to place her palm flat over the gizmo being held by Mrs. Frey. At his signal "Now," Mrs. Frey snapped, and the picture that emerged was that of a chair, table, window drapes and part of an upright piano behind her. The best of the control shots done in an effort to duplicate the picture (it could not be duplicated from the position it had been held at by Mrs. Frey) failed to get exactly the relations of the objects to each other that were shown on the original print, which seemed to be on a different projective scale. In these controls, if the size of the chair was approximated, the figures on the drapes came out a different size and in a different relationship to the chair; and if both these were angled closer to the relationship shown in the trial print, then the piano didn't show. Nevertheless, one could not be certain, without an almost exhaustive number of control shots, that a fair duplicate could not finally have been made. And in this instance it turned out to be impossible to assure ourselves that the camera in use could not have been triggered prior to Mrs. Frey's snapping.

A number of pictures of this general type—that is, of objects or persons in the room—had to be ruled out because the pictures were, in principle, reproducible. Nevertheless, this particular issue should not be closed without one or two points of possible relevance being touched upon. The first is that though it may be risky to make firm judgments about *some* pictures that turn out to be replicative by normal means, the fact that a picture can be so reproduced in major part cannot by itself be taken as a presumption of how it *was* produced.

An example is a shot where I held the camera, and the conditions were such that I was as certain as I could be of anything in this world that there was no normal explanation for the print that emerged. I was having a session with Ted in a hospital laboratory to see if he could overcome his aversion to working in hospital settings. I seated him in a corner of a cubicle while I stood a couple of feet in front of him, holding the camera and gizmo pointed at him. At his signal I triggered, and produced a blackie. A control shot done immediately showed only slight fogging, as there was little light in this part of the room. On the following shot, which I took again pointing at Ted and without the camera's having been out of my hands in the interval, the print that emerged shows the screened window between the room we were in and the adjacent room, and an open door to the corridor beyond. *All this was behind my back as I shot.*

A second point which should be raised is the mere fact that Ted's asking someone to place his hand over the lens may not in itself be an indication that hanky-panky was about to take place. In addition to instances where images of things not in the room eventuated, there were many occasions when the expected blackies occurred, both with and without the trigger's having been released. An amusing (although at the time rather harrowing) example of the latter took place during an electroencephalograph session under the supervision of Dr. David Metcalf. Ted was sitting in a chair with about 20 electrodes pasted to his scalp, with wires coming from each one. Beginning to improvise, he suggested that Doctor Metcalf stand in a corner of the room about four feet away and with his hand over the gizmo trigger a camera pointed at Ted. The picture that emerged appeared to be a peculiar montage of different parts of the room. A couple of trials later, Doctor Metcalf got ready again. He stationed himself in the same corner, held the camera pointed at Ted, with his hand over the gizmo, and was just about to shoot when he abruptly changed course and, instead of triggering, pulled a film tab out to start development. "Perhaps we ought to make damned sure that nothing funny is going on here," he explained.

I saw Ted beginning to go into one of his demonic rages. He began slowly rising from his chair, his face getting purple with rage, and his eyes began to take on a look of crazed malevolence. "Funny! Funny!" he screamed as he tore the retaining bandages from his head and started yanking wires from underneath them, great clumps of hair coming along. "I'll show you goddam sonafabitchin' bastards what's so funny!" He started to flail his way out of the cubicle, tearing violently at various wires and ripping out whatever he could get his hands on. By now I had risen, but he fought past me and took off wildly down the corridor, cursing. I found him later sleeping things off in one of the trash bins in the basement.

The Target Situation

Perhaps the most important thread in the fabric of evidence bearing on the nature of Ted's "thoughtography" was his response to targets. It might seem, if Ted were repeatedly able to produce on film images corresponding to target structures more or less randomly selected for him, which one could be sure he had had no prior means of knowing about, that no hypothesis based upon normal means of image production would survive. But things are not so simple. The question is: what constitutes a "correspondence"?

One evening we were at the home of Dr. Robert A. Bradley, where we had heard of strange goings-on suggestive of poltergeist activity. Present, besides Doctor and Mrs. Bradley and my wife and myself, were Karl Vogel and Drs. Siegwalt O. Palleske and Mario Iona of the University of Denver. Doctor Palleske supplied both camera and film. Ted wanted to start right out to catch the ghost on film, but we asked him if he would mind first giving us a close-up of the poorly visualized statue to the left of the left pillar on top of the "Arch of Triumph," which he had gotten at Doctor Paley's the evening before. Somewhat indifferently he agreed to try, though he would much have preferred the ghost hunt. ("Don't they all wear sheets and have pumpkins for heads?" he asked, when the issue was raised as to how he would identify the picture of a ghost.) He began with one or two normals of his face, which soon faded out as blackies of increasing depth took over. On shot number 8 the first image of the evening appeared, a

faint suggestion of columns, the base of one and the top of another, broadly in the architectural vein of the Arch, but plainly not the same structure. On number 4 of the second roll, Doctor Iona triggering, what appeared to be a statue emerged on the top of the column that had been vacant in the earlier print. In this second print, the placement of the image had undergone about a 90° rotation, the lefthand column came out slightly larger, and all but the very top of the column on which the statue rested remained out of the picture. We had gotten a statue, all right, but the image was pretty clearly not the close-up we had asked for.

Here the problem arose of how to evaluate what had taken place. In this instance, a specific target had been set up for Ted to aim for. It might appear to be ridiculous to consider Ted's effort a total miss; but unless we can arrive at a workable modification of the rules of the game, Ted's result could be officially considered as much of a miss as if he had come up with a camel or a canary. In fact, several people to whom these data were shown took this position and stuck to it.

However, other systems of evaluation are sometimes used. Had we said in advance that we would rate as a positive result anything that looked like a statue at all, we might be in a different position.

Something like this was actually tried on one occasion and the results were interesting. Dr. H. Marie Wormington, curator of archeology at the Denver Museum of Natural History, wanted to pick a specific target structure from a book on the pre-Columbian period in America; I suggested picking not one specific target but rather a general period or culture. This, I thought, would allow the degree of latitude that might make the difference between a hit and a miss in a formal system of evaluation. Doctor Wormington agreed and named the Olmec period in Central America, from 800 to 400 B.C., as the target area. Ted was not told this choice, which I hardly think would have informed him much anyway. Shot number 7 produced something that drew an excited exclamation from Doctor Wormington because, although the image in it was obscured by some kind of white cloud, it corresponded closely to part of one of the best-known Olmec artifacts in existence, a helmeted head, a picture of which she showed me from her own collection. A little later, Ted got two shots of funerary monuments which showed something very much like the Olmec type of sculpted figuration.

But if Ted could come this close, why wasn't he hitting the target head-on? It wasn't as if his ESP—extrasensory perception—as such wasn't capable of direct hits.

At the close of the officially somewhat-less-than-successful session before the local branch of the American Psychiatric Association, Doctor Merrill, one of the committee members supervising the shoot, held a sealed envelope up to Ted and asked what was in it. Ted's immediate response, the Eiffel Tower, was quite correct. On another occasion Doctor Paley, another of the committee members, picked as a target an Indian tower dedicated to the Hindu god Shiva. When Doctor Paley emerged from the room in which this had been done, Ted immediately began to describe the tower. "It's a pyramid, or a triangle, with a lot of circles on it above one another." This was correct. On still another occasion I picked as a target a full-page advertisement in a magazine. Its two main features were a typewriter in the foreground and a several-span suspension bridge in the background. As soon as I came out of the room in which I had made my choice Ted said, "It's a bunch of little circles; no, it's the Brooklyn Bridge." His first choice I had to rate very high since that was exactly what the keys of the typewriter looked like from the angle they were shown in the ad, and his second I rated close to a bull's-eye.

Ted could be pretty good at this sort of thing. Now if we assume that it was not just from lack of ability correctly to cognize his targets that Ted was coming up with only near hits or wide misses, the problem arises of how to approach an understanding of what he was doing. If he could give us a close-up of some statue in the ancient mode, why not the one requested? Were his substitutions, if they were substitutions, on a random basis? Was he being playful or perverse? Or was he conceivably following deeper laws for the most part hidden from us?

The answer probably lies in the fact that all perception is subject to processes of distortion taking place along structurally based or emotionally charged associative lines. In some cases what is going on is perfectly plain; in others, to be able to fathom the lines of connection between a particular target and the response may be a matter of the purest luck.

One of the simplest examples of the distortion of a target picture occurred in a session at the home of Dr. James Galvin. Near the start Doctor Galvin asked Ted if he could get on film a copy of an etching of the medieval town of Rothenburg which was hanging on the wall of the room. No sweat, said Ted; but would we mind if he didn't come up exactly with the etching but with some of the buildings *around* those shown, which, he claimed, were pressing forward in his mind. He immediately came up with the image of buildings in the medieval mode, which could be seen to bear a rather definite correspondence to the target image. He then asked if we would mind if he went on to try again for some shots of the Central City, Colorado buildings, which had started to come in two evenings earlier during the course of electroencephalography. When these began to appear in the next few shots—quite different from the Central City Opera House pictures he had got before—Ted asked how we would like it if he were to get two targets at once, one of Rothenburg and the other from Central City. He then asked Doctor Galvin to hold and trigger one camera, and Galvin's son, James, Jr., 13, the other. While they knelt side by side in this way in front of Ted sitting on a sofa, Ted held gizmos up to, but not quite touching, both cameras and gave the signal to shoot. Doctor Galvin's print was a slightly altered version of the medieval image obtained before. James Jr.'s print matched Williams' Livery Stable, across the street from the Opera House in Central City, with a few significant distortions, notably the size and somewhat elongated shape of the windows, and the fact that they appear to have been bricked in, which can be seen from a comparison with an actual picture of the livery stable. But one of the most interesting distortions is in the character of the masonry, which in the actual livery stable is old pressed brick and in Ted's picture is a kind of imbedded rock, which also characterized his image of the buildings in the medieval town. Here it would seem as if the livery stable had become endowed with this kind of masonry by a kind of perseveration, a carry-over on a purely structural basis, as if an artist had had a certain amount of pigment left over after finishing one picture and had decided he might as well use it for the next.

An interesting split-level near-correspondence to a hidden target, in which Ted presented us with a revealing cutaway into certain aspects of the "perceptual" processes involved in his response, turned up in a session witnessed by Mrs. Marie Coleman Nelson, a psychologist. Mrs. Nelson chose as a target the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. She made this selection in a room some 30 feet from where Ted and I were, and as far as Ted knew she had chosen a building of some sort. Ted at first said he was confused because two kinds of images were coming up to him. With a pencil he rapidly drew a pillared and domed structure; but he said he also got the impression of "sails," which he proceeded to sketch before taking up the camera. What came in the shot was a domed structure, which was certainly structurally similar to, if not identical with, the target, and which is understandable in terms of his expectation that his target was to be the *outside* of a building. At the same time his "sails" response may be construed to have been based on something like a visual type of awareness of the name Ver*sailles*.

Many of Ted's target responses are far more esoteric than this, and in several instances it was a matter of purest happenstance that they managed to be deciphered. In this respect Ted's responses share certain peculiarities with dreams and all creative flights of the imagination. It is this kind of functioning, in fact, that makes the human mind the unique thing it is. But by the same token, so far as evaluating the evidence goes, the question of where a "correspondence" leaves off and where we would have to evaluate a response as a clean miss becomes a difficult one.

Certain Aspects of the Data

No two persons are going to react alike in their overall evaluation of the data presented by Ted. For one thing, the problem of collusion, on my part or that of any number of witnesses, cannot be settled—it simply never has been in similar situations

—by instituting tighter and tighter controls. For the present, thus, pending further developments in the case, it might not be unjustified, in order to get on with the show, to imagine that normal processes of image production have been pretty well ruled out. We can go on now to consider other aspects of the data.

First to consider, perhaps, is where the images Ted gets on film come from. All we can say is that these images appear to derive mainly from objects at varying distances from him in the real world that he somehow gets information about. We do not know *how* he gets this information; but the simple fact of information-getting through unknown means is hardly without precedent. Countless persons besides Ted have appeared capable of obtaining information about events which they can be demonstrated to have no way of normally knowing.

It would appear, however, that the laws of physical optics do not have much, if anything, to do with how Ted gets his images on film. (Blindfolding Ted is no bar to the production of clear images.) The camera, which seems to be more of a psychological prop than anything else, does not register what it "sees," but what it could not possibly take in were it behaving as a camera should in the physical world. If we ask why Ted cannot get images on other systems, the answer is simply that our program so far has not made it feasible to spend much time in the development of new techniques. A promising start has been made on nonexposed film pack, with which Ted has gotten whities and what appear to be the beginnings of structurally definable imagery.

But with each new technique, Ted is like a child going off a diving board for the first time, and what he is and is not able to accomplish may not make much sense logically. Even after he had been successful in getting images with the camera manned by others behind partitions some distance away, or with someone's hand totally blocking out all light, he still was unable to get anything with a thin layer of masking tape over the lens. The fact that he is still largely dependent on a camera may be of no greater significance than a pianist's being unable to perform in public without the stool he lugs around with him.

The way Ted's images appear to be built up on film, quite apart from all the other "mental" aspects, closely resembles what glimpses we get (and they are, alas, only glimpses) of the formation of images in consciousness from data variously supplied. Unfortunately we have not yet been successful in getting Ted's image formation on movie film, or under developing solution on print paper in the subdued filtered light of a photographic darkroom, although a beginning has been made in the latter. We have, thus, had to rely for our knowledge of the organizing and synthesizing processes at work on what can be pieced together from serial versions of images as they come up on the prints themselves.

There have been numerous instances when Ted's images seemed to have died aborning, in that often what appeared clearly to be parts of as yet unidentifiable structures never went on to coalesce with other elements into any recognizable final shape. In this passing show, images would float by like strange creatures of the deep, illuminated for a brief moment in the beam of a bathysphere, only to pass on and never be seen again. But on one occasion one such embryonic form was rescued from eternal oblivion by what appeared to be pure gambler's luck.

The witnesses present at my house on this occasion were Prof. J. Allen Hynek of Northwestern University's department of astronomy, an ophthalmologist who prefers to remain anonymous, and Doctor Frey, who took notes during the session. After Ted had gone through almost a dozen rolls of film without getting one clear image, it began to look as if his long, unbroken streak of productive sessions had finally come to an end. Finally Ted, miffed, mystified and near collapse (about seven quarts of beer had gone down the hatch during the session and, as I found out later, he had been drinking around the clock for several days), admitted he was licked. A few minutes later Professor Hynek, his camera packed and his coat on, was about to follow the ophthalmologist out when he paused, literally on the threshold, and asked if Ted would consent to try one more roll. Ted merely shrugged by way of indicating that he didn't have much hope but would go to bat again anyway, and Professor Hynek and Doctor Frey came back for another few shots.

The film brought by Doctor Hynek had been all used up, but I loaded his camera with one of my rolls. Almost immediately, as if grateful for this reprieve from a kind of banishment, Ted came up with an automobile image that we could now see had been trying to get through in embryonic form in many earlier shots. It almost certainly would have remained in everlasting limbo had it not been for Professor Hynek's inspired last-minute gamble. A few shots and no more than two or three minutes later, a second image, more or less the same, came in on another camera.

On other occasions successive shots have dredged up parts of images that were capable of being put together into a more or less complete pattern but which failed to unite before "the process" shifted to some other theme. Here, unlike times when he seemed to have some control over what would come through, and other times when he would not only have no control but also no intimation in conscious imagery of what would show up, Ted appeared to act like a passive observer of unidentified floating objects for which his mind was merely a reflecting screen.

This brings us to Ted's poor ability as a visualizer. This is the more strange in view of the clarity and correctness of essential detail of which he is capable in his film images. The kind of "visualization" which goes into his film images is so different from what he is normally capable of as to lead one to wonder if two different processes are not involved. On most occasions what Ted gets on film appears to be as independent of what he is able to visualize consciously as dream images would be. Equally baffling, however, is the fact that on occasion his film imagery has appeared to conform to his rather poor conscious recall of an image rather than to the image itself. One is led to wonder if, in some way, conscious sensory experience interferes with the kind of cognition that takes place on the levels from which Ted's film images ordinarily proceed. On the whole, Ted seems so far to have done at least as well getting correspondences to targets that have been completely hidden from him as with targets he has seen. On one occasion when half the target was exposed and the other half covered with cardboard, one of the recurrent themes he got offered a better correspondence to certain details in the hidden half than to anything in the exposed portion. On other occasions when this experiment was tried, Ted was successful in condensing correspondences to both the exposed and hidden portions of the target, as if it didn't particularly matter which way it came to him.

For the most part Ted does not "see" the images he is instrumental in actualizing; the film is his visual apparatus. His images on film appear to be equivalent to the mental images of other types of psychics. But while the others make one big leap, from "knowing" to images in consciousness, he makes another, from "knowing" to patterns on film. One type of event is hardly less incomprehensible than the other. And neither, for that matter, is any more understandable than the leap from purely physical sense data to awareness in consciousness that has plagued philosophers and psychologists since man first began thinking about thought. So for the moment we might as well leave this totally occult area, both in normal and paranormal psychology, and go on to a few of the experiments that were done with Ted in order to find out what was going on, or perhaps not going on, in some of the comparatively easily investigated physical areas.

A Tour de Force

One of the first things to be investigated was the effect of Ted's thoughtographic process on his ordinarily quite normal brain wave pattern. In two sessions about a year apart, nothing in any way extraordinary was noted. During the second session, he got a couple of unusual close-up shots of the Central City Opera House, one with Doctor Metcalf holding and triggering the camera.

Later the investigation turned toward the relation of Ted's thoughtographic phenomena to detectable changes in magnetic fields surrounding him and the film. This was a tempting line of inquiry not only because of the suggestive similarity of the "feathery" striations seen on some of Ted's pictures to the appearance obtained with iron filings in magnetic fields, but also because the evidence on the biologic effects of magnetic fields is considerable.

Unfortunately this is an area where fully satisfactory investigations with Ted still remain to be carried out, but certain data may be reported. It was established that comparatively strong magnetic fields (up to 1,200 gauss—enough to lift a one-pound monkey wrench two inches) had no effect on the film emulsion, either alone or during Ted's phenomena. (Ted got several successful shots with the camera squarely in this field.)

A test where the earth's magnetic field was considerably attenuated was carried out under conditions arranged primarily for another purpose, namely to provide very high attenuation of radar and radio waves above the visible and infrared portion of the electromagnetic spectrum. A Faraday cage, a six-by-nine-by-seven-foot high chamber shielded by copper-mesh screen, was put at our disposal by the department of research and engineering of the Gates Rubber Company of Denver. In addition to screening out radio waves in the megacycle range, the chamber was designed to provide about 60 to 70 percent attenuation of the earth's magnetic field at its center, along with virtually complete attenuation of electrostatic forces.

Ted produced images both inside the cage, holding the camera himself, and through the screen door of the cage, with my holding and triggering the camera on the outside a couple of feet away from him, and James A. Hurry, chief physicist of the research and engineering department of the Gates Rubber Company, holding the gizmo. In this instance, incidentally, where camera, film and target were provided by Mr. Hurry, Ted got a most interesting response. The target chosen was a picture of stress lines in metal, which Ted saw—it was shown to him—as "eyes looking at a line of people," an evaluation which others judged to be not inappropriate. What Ted got several versions of, both inside the cage and through its screen door, when he was in no physical contact with the camera, was an image of a long line of soldiers being looked at by three pair of eyes. The eyes were those of as many reviewing officers standing stiffly at attention in front.

Another test in which the earth's magnetic field was considerably attenuated was held in the Whole Body Radiation Counting Chamber of the Colorado State Public Health Department, in Denver. The primary purpose for which Ted was tested in this chamber was to determine if any increase in normally present amounts of radioactivity could be detected in Ted during his presumptively paranormal camera activity. A sensitive crystal pickup inside this seven-by-seven-by-seven-foot chamber, whose five-inch steel walls are lined with $\frac{1}{8}$-inch lead, is designed to detect just about any x ray, gamma or high-range beta radiation around.

Out of 28 tries, Ted got a total of nine paranormal shots during three successive 20-minute periods. Several of these were successful responses to a hidden target chosen by the technical supervisors of the test after Ted had been sealed in the chamber. In the third period he got four definite images and two blackies out of 12 tries. There was no increase in detectable radiation.

The negative results of the whole-body radiation test seemed to support the results of tests undertaken to see whether Ted could get images on film under conditions where x rays were shielded out. But unfortunately this is an area where certain types of data turned up which cannot be easily reconciled.

On several occasions Ted was successful in getting definite images on film with lead-impregnated glass, of the type used in radiology laboratories to shield against x rays, between him and the camera. On two of these occasions Ted was actually inside such laboratories shooting through the glass at cameras being held by me on the outside. On another occasion he got several shots while I held two $\frac{1}{4}$-inch slabs of this glass between his head and the camera.

However, there was no way of assuring oneself that Ted, unknowingly or not, could not have affected or imprinted the film *before* he stepped into the lead-lined rooms, or before the slabs of lead glass were placed between him and the camera. In order to close in on this problem, I arranged to have film sent me in a 1/16-inch lead-lined container from Berkeley, California, 1,250 miles away. I requested that it be ascertained that the batch of film purchased for this test had been on the shelves of the place where it was bought in Berkeley at least one month prior to the earliest date we began this series of experiments. We could then assume that any paranormal imprint on any of this film by Ted would have had to be made prior to this time, either on the shelves of some shop or warehouse in Berkeley or as it was passing over or near Denver in a shipment to Berkeley by plane or train from the east.

The plan was not to open the lead-lined container in order to load a camera until after Ted had been safely installed in the tank, and then to ask Ted to shoot for a target preferably chosen after he was inside. If Ted were to get results within what might be adjudged a positive range under these conditions, the following alternatives would then be left to us: either Ted imprinted the film "precognitively" before the entire series of experiments along these lines had been formally decided upon, or, in respect to the target, while the film was 1,250 miles away—*or* the lead-impregnated glass was no bar to whatever went on during the process of thoughtographic imprinting.

To my mind there is no procedure which would enable us to decide firmly between these alternatives. Unfortunately a third choice, in a sense equivalent to a tossed coin's standing on edge, was provided by a completely negative result in these tests. In over a hundred trials in more than a half-dozen sessions under these conditions, Ted never succeeded in getting an image through the lead glass, even when he was getting images inside the "tanks" (as we came to call the lead-lined radiology laboratories in which we held these sessions), with others on the inside near him to hold and trigger the cameras in use.

The interpretation of these data was further complicated by a series of experiments undertaken to test the effect of lead shielding placed in the camera between the lens and the film. Perforated print-sized rectangles of 28-gauge lead (about 1/64th-inch thick) were placed inside the camera immediately in front of the film. On one occasion a rectangular area about one by two inches was cut out of the lead shield. Out of 16 trials, six whities or partial whities eventuated—but only on the cutout portion. Ted was "beaming," but he did not get through the lead. On another occasion, transverse slits were cut out of the lead. The results were very much the same.

In these tests Ted was told at the outset what was being attempted; merely the form of the cutouts was kept from him, but this he was able to infer when the first clear whities came through. On a third occasion, however, I departed from my policy of not trying deliberately to hoodwink Ted in situations of this sort (I assumed that unconsciously he could be aware of everything and that any deliberate deception on my part might confuse and irritate him), and used a lead shield with only a minute pinhole in the center. Out of 16 tries, about a half-dozen showed a pinhole-sized speck of white on otherwise black prints. On all three occasions the randomization of shots taken with the lead-shielded cameras and those done with non-shielded cameras was sufficient to indicate that the results could not be attributed solely to chance.

Now if we were to assume that a lead-glass shield, of something on the order of 30 times (by density) the attenuating power for x rays of the 28-gauge lead shield, failed to act as a barrier to whatever was going on between Ted and the film emulsion, and if we assume that Ted was capable on occasion of getting images with all visible light blocked from entering the camera through the lens, how are we to interpret the fact that he never succeeded in getting through the lead shield placed directly in front of the film?

For that matter, how are we to interpret the fact that Ted never succeeded in getting images through a single layer of thin masking tape placed in front of the lens, although he was able to get images where the light was otherwise totally blocked from entering the camera?

The question really is: how long would negative results of this sort have to be repeated before we could reliably make inferences from them?

There are many directions one would like to move with Ted. Unfortunately, whatever it is in Ted that does the "producing" doesn't lend itself always to the type of procedure that I (or others) might think desirable. If I try to pressure Ted, I soon find out who is boss. This is why for a long time Ted was encouraged to take the reins while I and others simply stood by ready to pick up whatever data came our way.

A project I should very much like to see explored with Ted would be an arrangement whereby Ted and I might experience the illusion of "togetherness" while the distance between us was extended. With this in mind, Ted and I worked one evening at a local television studio, Ted viewing me holding a camera in one monitoring box while I was looking at him in another about 30 feet away. Our images were arranged to conform to how we would appear to each other if I were holding a camera about three or four feet from Ted and he were looking straight into the lens. The systems were wired for sound, with Ted in-

structing me to move the camera a bit to this side or that as he usually does. Our hope was to increase gradually the distance between us until the illusion of being together could be achieved while Ted and I were in different cities. On this one occasion we tried the experiment, Ted, just emerging from a long bout with the bottle and about to enter a hospital, was anything but in the mood for work. The sole results, with Ted rather woodenly going through the motions, were a half-dozen blackies out of about 50 tries. But these were absolutely perfect and indicated that the method might have possibilities. Not a sign of the effect of light could be detected on these prints, although from about 15 feet away several thousand watts were streaming into the unobstructed lens of the camera I was triggering, and the flashing of the wink-light indicated the shutter had opened.

The Importance of Being Serios

Unfortunately, if there is something special about people like Ted who break the rules in such uncommon ways, we are very far from being able to determine specifically what it is or to produce it on order.

Ted happens to share with many people who have to create a world of their own, particularly artists and writers, the psychology of the abandoned child, the child who has lost all hope of being loved and cherished within a secure environment. He envisages the world as a bleak, hostile place where no basis for trust is to be found, where men have to be got along with somehow and where women, who are by nature unfaithful, are to be feared, placated, tricked into giving, seduced into loving and never allowed to get the upper hand. According to his psychological-test responses, his world, and what uncertain human relationships it provides, is deteriorating, decaying, crumbling and falling apart.

But this is a fork in the road to which great numbers of people come soon after their infancy, to the signpost which points to art, to science, to religion, to an endless and futile war against society along criminal paths, or to the conformity of quiet desperation and any number of ways in which the body cries itself sick. There is a bewildering number of paths with no guiding signs at all; and we have no way of predicting which one a person will take or how far along it he will go. He may, having suffered a loss of important figures in his life in infancy or childhood, attempt to capture and cling to the eternal in mathematics or religion, or to people his world with creatures of his imagination which he can manipulate, control and dispose of as he sees fit. He may, like Casanova, who wrote movingly about being deserted by his mother at an early age, spend a lifetime recapturing her and proving over and over again that her loss was really nothing, that she could be replaced by hundreds of others. But who can say what makes an abandoned child into a Leonardo da Vinci (who did all his recapturing and controlling on paper and canvas) and not just a hack dauber? Who can say how it was that Casanova, when he became a melancholy old man to whom only the pen remained, and who had to write from morning to night to stave off the terrible depression which he had spent a lifetime trying to stay clear of, gave us one of the most brilliant accounts we have of the manners and morals of his time? Similarly, who can say what makes a Ted a Ted, what endows him with the highly unusual ability to capture and control a fugitive world by simply willing it to appear on film?

Ted, in addition to his "abandoned child" complex, gives every evidence of the strong role played in his life by what is known in psychoanalytic parlance as the *primal scene*. He slept in the parental bedroom until the age of eight, when he ceded his place to twins, brother and sister, who were born at that time. He remembers frequently waking up with a feeling of terror because the house seemed to be shaking and, he feared, about to fall down. Only much later did the older boys in the neighborhood tell him what this was all about. He also suffered recurrent nightmares of earthquakes, and of struggle with and sometimes pursuit by powerful male figures, one of whom he remembers having turned on and bludgeoned to death before he awoke screaming with terror. These kept up until he began his thoughtography, when they were replaced by equally terrible nightmares, which he has to this day, of being pursued by a camera, shaking as if in anger, its malevolent eye glaring at him from a fully extended bellows.

Ted was born in Kansas City, Missouri, the first child of Esther MacNeil and August Serios, a Greek café owner and cook who gave up professional wrestling when the great Jim Londos tossed him out of the ring and broke several of his bones. (This was in the great days of wrestling, says Ted proudly, when guys were thrown out of the ring for real.)

Although Ted never had a chance to see his father in action, some of his earliest memories are of listening to his father's old-time cronies telling fabulous tales of Gus Serios' prowess—of the time he pinned Frank Gotch with a hammerlock and toehold, or of the time he won two out of three falls from World's Champion George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion. Ted, who likes to give imitations of his father throwing hundred-pound sacks of potatoes like so many feather pillows, claims his father was the strongest man he ever knew—and the gentlest. Even when Ted started to truant at an early age—he never got beyond the fifth grade, from which he was finally let out at 16—his father never lit into him when he would discover him up to some mischief and lead him home. At this time, the Depression having begun, there was little work to be had, and Papa Serios was home tending house most of the time. Ted's mother was out from morning to night working as a seamstress.

All his trouble, Ted says, started after his father's sudden death, when he was 20. Up to this time, he had done a certain amount of innocent bumming around or had worked fitfully with his lifelong buddy, Matt, as a car shagger in garages. He and Matt would occasionally take off with one of the garage cars and sometimes neglect to return it. This once or twice earned them spells in custody.

Ted hints that there are several things he would not care to have catch up with him. He admits to jumping ship several times during a hitch he did in the Merchant Marine and shacking up in some coastal town with a "broad" ("Dumb and dirty is the way I like 'em"), whose support of him—mainly beer and vittles—he took as a matter of course, only to jump again when the need to take off came upon him, without leaving so much as a broad-and-butter note. Somehow he wound up in the armed services, but his inability to fulfill any kind of routine, or abide by any restrictions again landed him in trouble. He left under some kind of cloud that he prefers not to talk about.

Following his discharge from the Army, Ted's mother set him up as a cashier-manager in a small café in the little town of Harvard, 60 miles from Chicago. Ted soon found this peacetime situation confining. One day he emptied the till, made the down payment on a convertible and took off. The car soon went back to the finance company, and Ted found himself at liberty. This status was altered when it was discovered that a lady whose premises Ted happened to have been sharing was providing from various stores without bothering to check in at the cashier.

Aside from his hitches in the Merchant Marine and his stint at the Chicago Hilton as elevator operator, Ted has never done anything that might be considered ordinary work. He argues that if you have to work and stay poor, you might as well not work and be good and poor. Ted prefers to think of himself as totally retired.

Ted still considers himself a devout Catholic, and feels that he still stands a fair chance of winding up in heaven. His relationship with God, which has always sustained him in the rough spots, is both intensely intimate and rather original. "God," he says, "understands me; He knows I'm human." Atheism is absolutely incomprehensible to him. "What do them guys do when they're in a tight spot," he asks, "like when the cops are layin' for them?" He calls upon the Lord frequently, holds Him in reverent awe, but never falters in his belief that He is much more flexible in outlook than is generally considered to be the case. God is not only merciful and forgiving, but also capable of the most personal kind of identification in certain situations. For instance, broads. Ted used to slip out of his ward during his stay in a tuberculosis sanitarium and go wandering around the corridors. One day, in the basement, he wooed a patient from the women's ward, a perfect doll, but called a retreat when the fact that the place they found themselves in was the chapel suddenly impressed itself upon him. The lady seized the change of venue that followed as an excuse to cool off, and Ted never did find out what her name was. God, he says, will never forgive him for this.

Ted's faith in and reliance on prayer, which is the rock on which all higher spiritual transactions rest, is absolute, and

he never fails to include in his prayers other sinners like himself, heathens who abound in his circle of acquaintances, and even animals, to whom he feels an almost mystic and apparently reciprocated kinship. Similarly his reverence for and faith in the comforting and therapeutic powers of even the material symbols of the Lord border on the absolute. Once he pressed upon me his rosary, which he is rarely without, after one particularly wearing session that ended about 2:30 in the morning (his peak hour) when I complained of being absolutely done in. He was deeply moved when I accepted it gratefully, and was later convinced that it was this and nothing else that had staved off imminent collapse on my part. The fact that a crucifix's aura of holiness could be questioned by others, as when the investigating committee of the district branch of the American Psychiatric Association requested to borrow his for a couple of days in order to look into the possibility of unsuspected *natural* emanations from it, was deeply shocking to him. "The sin is on their heads," he proclaimed, washing his hands of any responsibility for consequences very likely to ensue from such obvious sacrilege.

The degree of feeling Ted shows for animals is largely a measure of his lack of basic trust in humans. He maintains a thriving flock of pigeons over his small garret in Chicago, a few doors down from his mother's nursing home. He also has several cats and two dogs. He claims a proprietary interest in other cats, of which he farms out an even dozen to his pal Matt, his mother and several ex-girl friends. Strays of every kind find sanctuary with him. "You don't know what happens to cats when them dogcatcher bastards get hold of them," he says gloomily.

People who poison pigeons are the lowest in Ted's book. Not long ago he was sure that a neighbor up the alley had poisoned several of his pigeons. Revenge was swift. He and Matt waited until the evildoer's car was parked for the night and then quickly slashed all its tires and smashed a few windows.

Ted's feeling for animals contrasts dramatically with an apparent lack of consideration for humans. One day, driving downtown, he spotted a dog looking hesitantly for a place to cross the busy thoroughfare. Ted groaned, stopped and got out to pilot the dog to safety. No more than two minutes later, traffic slowed down ahead of us. When we came to the bottleneck, we saw it was a legless man propelling himself along the street in a wheelchair. "What the hell," exploded Ted in irritation, "if this stupid bastard thinks he's in trouble now,wait. . . !"

The seeming callousness that Ted can sometimes exhibit is not based on a primary lack of feeling but, if anything, a too-strong identification with which he cannot cope except by a show of toughness. Actually, his tendency toward identification in all sorts of human situations is quite remarkable and showed up clearly in his psychological tests. His empathically grounded perceptions of people, moreover, can be amazingly accurate. On one of his first days in Denver he noticed a woman walking around one of the hospital buildings with a vacant and unvarying schizophrenic smile. What was she always smiling about, Ted asked, puzzled. But before I had a chance to frame an answer, he launched into an off-the-cuff description of what he thought must be the emptiness, fearfulness and confusion of the woman's inner world that could have done very well as a Rorshach report.

But Ted never allows his intuitive judgments to interfere with his everyday ratings of people. These depend on what he thinks people think of *him*, and consist of two main categories, bums and bastards, and regular guys. Cops and other people he thinks do not approve of him are automatically bums and bastards. People who he feels like him are regular guys.

Ted's remarkable capacity for empathy may reveal itself in a perceptiveness that appears to shade off into his ESP abilities, as at times when he seems to know things about people—not just their characters or superficially hidden feelings, which any highly intuitive person can pick up, but things like where they may just have been, the houses they live in, and so forth—that certainly he would have no ordinary normal way of knowing. At times, in fact, he seems not to be aware that a certain piece of knowledge should not by rights be his, and he will come out with statements or appraisals of people and situations as if they sprang from his own stock of memories and associations when every indication exists that this is not and could not have been so.

One sometimes gets the impression that Ted runs on a double track, with continuous awareness of self at the same time as there exists a continuous awareness of the outer world. He can talk on and on about himself but suddenly leap right out of this seemingly complete self-absorption to say, "Hey, looka that robin—ain't he quite the fellow, now?" or "That sonofabitchin' mutt is gonna get himself bumped off." If you ask where he sees this he may point in directions and to locales that would not ordinarily come into the sphere of one's interest and attention, to a bird standing (now that you look at it) as if it were about to make a speech to the unseen inhabitants of a shrubbery patch about 50 feet away, or to a dog trotting uncertainly in the street two or even three blocks up ahead. His mind, no matter what it seems to be engaged in on the surface, appears always to be scanning the outer world and taking in stimuli—people and what they are doing, signs, movements of traffic well out of the range of immediate significance—that would normally be shut out of the field of attention. Almost incredibly, this awareness sometimes seems to obtain when he is drunk. Naturally, it goes for broads, in any direction, at any distance and at all times.

Ted's empathic propensities are also associated with a chronic tendency to play Walter Mitty roles. A trench coat is not just an ordinary garment for Ted but a badge in a fraternity of private eyes. When he can be induced to get on a horse, he becomes a western bad man or a marshal. When he started using a violin case for smuggling beer into the hospitals we worked at, Ted was hung up between two competing roles. At one time he was a musician going to play for the patients; on another occasion his fantasied role changed to that of a mobster carrying a sawed-off shotgun. "I betcha they think, 'uh-uh, here come the boys, hit the deck, everyone.' "

Once, after being picked up for being drunk and disorderly, he registered in a suburban jail in my name, as Dr. Jule Eisenbud, psychiatrist. The following day he contritely handed me all the papers—the summons, the personal recognizance, the receipt for articles taken from him (one wristwatch, one dollar) —made out in my name. The private cell and (according to him) somewhat deferential treatment he received were highly gratifying, and he had been happy to repay these courtesies when he sobered up in the morning by giving a few consultations on the family problems of the prison personnel. But the real Ted soon came through. "Them assholes," he said to me. "I really screwed them up—but good."

It should be remarked that Ted's profanity, which has never displayed the originality or imaginativeness of which he is otherwise capable but is altogether habitual and stereotyped, has leveled off considerably since the early days of our work together (as has, incidentally, his drinking). Nevertheless, it is still episodically strongly in evidence. When drunk he makes heroic efforts to curb the worst of it in the presence of women and children, but his guard may drop embarrassingly at times. Mostly, when catching himself on the verge of a slip, he can accomplish an adroit recovery and split-second alteration of course. "Where the fu—fur heaven's sake where is that darn gizmo?" he may exclaim, grinning coyly at the "in" bystanders. Still, watching him trying to navigate in polite conversation can sometimes be as harrowing as watching a drunk weaving perilously across a heavily trafficked thoroughfare and again and again just missing catastrophe by a hair's breadth.

Despite the fact that most people in Ted's world fall in the bums-and-bastards category, towards humanity as a whole he maintains a watchful solicitude, and he would like to be able to deploy his particular talent somehow toward furthering the cause of peace on earth and good will among men. His sometimes expansive vision of his role, however, never extends to the blasphemous. He knows very well who is who on earth and in heaven, and he exhibits nothing of the narcissistic identification with God that can make life difficult for those whose only role is to be His creatures. Ted, in fact, is a favored target for people, usually women, who find a state of such obvious moral decay as his almost irresistible and who never leave off scheming and angling for the honor of being the instrument of his salvation. But with these he is sternly reproving; and though he has no notions of ever gaining the top ranks in the heavenly hierarchy, he still has a pretty firm sense of his basic moral worth. He wrote recently, in answer to a "let me be your guide" letter from an evangelistically inclined lady of his acquaintance, "Yes im a Drunk, Drifter Bum Lo i.q. Steal but . . . i say I do good Defend cats Dogs pigons Birds and small Kidds."

Perhaps if there were much about him that was different, he would not be the priceless boon to science that quite a few people are now ready to agree he is. —Jule Eisenbud, M.D.

THIS FUNNY LIFE

My husband John and I recently attended his class reunion. One classmate, always a blowhard, was bragging about all the degrees he had earned, such as B.S. and Ph.D.

My sister-in-law was also present and asked John what Ph.D. stood for. Since John had never liked this fellow very well, he sarcastically remarked, "Oh, that just means that his B.S. is Piled Higher and Deeper."

Mrs. John P. Byrne
Beloit, Wisc.

In one of my college history classes, the professor illustrated the chivalry of the Middle Ages this way: On his way to the tragic Third Crusade, the knight told his best friend, "I locked my young wife in a chastity belt in preparation for my trip to the Holy War. I want to keep her faithful and untouched, so I will leave the key with you. Promise not to release her until I return. If I don't return after five years, you may release her."

As the knight rode out of the village, a horse approached him from behind at full gallop. It was his old friend calling, "Come back, you gave me the wrong key!"

Gene L. Minson
Plattsmouth, Nebr.

My neighbor, in an attempt to park his Volkswagen too close to a Renault, got his bumper hopelessly tangled with the other car's. Both owners tried without success to disengage the bumpers by lifting one while standing on the other and gently rocking the cars, and their efforts soon gathered a crowd.

Then came the inevitable voice from the rear: "Throw some cold water on them."

Henry E. Leabo
Represa, Calif.

A woman phoned the police and asked that an officer be sent to remove a skunk from her basement. "You can do it yourself, ma'am," the desk officer replied. "Just sprinkle some bread crumbs from your basement to your yard and the skunk will follow the crumbs outside."

An hour later she phoned again. "I followed your instructions," she said. "Now I've got two skunks in my basement!"

Clarence Roeser
Saginaw, Mich.

After it had been decided to sponsor a beauty contest to select, "MISS AIR FORCE PRINCESS," suggestions on how to conduct the contest were solicited. One young airman, scheduled to be among the judges, came up with an idea.

"Following established contest protocol," he declared, "all entries should become the property of the judges."

Thomas April
Los Angeles, Calif.

During the wee small hours of the morning, the saloon owner was routed from his warm bed by repeated telephone calls from a drunk demanding to know when the saloon opened.

"I've told you before, and I tell you again—11 o'clock," the saloon keeper wailed. "But when I get down there I'll see that you don't get in!"

"Don't wanna get in," the drunk said. "I wanna get out!"

Adrian Anderson,
Birmingham, Ala.

A friend of mine finally got fed up with his wife who insisted he accompany her when she went shopping for clothes. One day in a crowded lingerie department she held up the briefest of panties and asked if he liked them.

His answer forever ended his shopping trouble: "I certainly do! But I don't think your husband would approve of them."

Charles Kennedy
Jackson, Mich.

Cadets at the Air Force Academy are taught a healthy respect for commissioned officers, but this training didn't phase my friend Jerry.

During one of our summer leaves, Jerry and I had traveled to Europe and were attending a happy hour at the USAF Officers' Club in Wiesbaden, Germany. We were in our navy-blue cadet uniforms, which were not well known at the time.

While pushing our way through the crowd toward the bar, Jerry bumped into an Army Special Forces officer, dressed in the distinctive green beret and green fatigues of the U.S. Special Forces. The officer, a captain, looked at our cadet uniforms and exclaimed, "Well, what have we here, the Canadian Navy?"

With a scornful glance from head to toe of the captain's green uniform, Jerry retorted, "Well, what have we here, Robin Hood?"

2nd Lt. J. Connors
Webb AFB, Tex.

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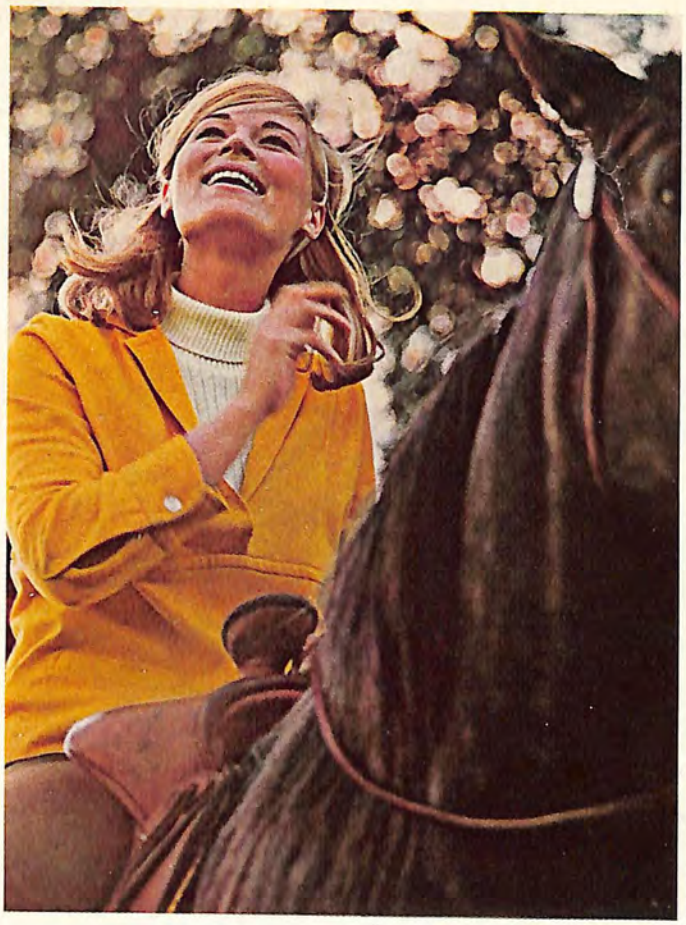

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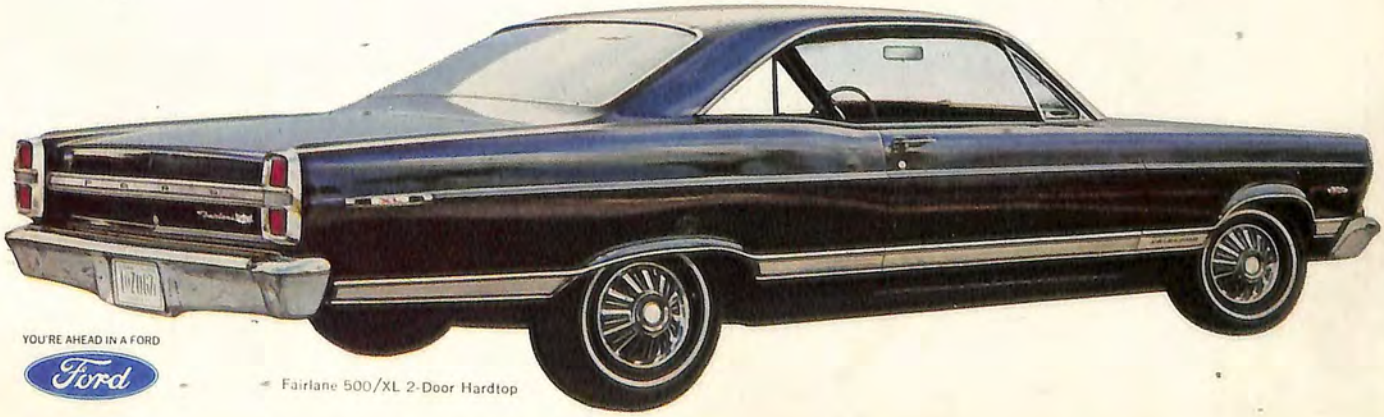

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